A

NEW SELECTION

OF

SEVEN HUNDRED

EVANGELICAL HYMNS,

For Private, Family, and Public Worship.

(Many Original)

[redacted]

England, Scotland, Ireland, and America,

[redacted]

A SUPPLEMENT to

Dr. WATTS'S PSALMS and HYMNS.

By JOHN DOBELL.

None but Christ.

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BRITAN
NICVM

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PREFACE.

WHILE so many volumes of hymns both original and selected, are constantly issuing from the press, it seems almost presumption to expect that *this* will be noticed. Every man, however, has his peculiar taste; his selection of hymns, together with their arrangement, will be suited to this taste; and consequently, there is room to hope, that others may find in these a suitableness to their views, dispositions, and experience, which they have sought in vain from other selections, which too have their appropriate excellencies. Under this impression, I have ventured to solicit public attention.

It is almost universally admitted that *Doctor Watts*'s Psalms and Hymns possess an excellency and variety, which place him far beyond any *single* author: and in my humble opinion, they are of such sterling worth, that no selection, however excellent, should supercede the use of them. It is, however, as generally admitted, that there are many subjects for which *Doctor Watts* has provided no hymns. To see this deficiency supplied amongst pœdo-baptist churches has been the desire of many ministers and private christians, and to effect this is the *principal*, though not the *only*, end of this small volume.

The hymns here presented to the public, I have collected from more than two hundred authors; many of them are taken from manuscripts, which I deemed too valuable to be suffered to remain in obscurity, and some have been supplied by friends. As this work has been the labour of years, and the choice of many thousand hymns, it will, I trust,

give satisfaction to the church of God. Though I have, of course, the sentiments peculiar to that denomination of christians with which providence has placed me; yet I am not without hopes that a selection from the best authors in these United Kingdoms and America, will meet with *general* approbation.

This work, like *Doctor Watts's* FOURTH book, is arranged in an alphabetical order. Each new subject begins with L. M.; C. M.; S. M.; &c. The first alphabetical order contains the Perfections of God; the second, the Characters and Titles of Christ; the third, the General Subjects.

I have endeavoured to ascertain the *Author* of every hymn. In some cases my enquiries have been fruitless, and I have consequently said, *Anon.* (*anonymous*). Those verses which may, for the sake of brevity, be omitted, without destroying the unity and connection of the hymn, are included in crotchets [ ]. The lines or verses marked with single inverted commas, are those which I have deemed necessary to add for the sake of giving a fulness or expression to the whole. The occasional alterations which will be observed in some hymns, are not, of course, intended to lessen their excellency; but to suit them to a *particular* subject for which they were not originally designed; or to give a greater smoothness to the versification. After all, I am ready to acknowledge that many of the verses are rather *rhyme* than *poetry*; and, while they deprecate the severity of criticism, must rest their claims to regard on their sentiment and spirit. They will, as far as I can judge, be found full of the doctrines of grace, and the experience of those to whom Christ, in all his Characters, Offices, and Relations, is precious. In these *superior* excellencies, this edition is, I

hope, equal to any that has yet appeared; and will, with *Doctor Watts*'s Psalms and Hymns in four books, be sufficient for any church of Christ, in any circumstances, and on all subjects.

The subjects in this volume, which are various, are adapted to console the saint and awaken the sinner; are suited equally for the public worship of God, the closet, and the family. And, as singing in families is an uncommon, though necessary, part of worship, I embrace this opportunity of presenting to the reader the words of an old writer. "As the increase or decay of christian piety is generally accompanied with the use or neglect of family worship, so the duty is more or less defective as singing in families is more or less used. If christians would but consider the great necessity and usefulness of this duty and the decay of religion and piety that attends the neglect of it; and if they had a due regard to their own souls, the good of mankind, and the glory of God, surely they could not make so light of it. I wish that all who make a profession of religion would more seriously consider the happiness that results from it. The closet is a sweet employment, but we should not, by any means, cause family worship and singing to be neglected thereby. Why should we be ashamed to let our neighbours know that we owned and praised God in our families as well as in our churches? The fear of being thought singular appears to be one great cause of this neglect. If those persons would consider how great a Benefactor almighty God is to them, they would find no reasonable plea for the neglect of it. Let every one consider that the most ready and effectual means to make it universal is, for every family to begin. So let

"our light shine that others also may glorify our "Father which is in heaven. I appeal to any "religious person, whether they have not been "much affected when (as they occasionally walked "the streets), they have heard a family thus em- "ployed. The occasion of the Jailor's conver- "sion, was by the singing of Paul and Silas: and "we know not how many persons may be con- "verted by our practising this duty; and this I "may say, that it is a very ready way to discoun- "tenance profane songs, and to promote religion. "O that it could be said of us, as it was of the "primitive christians, who, instead of profane "songs, used nothing but spiritual and divine "hymns; so that, (as St. Jerom relates of the "place where he lived), you could not go into the "field, but you might hear the plowman at his "hallelujahs, the mower at his hymns, and the "vine-dresser singing David's psalms."

I deem it unnecessary to make any apology for taking many of the following hymns from authors, who differ in doctrinal sentiments from myself, and the churches with which I am connected. The hymns themselves, superior in their kind, and on subjects in which all real christians agree, must and will be their own apology.

Committing all my imperfect, but well-meant, labours to the blessing of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, whose honour alone has, I trust, been my motive for engaging in them, and to the candour of the christian church, I remain with unceasing affection to all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, their brother and servant for Jesu's sake.

JOHN DOBELL.

Poole, Dorset,
March 1st, 1806.

A

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RECOMMENDATIONS.

THE Compiler of these Hymns has spared neither time, expence, nor labor, to render them a valuable and complete collection. They have, of course, various degrees of literary merit: But, without pledging myself for the propriety of every sentiment, and every expression, I can confidently recommend them as evangelical in doctrinal, experimental and practical religion.

Poole, 14th *August*, 1806. T. DURANT.

I HAVE known the worthy Compiler of these Hymns for many years, and believe his diligence has been indefatigable to render the collection fit for the use of the religious public.

W. KINGSBURY.

Southampton, Sept. 29th, 1806.

OUR estimation of divine songs should be proportionable to their importance, and excellency The many excellent Hymns with which this collection has been enriched, prove that the Compiler is certainly entitled to much praise for the great labor, care, and expence, with which he has collected and arranged them.—But without pledging myself for the accuracy of every expression, I can unfeignedly recommend the Selection, as containing a proper mixture of doctrine, experience, practical religion, and sound morality; and of real value and utility to the Church of Christ.

Winborne, Dorsetshire, D. RALPH.
August 18, 1806.

EVERY well-informed mind must rejoice at the publication of any thing wearing the stamp of divine original, whether in prose or verse. Being convinced these Hymns breathe that spirit in pointing to the good old way in faith, practice, and adoration; I therefore recommend them ex animo.

10*th Sept.* 1806. J. DUNCAN.
No. 1, *Palace Street, Backingham Gate, London.*

ERRATA.

Hymn.	*verse.*	*line.*	*for.*	*read.*
10	6	3	curb	curb'd
110	7	3	with	for
115	1	3	price	prize
205	1	4	nodt estroy'd	not destroy'd
256	7	2	she's	she is
278	5	4	there	then
314	2	1	tiding	tidings
368	1	1	the	thee
426	3	4	empires	empire
428	6	4	are	be
429	1	2	the	her
432	5	4	Lord	God

☞ The *first* edition of Dr. WATTS's *fourth* Book may be bound with this Selection.

A NEW

SELECTION *of* HYMNS.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

HYMN 1. C. M. *Scott.*

Almighty, Gen. xvii. 1.

1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost pow'rs;
With awe profound my wond'ring soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompass'd round with God,
The holy and the just;
Arm'd with Omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust.

3 O, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be imprest!
And may thy spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast!

4 By thee observ'd, by thee upheld,
Let earth or hell oppose;
I'll press with dauntless courage on,
And dare the proudest foes.

5 Yes, for thy arm shall be my strength,
And thine Almighty pow'r
Shall well fulfil thy promises,
And victory secure.

6 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

2. L. M. *Steele.*

Being of God, Psalm civ.

1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies:
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise:

2 The rising sun serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise
Above the weak attempts of art;
The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
Bow down before him, and adore.

3. C. M. *Steele.*

Condescension of God, 1 Kings viii. 27.

1 ETERNAL pow'r, almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

2 Before the radience of thine eye,
The heav'ns no longer shine;

And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?

[4 But O! to shew thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near!
Amazing and transporting grace,
To dwell with mortals here!]

5 How strange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

6 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise, and mean thy praise.

4. L. M. *Steele.*

Dominion and Power of God, Psalm xciii.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of Majesty array'd;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
Thy awful throne was fixt above:
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar;
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks! and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

5. C. M. *Rowe.*

Eternity of God, Psalm xc. 1, 2.

1 THOU didst, O mighty God, exist,
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space.

2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.

[3 Ere thro' the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd.]

4 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name;
Thy bliss, (O sacred spring of life!)
And glory, were the same.

5 And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck:

6 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back;
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake:

7 For ever permanent and fixt,
From agitation free;
Unchang'd, in everlasting years,
Shall thy existance be.

6. L. M. *Scott.*

Exalted above all Praise, Neh. ix. 5.

1 AWAKE, my soul, attune the lyre,
And raise to heav'n a noble song;
With fixed heart adore the Lord,
And spread his praises with thy tongue.

2 But, O, the vast, the boundless theme,
Nor human, nor angelic mind
Can touch the height, or sound the depth,
Nor all their brightest pow'rs combin'd.

3 Immensely far beyond their ken
His matchless, countless glories rise,
And clouds and darkness veil his face
From the most penetrating eyes.

4 But should those circling clouds disperse,
And the full Deity display;
O'erwhelm'd with the refulgent blaze,
Th' astonish'd heav'ns would shrink away.

5 Great God, and shall a guilty worm,
A grov'ling insect of the night
Take aim at heav'n, and boldly dare
Celebrate beauties infinite?

[6 Fir'd with the view, my panting soul
Does oft her feeble pinions try,
Oft she attempts in tuneful lays,
The glories of the Deity.]

7 Vain efforts of a tow'ring mind,
Such awful myst'ries to explore!
Wouldst thou divine perfections praise,
In silent reverence adore.

7. L. M. *Needham.*

Faithfulness of God, Num. xxiii. 19.

1 YE humble souls, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God;
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny;
A God all truth can never lie:
As well might he his being quit,
As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift thro' the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd.

5 Let sun and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heav'n and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

8. 148th. *Kent.*

God precious, Psalm cxxxix. 17.

1 INDULGENT God! how kind
Are all thy ways to me,
Whose dark benighted mind
Was enmity with thee;
Yet now subdu'd by sov'reign grace,
My spirit longs for thine embrace.

2 How precious are thy thoughts,
That o'er my bosom roll;
They swell beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul;
How great their sum, how high they rise,
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.

3 Preserv'd in Jesus, when
My feet made haste to hell;
And there should I have been,
But thou do'st all things well;
Thy love was great, thy mercy free,
Which from the pit deliver'd me.

4 Before thy hands had made
The sun to rule the day,
Or earth's foundation laid,
Or fashion'd Adam's clay,
What thoughts of peace and mercy flow'd,
In thy dear bosom, O my God!

5 O! fathomless abyss,
Where hidden myst'ries lie;
The seraph finds his bliss,
Within the same to pry:
Lord, what is man, thy desp'rate foe,
That thou should'st bless and love him so?

6 A monument of grace,
A sinner, sav'd by blood;
The streams of love I trace
Up to the Fountain, God;
And in his sacred bosom, see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

9. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Goodness of God, Jer. xxxi. 12.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;

A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore!

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Thro' Jesu's name are giv'n,
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heav'n.

10. C. M. *Cruden.*

Greatness of God, Isaiah xl. 12—15.

1 LO! heav'n's tremendous, mighty King!
(I tremble at the name!)
Angels but faintly lisp his praise,
Nor half his deeds proclaim.

2 He rounded all the heav'nly orbs,
He bowl'd them from his hand;
They at his pleasure shoot along,
Or at his bidding stand.

3 The same unbounded pow'r of God
Pour'd forth the noisy deep;
Whose billows lash th' affrighted strand,
Or hush'd by him they sleep.

[4 'O praise his name, ye heav'nly orbs,
And sound his fame abroad;

Proclaim his pow'r, thou mighty deep,
And own the hand of God.']

PART SECOND.

5 His fingers spann'd the azure sky,
Assign'd each star its place;
He smooth'd for each a spacious road
Thro' vast unbounded space.

6 He gaug'd the yielding mounds of sand,
That smoothly line the shore;
And curb th' impetuous lawless waves
While all enrag'd they roar.

7 Each fragment of the rugged rock,
In his just scales was weigh'd,
And all the proud aspiring hills,
Were in his balance try'd.

8 Who led his blest unerring hand,
Or lent him needful aid,
When on its strong unshaken base
The pond'rous earth was laid?

[9 'O praise his name, ye rolling worlds,
And sound his fame abroad;
Ye heirs of heav'n, proclaim his pow'r,
That brought you back to God.']

PART THIRD.

10 Who drew creation's wond'rous plan?
Or sketch'd its prospects out?
Who sat in council when he fix'd
The comet's tedious rout?

11 When nature's god-like laws were fram'd,
Who penn'd its ruder draught?
Who did the depth of wisdom sound?
Or first him knowledge taught?

12 Hail, Being's uncreated source,
Whose streams from thee all flow;
Cherubic and seraphic bands
In thy dread presence bow.

[13 'O praise his name, ye mighty hosts,
And sound his fame abroad;
Ye ransom'd seed, proclaim his grace,
That form'd your hearts for God.']

11. L. M. *Tucker.*

Holiness, Justice, & Mercy united, Ps. lxxxv. 10.

1 INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heav'ns supreme should stoop so low!
To visit one so vile as I,
One who has been his bitt'rest foe!

2 Can holiness and wisdom join,
With truth, with justice, and with grace,
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin with all its guilt erase?

3 O love! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast stupendous plan!
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man!

4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains!
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,
In Christ harmoniously they meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depths of grace,

To save from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

7 With grateful songs, then let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

12. C. M. *Needham.*

Holiness of God, Isaiah viii. 13.

1 HOLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us sing!

[2 Heav'n's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
Are mean, and look but dim!
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.]

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

4 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.

5 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

13. C. M. *Tate.*

Immutability of God, Psalm cii. 25—28.

1 THRO' endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beaut'ous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Thro' everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

5 Thy children's children still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

14. L. M. *Scott.*

Incomprehensibility of God, Job xi. 7.

1 WHAT finite pow'r with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal mind?
Or who th' Almighty Three and One,
By searching to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise
Harmonious, their adoring songs;
The lab'ring thoughts sink down oppress
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful, tribute bring.

15. C. M. *Burder.*

Love of God, 1 John iv. 8.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth, his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To shew that, God is love.

3 Behold! his patience lengthen'd out,
To those who from him rove;
And calls effectual reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

4 The work begun, is carry'd on,
By pow'r from heav'n above;
And ev'ry step, from first to last,
Proclaims, that God is love.

[5 And O that you, whose harden'd hearts,
No fears of hell can move;
May hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is love.]

6 Thousands, once vile and base as you,
Surround the throne above;
The grace that chang'd, has tun'd their hearts
To sing, that God is love.

7 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
'Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

16. C. M. *Kent.*

Love of God, or Christ's death the effect, not the cause, of God's love to his chosen, John iii. 16.

1 'TWAS not to make Jehovah's love
Towards the sinner flame,
That Jesus, from his throne above,
A suff'ring man became.

2 'Twas not the death which he endur'd,
Nor all the pangs he bore,
That God's eternal love procur'd,
For God was love before.

3 He lov'd the world of his elect,
With love surpassing thought;
Nor will his mercy e'er neglect
The souls so dearly bought.

4 The warm affections of his breast,
Towards his children burn;
And in this love he'll ever rest,
Nor from his oath return.

17. L. M. *Blacklock.*

Majesty of God, Psalm civ.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2 Enthron'd amidst the radient spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

[3 Before his throne a glitt'ring band
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight,
Outwing the active rays of light.]

4 To God all nature owes its birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high;
And measur'd out the azure sky.

5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works thro' all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
'Till list'ning worlds applaud the song!

18. L. M. *Scott.*

Mercies of God inestimable, Psalm cxxxix. 17, 18.

1 THE glitt'ring spangles of the sky,
The sands which spread th' extended shore,
These could I number, yet my God,
I ne'er could count thy mercies o'er!

2 This curious frame, these noble pow'rs,
To thy creating hand I owe;
Thy providence preserves me safe,
And crowns my every wish below.

3 Oft in the visions of the night,
My thoughts still on thy mercies rove;
And ev'ry midnight wakeful hour,
I trace the wonders of thy love.

4 The pleasant unexhausted theme
Each rising morn my soul pursues:
In fervent pray'r ascends to thee,
And still her grateful song renews.

5 Nor days, nor nights, nor months, nor years,
Nor centuries would e'er suffice
To sound th' unfathom'd depths of love,
Or touch the heights, thy mercies rise.

[6 Thy mercies, Lord, thro' endless years,
Shall still my raptur'd pow'rs employ;
Yet endless years will still but swell,
My wonder, gratitude, and joy.]

19. C. M. *Stennett.*

Mercy and Truth united, Psalm lxxxv. 10.

1 WHEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclos'd his kind design,
To rescue our apostate race
From mis'ry, shame and sin.

2 Quick thro' the realms of light and bliss,
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

3 Yet 'midst their joys they paus'd awhile,
And ask'd with strange surprise,
"But how can injur'd justice smile,
"Or look with pitying eyes?"

[4 "Will the Almighty deign again
"To visit yonder world;
"And hither bring rebellious men,
"Whence rebels once were hurl'd?

5 "Their tears, and groans, and deep distress
"Aloud for mercy call;
"But ah! must truth and righteousness
"To mercy victims fall?"

6 So spake the friends of God and man,
Delighted, yet surpris'd;
Eager to know the wond'rous plan,
That wisdom had devis'd.]

7 The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus reply'd,
"In me let mercy be rever'd,
"And justice satisfy'd.

8 "Behold! my vital blood I pour,
"A sacrifice to God;
"Let angry justice now no more
"Demand the sinner's blood."

9 He spake, and heav'n's high arches rung,
With shouts of loud applause;
"He dy'd," the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapt'rous joys.

20. 11s. *Whitfield's Col.*

Mercy of God, Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart:
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way.
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the cov'nant love of thy crucify'd Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine,
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

21. C. M. *Newton.*

Omniscience of God, Psalm cxxxix.

1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature thro';
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.

3 Tho' greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou seest my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.

4 Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee?

5 But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dy'd in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen
When I approach to God.

6 Thus, tho' a sinner, I am safe;
He pleads before the throne
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.

7 What wond'rous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

22. C. M. *Blacklock.*

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God, Ps. cxxxix.

1 LORD, thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my pow'rs;

My rising steps are watch'd by thee,
By thee, my resting hours.

2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee:
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
With thine immensity.

3 To thee the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy list'ning ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
Before me shines thy name;
And 'tis thy strong Almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.

5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its tow'ring summit find.

PART SECOND.

6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where, thro' nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight?

7 Scal'd I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul;
Plung'd I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.

8 If on a morning's darting ray,
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood;

9 Thither thine hand, all-present God!
Must guide the wond'rous way,

And thine Omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.

10 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing sight.

11 'If in thy being so enclos'd,
How vain th' attempt to fly,
Since ev'ry rising bud of thought
Is naked to thine eye.'

23. L. M. *Anon.*

Power of God, 1 Sam. xv. 29.

1 JEHOVAH is a God of might,
He fram'd the earth, he built the sky;
And what he speaks is surely right,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

2 Ye weary souls, with sin opprest,
To him in ev'ry trouble fly:
His promise is, "I'll give you rest,"
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

3 Then why sunk down beneath despair?
To Jesu's throne of grace apply;
His promise plead, he'll hear your pray'r;
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

4 Ask what you will in Jesu's name,
He never will your suit deny;
To save you from distress he came;
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

5 Behold! I come, most gracious Lord,
And on thy promise now rely;
In my distress, how sweet this word,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

24. L. M. *Needham.*

Spirituality of God, John iv. 24.

1 O GOD! thou art a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal and th' eternal king,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 While nature changes, and her works
Decay, corrupt, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair?
To what in heav'n, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal king compare?

[4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold, and silver, wood and stone;
Ours is the God that made the heav'ns;
Jehovah he, and God alone.]

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In spirit and in truth adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms, delight him more.

25. L. M. *Scott.*

Unchangeableness of God, Mal. iii. 6.

1 SHALL e'er the shadow of a change
Eclipse the Origin of Light?
Or can the hopes, which truth has rais'd,
Lie bury'd in eternal night?

2 Sooner may nature's laws reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;

Nor spring appear in blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd.

3 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake;
And nature lose her rapid force,
Before our God a change can make.

4 Earth may with all her works dissolve,
(If such her great Creator's will;)
But he, for ever is the same,
I Am! is his memorial still!

[5 What, tho' my heav'nly father frown,
And check my follies with the rod;
Unchangeable his cov'nant stands,
Confirm'd by oath, and seal'd with blood.]

26. L. M. *Needham.*

Wisdom and Knowledge of God, Job xii. 13.

1 AWAKE my tongue, thy tribute bring,
To him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heav'nly flames.

3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 'But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright,
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.'

CHRIST.

HIS MISSION, BIRTH, LIFE, SUFFERINGS, DEATH, RESURRECTION, & ASCENSION.

27. 8. 4. *Medley.*

Mission of Christ, Psalm xl. 7—10. Heb. x. 7—10.

1 "WHOM shall I send?" the Father cries;
"Lo! I am here," the Son replies;
"I'll veil my glories, all divine,
"And to mine own, man's nature join,
"That bright in glory he may shine
"To endless day.

2 "I'll satisfy the law's demands,
"For all who 're giv'n into mine hands;
"The bitter cup for them I'll drink,
"Nor shall my chosen ever sink;
"I'll raise them from th' infernal brink
"To endless day.

3 "Constrain'd by everlasting love,
"He left the shining realms above;
"In sorrows spent his life on earth,
"And then, on calv'ry vanquish'd death;
"Tis finish'd!" said his dying breath,
"To endless day."

[4 "My ministers I'll send abroad,
"To call my ransom'd back to God;
"Them I'll conduct with tender care,
"And bring where those bright mansions are,
"Which I for all my saints prepare,
"To endless day."]

28. L. M. *Anon.*

Birth of Christ, Luke ii. 10—14.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

1 AT this unwonted hour, behold
How strange the midnight skies appear!
How all yon east is streak'd with gold,
As if the op'ning morn was near.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

2 I mark it: now the streams unite,
One pillar now of moving light:
My soul too shakes, it sinks, it dies!
See thro' the air the vision flies!

THIRD SHEPHERD.

3 Heav'n shield us; lo! tis just at hand,
Surely some strange event impends;
Above our heads it seems to stand;
Ah! now the dazzling blaze descends!

GABRIEL. (8. 8. 6.)

4 Ye shepherds, all your fears resign,
I come not arm'd with wrath divine,
But fraught with heav'nly love:
The news, the welcome news, I bring,
Sounds high from ev'ry sacred string,
Thro' all yon realms above.

5 I come, and tis a blest employ;
I come the messenger of joy;
Go, publish what I sing:
Earth is no more a scene forlorn,
This night the promis'd seed is born,
Your Saviour and your King.

6 At Bethl'em in a manger lies
The swaddled babe; let raptures rise,
And hail the glorious morn;
Go, spread the news the world around,
'Till every heart shall catch the sound,
And sing a Saviour born.

CHORUS OF ANGELS. (10s.)

7 Glory to God in strains 'till now unknown,
From ev'ry glowing seraph round his throne:
Peace to this globe, all worlds admire the plan
Of heav'n's free, vast benevolence to man!

29. L. M.

Birth of Christ, Luke ii. 11—14.

1 AWAKE, arise, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day.

[2 'Hark! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright celestial throng!
Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptur'd list'ning heart.']

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

30. C. M. *Medley.*

The Birth of Christ, Luke ii. 14.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
While sweet seraphic fire,
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And tun'd the golden lyre.

3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
Th' impet'ous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

[5 Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heav'nly light
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.]

6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

[7 Hail, prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.]

31. S. M. *Ryland.*

The Birth of Christ, Heb. ii. 16.

1 YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honour of your king;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much oblig'd as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

[4 Less favour'd were the pow'rs,
Who in his image stood;
Their crowns are cheaper far than ours,
Nor cost the lamb his blood.]

5 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.

6 May we with angels vie,
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more!

32. 148th. *Needham.*

Birth of Christ, Luke ii. 11—14.

1 AWAKE, awake, arise,
And hail the glorious morn;
Hark! how the angels sing,
"To you a Saviour's born:"
Now let our hearts in concert move,
And ev'ry tongue be tun'd to love.

2 He mortals came to save
From sin's tyrannic pow'r:
Come, with the angels sing,
At this auspicious hour;
Let ev'ry heart and tongue combine,
To praise the love, the grace divine.

3 The prophecies and types
Are all this day fulfil'd;
With eastern sages join,
To praise this wond'rous child;

God's only Son is come to bless
The earth with peace and righteousness.

4 Glory to God on high,
For our Immanuel's birth!
To mortal men good-will,
And peace and joy on earth!
With angels now we will repeat
Their songs, still new and ever sweet.

33. 8. 8. 6. *Anon.*

The Birth of Christ, Luke ii. 8. 14.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their fleecy care,
And midnight shades invest the air;
They veil'd the flow'ry plain:
When, from the skies a flood of light,
Like light'ning on the shepherds' sight,
Surpris'd each prostrate swain.

2 Then from the cloud a cherub broke,
And thus in mortal accents spoke;
(But with a friendly voice;)
"The day is come, so long foretold,
"By ancient bards, and saints of old;
"Let all the earth rejoice.

3 "Now to the world, a Saviour's born;
"Ye shepherds, hail the glorious morn;
"And seek the new born king;
"In Bethl'em's city, view the God,
"Then haste away, and spread abroad
"The tidings that I bring."

4 The cherub ceas'd; then quick as light,
Starts from the skies a dazzling sight;
Myriads of angels round:
Each tun'd their harps of thousand strings,
And darted from their shining wings
Their lustre on the ground.

5 Thus sung th' angelic hosts of heav'n,
" All glory to our God be giv'n;
" And unto mortals peace;"
In chorus join the choir above,
For God's unbounded, matchless love,
In songs that never cease.

34. 8. 7. 4. *Robinson.*

Praise to Christ, Heb. i. 3.

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded thro' the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise: Hal.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of pow'r,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought: Hal.

4 For thy providence, that governs
Thro' thine empire's wide domain!
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark thro' brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.

7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.

8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hal.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thy own. Hallelujah, &c.

35. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Divinity of Christ displayed in his Transfiguration, Matt. xvii. 1.—6. Luke ix. 28—36.

[1 WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast!
And charms our cares and woes to rest.

2 With thee in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.]

3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the king of glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On tabor, thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cry'd, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;

That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

36. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Christ's Sufferings, John xix. 16—18.

1 SEE, on the mount of Calvary,
Upon a cross suspended high,
A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er
With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.

[2 Is this the Son, the Sent of God,
To rule the nations with his rod?
This the predicted Sun that brings
Life and salvation on his wings?]

3 Is this the Saviour long foretold,
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

4 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And gain th' unperishable skies.

5 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.

6 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the trophies of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely!

7 That tree, that curs'd and poison'd tree,
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee;
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.

8 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss;
What love can be compar'd to this!

37. L. M. *Steele.*

A dying Saviour, Mark xv. 29—38.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from his hands, his feet, his side!

2 But life attends the death-like sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
Do die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

4 And didst thou bleed? for sinners bleed!
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of woe
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
'Till all its pow'rs and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

38. C. M. *Stennett.*

Death of Christ, Matt. xxvii. 54.

1 YONDER, amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amaz'd centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God!"

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure must live.

39. C. M. *Newton.*

Christ's Sufferings on the Cross.

1 WHEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
In agonies and blood,
He fixt his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 O never 'till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
He seem'd to charge me with his death,
Tho' not a word he spoke.

3 A second look he gave, and said,
"I freely all forgive;
"This blood is for thy ransom paid,
"I die that thou may'st live."

4 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

40. C. M. *Humphrys' Col.*

Christ's Sufferings on the Cross.

1 'TWAS in an hour when wrath prevail'd,
And pow'rs of darkness rose,
A sudden groan my ear assail'd,
Expressing dying woes.

2 I turn'd; then wonder'd as I stood,
At what mine eyes survey'd!
A Prince, expiring in his blood,
And on a cross display'd!

3 I knew him, tho' his thorny crown
Dimm'd his majestic air;
Then I demanded with a frown,
"What traitor fixt him there?"

4 No answer to my voice I heard,
Nor could discern a foe;
When lo! his fainting head he rear'd,
And spoke in words of woe.

5 "Cease wretch, from vain inquiry rest,
"My cruel murd'rer see;
"Thy sins have rent my bleeding breast,
"And nail'd me to the tree."

6 Trembling I fell, and kiss'd his wounds,
And wip'd the gore away;
I saw him smooth his killing frowns,
And heard him gently say;

7 "Rise, let thy heart its grief compose,
"Thy Saviour will forgive;
"He feels the burden of thy woes,
"And dies to bid thee live."

41. L. M. *Watts.*

Christ's Death and Resurrection, Rom. iv. 25.

1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains!

6 Say "live for ever, wond'rous king!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting?
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?

42. L. M. *Steele.*

Dying Love of Christ, 2 Cor. v. 14. 15.

1 SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne;
Accept our humble cheerful vow;
Thou art our Sov'reign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king,
The condescension of his love.

4 He dy'd, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
O, let his praise each hour employ,
'Till hours no more their circles run!

5 He dy'd!—ye seraphs, tune your songs!
Resound the Saviour's sacred name,
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

43. L. M. *Perry.*

It is Christ that died, Rom. viii. 34.

1 SINNERS rejoice, its Christ that dy'd,
Behold the blood flows from his side;
To wash your souls and raise you high,
To dwell with God above the sky.

2 Its Christ that dy'd, O love divine!
Here mercy, truth, and justice shine;
God reconcil'd, and sinners bought
With Jesu's blood—how sweet the thought!

3 Its Christ that dy'd, a truth indeed,
On which my faith would ever feed:
Nor let the works that I perform
Be nam'd to swell an haughty worm.

4 Its Christ that dy'd, its Christ was slain,
To save my soul from endless pain;
Its Christ that dy'd, shall be my theme,
While I have breath to praise his name.

44. L. M. *Steele.*

Christ's Death and Resurrection, Acts ii. 32—36.

1 COME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord, to sing;
And echo to the heav'nly plains,
The triumphs of your Saviour, king.

2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdu'd your potent foes;
Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
And dying, finish'd all your woes.

3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Return'd while hymning angels round,
Thro' the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conqu'ring God, resound.

4 Almighty love, victorious pow'r!
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.

5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy wond'rous grace
Fill ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
'Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

45. 8. 7. *Robinson.*

Gazing on the Cross. Gal. vi. 14.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend!
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

46. L. M. *Wallin.*

Christ's Resurrection, Matt. xxviii. 6.

1 WHEN I the lonely tomb survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie,
I see fulfil'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
Sweet pledge! that all who trust his name,
Shall rise and draw immortal breath!

[3 Our surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd;
In his release, our own we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.]

4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy risen head, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears;
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 'Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.'

47. L. M. *Hart.*

Christ's Resurrection, Matt. xxviii. 5. 6.

1 UPRISING from the silent tomb,
See the victorious Jesus come!
Th' Almighty Captive quits the pris'n,
And angels tell "the Lord is ris'n."

2 Ye mourning saints, no longer grieve;
Hear the glad tidings and believe;
God's holy law is satisfy'd,
And justice now is on your side.

3 When ye in guilt's dark dungeon lay,
Mercy cry'd "spare," and justice, "slay;"
But Jesus answer'd, "Set them free,
"Forgive their guilt, and punish me."

4 Your surety now before your God
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood;
No new demand, no bar remains,
But mercy all triumphant reigns.

5 Believers, bless your risen head,
The first-begotten from the dead;
Your resurrection's sure thro' his,
To endless life and boundless bliss.

48. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Joseph my Son is yet alive, Gen. xlv. 26.

1 YE mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy groundless fears.
And let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

2 His saints he loves, and never leaves;
The chief of sinners he receives;
Let then your hearts with this revive,
The sinner's friend is yet alive.

3 He'll guard your souls from ev'ry ill,
His largest promises fulfil;
Then let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

[4 What tho' you fear to launch away,
And quit this tenement of clay;
O let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.]

5 Abundant grace he will afford,
'Till you are present with the Lord;
And prove what you have heard before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

49. 7s. *Cudworth's Col.*

Christ's Resurrection, Matthew xxviii. 6.
1 Cor. xv. 55. 56.

1 HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to day!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly. Hal.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Th' battle's fought, the vict'ry won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious king,
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"

Once he dy'd our souls to save,
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

5 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall;
Second life we shall receive,
And in Christ for ever live.

[6 'Hail thou dear Almighty Lord,
'Hail thou great incarnate word;
'Hail thou suff'ring son of God,
'Take the trophies of thy blood.'] Hal.

50. 7s. *Gibbons.*

Christ's Resurrection & Ascension, Matt. xxviii. 2.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hal.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.

3 Now ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See the conqu'ror mount the skies;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail, and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide,
Glorious hero, thro' them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

6 Ev'ry note to rapture swell:
Sing the pow'rs of death and hell
Dragg'd in chains behind his wheels,
Each the wreck eternal feels.

7 Let Immanuel be ador'd,
Ransom, mediator, Lord;
To creation's utmost bound,
Let th' immortal praise resound. Hal.

51. 148th. *Peacock.*

Christ's Resurrection & Ascension, Luke xxiv. 34.

1 ALL hail! the glorious morn,
That saw our Saviour rise;
With vict'ry bright adorn'd;
And triumph in his eyes:
Ye saints extol your risen Lord,
And sing his praise with sweet accord.

2 Behold the Lamb of God,
Th' atoning sacrifice;
Sustains the dreadful load
Of man's iniquities;
Death, sin and hell, our cruel foes,
All vanquish'd fell, when Jesus rose.

3 At once the prison doors,
Death's awful gates, expand;
Their captive they restore,
At God's supreme command:
How blest the hour, awake our joys,
Hell's fatal pow'r, lo, he destroys.

4 The conqueror ascends,
In triumph to the skies;
Celestial hosts attend,
To crown his victories:
Hark! they proclaim his glorious name;
And heav'n resounds Immanuel's fame.

5 Now to the throne above,
Let ev'ry saint draw near;
There dwells incarnate love,
Grace sits triumphant there:
See mercy smile, e'en on that throne,
Where once did wrath and justice frown.

6 All praise be to the Lamb,
Who offer'd up his blood;
Hosannas to his name,
That for our ransom stood;
In notes sublime with joy we sing,
The love divine of Christ our king.

52. L. M. *Wesley.*

Christ's Ascension, Psalm xxiv. 7—10.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Life up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu'rors name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;

" Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
" Ye everlasting doors give way!"

6 " Who is the king of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless pow'r possest,
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

53. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Keys of the unseen World in Christ's Hand,
Rev. i. 18.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.

2 In shame and torment once he dy'd;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And all ye angel-bands adore.

3 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 When death thy servants shall invade,
When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy,
Controul'd by thee, their rage shall help
The cause they labour'd to destroy.

6 For ever reign, victorious King:
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

CHARACTERS, NAMES, OFFICES, TITLES, &c. OF CHRIST.

54. L. M. *Steele.*

Advocate, 1 John, ii. 1.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire,
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord, my breathings of desire,
My weak petitions, if sincere,
Are not forbidden to aspire,
But reach to thy all gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands:
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

4 He smiles on ev'ry humble groan,
He recommends each broken pray'r;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.

[5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.]

55. L. M. *Anon.*

All in all, Col. iii. 11.

1 IN Christ, I've all my soul's desire;
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes large and high,
And Christ will all my wants supply.

2 Christ is my hope, my strength, and guide,
For me he bled, and groan'd, and dy'd;
He is my sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme delight.

3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom, and my righteousness;
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend,
On him alone I now depend.

4 Christ is my King to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my salvation and my all,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.

5 Christ is my strength and portion too,
My soul in him can all things do;
Thro' him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and hell my soul outbrave.

56. C. M. *Toplady.*

All in all, Luke x. 42.

1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside,
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love,
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow, for thee alone,
My all in all I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice,
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
Nor canst thou give me more.

4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I burn;
Chosen of thee, e'er time began,
I chuse thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy will,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
Since thou, O God, art mine.

57. C. M. *Humphrys' Col.*

All in all, Col. iii. 11.

1 CHRIST, as our great physician, heals
Our maladies within;
Relieves the pangs the conscience feels,
From recollected sin.

2 He sees our many pressing wants
With a propitious eye;
And from his own abundance grants
A free and rich supply.

3 He sympathises with our grief,
He lends a gracious ear
To all our groans; and gives relief,
Whate'er we feel or fear.

4 'Tis he subdues our num'rous foes,
And blasts their vile intent;
And he will always interpose
Our ruin to prevent.

[5 He manages our mean affairs,
From his high throne above;
And sooths our sorrows and our cares
With his endearing love.]

6 My soul, with sacred rapture, saith
When Jesus is in view,
This is the object of my faith,
And this its author too.

7 Angels his name with joy confess,
And low before him fall,
Then what can sinners here do less,
Than own him all in all.

58. L. M. *Scott.*

Balm of Gilead, Jerm. viii. 22.

1 WHY droops my soul with grief opprest?
Why these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind Physician to be found?

[2 Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines,
Jehovah's boundless mercy shines;
There drest in love the Saviour stands,
With pitying heart, and wooing hands!]

3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes
Behold the Prince of glory dies;
He dies, extended on the tree,
Thence sheds a sov'reign balm for me.

4 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure or die!
But grace forbids that painful fear,
Infinite grace, which triumphs here!

5 Dear Lord, extract the poison'd dart,
Bind up and heal my broken heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change my gloomy night to morn.

6 Expand, my soul! with holy joy;
Hosannas be thy blest employ;
Salvation thy eternal theme,
And swell the song with Jesu's name.

59. C. M. *Needham.*

Brazen Serpent, Num. xxi. 8. 9. John iii. 14.

1 WHEN Israel's sons, a murm'ring race,
Despis'd their heav'nly bread,
God bade his fir'y serpents fly,
To strike the rebels dead.

2 Swift like an arrow thro' the air
The baleful reptiles fly;
The rebels feel the deadly wound,
And groan, and gasp, and die.

3 A part still live; but O what looks!
What agonizing pain!
The fatal darts stick fast within,
And human help is vain.

4 Now Moses feels his Israel's griefs,
To God for them he prays;
A brazen serpent he's to make,
And on a pole to raise.

5 How strange the means! but in his hand
The remedy how sure!
Not one that view'd the healing brass
But found immediate cure!

6 Thus Jesus on the sacred cross
Is lifted up on high;
Sinners, now look to him by faith,
And you shall never die.

60. S. M. *Hoskins.*

Bread of Life, John vi. 51.

1 BEHOLD the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 Behold the Saviour's love,
Who gives his flesh to eat;
Never did angels taste above
Provision half so sweet.

4 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you 've nought to buy;
To Jesus haste; this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

61. L. M. *Medley.*

Breaker, Micah ii. xiii.

1 SING the dear Saviour's glorious fame,
Who bears the Breaker's wond'rous name;
Sweet name! and it becomes him well,
Who breaks down sin, guilt, death, and hell.

2 A mighty Breaker sure is he;
He broke my chains and set me free;
A gracious Breaker to my soul;
He breaks, and O, he makes me whole!

3 He breaks thro' ev'ry gloomy cloud,
Which can my soul with darkness shroud;
He breaks the bars of ev'ry snare,
Which hellish foes for me prepare:

4 He breaks the gates of harden'd brass,
To bring his faithful word to pass;
And tho' with pond'rous iron barr'd,
The Breaker's love they can't retard.

5 Great Breaker! O, thy love impart
Daily, to break my stony heart;
O, break it, Lord, and enter in,
And break, O, break the pow'r of sin;

62. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Bridegroom, Isaiah liv. 5.

1 JESUS, the heav'nly Bridegroom, gave
His life my wretched soul to save:
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

2 Rebellious I against him strove
'Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heav'nly Bridegroom wins my heart.

3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;
My debts he pays, and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
The robe of perfect righteousness.

5 Lost in astonishment I see,
Jesus, thy boundless love to me;
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
O keep me, Saviour, near thy side!
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

63. C. M. *Medley.*

Builder, Zech, vi. 13.

1 JESUS, how bright his glory shines
In all his works above;
On earth his kind and wise designs
His church and people love.

2 He plans the temple of the Lord,
And all the building rears;
And be his holy name ador'd,
He all the glory bears.

3 The vast materials all he forms,
Nor love nor pow'r he spares;
He guards the building from all harms,
And all the glory bears.

4 In this blest building may my soul
A living stone appear;
And he the builder of the whole
Shall all the glory bear.

5 No, not a stone shall be remov'd,
Which his dear hand has laid;
Throughout the whole his glory's show'd,
And all his grace display'd.

6 When he the topmost stone shall bring
To heav'n to see him there,
We shall the builder's praises sing,
And he the glory bear.

64. L. M. *Medley.*

Comforter, John xiv. 18.

1 COME, ye who know the Saviour's love,
An his indulgent mercies prove:
In cheerful songs his praise express,
For he'll not leave you comfortless.

2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,
With strong compassions in his heart;
The least and weakest saint he'll bless,
Nor will he leave him comfortless.

3 His wisdom, goodness, pow'r, and care,
They largely, sweetly, daily share;
He will their ev'ry fear suppress,
Nor will he leave them comfortless.

4 While they are sojourners below,
And travel thro' this world of woe,
In storms and floods of deep distress,
He will not leave them comfortless.

5 So when they pass death's gloomy vale,
And flesh and mortal powers fail,
Their dying lips shall then confess,
He does not leave them comfortless.

6 When they at last shall meet above,
In the blest world of joy and love,
Their raptur'd songs will then express,
He has not left them comfortless.

[7 Thanks to thy name, our dearest Lord,
For ev'ry promise in thy word;
But, O, with this our hearts impress,
I will not leave you comfortless.]

65. L. M. *Anon.*

Corner-Stone, Isaiah, xxviii. 16. 1 Pet. ii. 6.

1 LAID by Jehovah's mighty hands,
Zion's foundation firmly stands;
Rais'd up on Christ the corner stone,
Secure as God's eternal throne.

2 See how the glorious fabric grows,
Fram'd of materials that he chose!
Each stone prepar'd, and fitly set,
The royal structure to complete.

3 Still shall this edifice arise,
'Till all shall reach the lofty skies;
And joyful hosts shall praise above,
Jehovah's grace and Jesu's love.

66. C. M. *Duncan.*

Coronation, Cant. iii. 11.

1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

[2 Let high born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.]

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixt this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

8 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all Majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

[9 'O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.']

67. C. M. *Leed's Col.*

Crown Him, Acts x. 36.

1 BACKSLIDERS, who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O, crown him Lord of all.

2 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall:
For broken hearts his blood was spilt,
O, crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan,
O, crown him Lord of all.

4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
Altho' your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt,
Then crown him Lord of all.

68. C. M. *Hall.*

Crown Him, Rev. v. 13.

1 INSPIRE our souls, thou heav'nly Dove,
On thee we humbly call;
Come, warm our hearts with Jesu's love,
To own him Lord of all.

2 The saints who now in glory shine,
And triumph o'er the fall;
In concert join with notes divine,
To praise him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, who now in him believe,
Whose crimes are bitter gall,
Pardon and grace from him receive,
And bless him Lord of all.

4 The day arrives when ev'ry voice
On this terrestrial ball,
Aloud shall sing, exult, rejoice,
To hail him Lord of all.

5 All heav'n, in one admiring throng,
Before him prostrate fall;
And join in sweet seraphic song,
To crown him Lord of all.

69. C. M. *Steele.*

Desire of all Saints, Hag. ii. 7.

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls on wings of love
Mount upward to the skies!

4 But ah! the song, how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
'Till thou the heart inspire!

5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
'Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.

6 Then shall our hearts enraptur'd say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

70. C. M. *Bocking.*

Door, John x. 9.

1 THUS saith the shepherd of the sheep,
"I am the sacred door;
"In the fair pastures which I keep
"There's life for evermore.

2 "In me shall wand'ring sinners find
"The way their footsteps lost;
"From death I have their souls redeem'd,
"My blood has paid the cost.

3 "My tender care shall keep them free
"From dangers night and day;
"My pow'r their strong defence shall be,
"From ev'ry beast of prey.

4 "I will enrich them with my grace,
"And feed them with my love;
"Their souls shall find a joyful place
"In the bright fields above."

5 Come then, my little purchas'd flock,
Dear objects of my care;
And let this promise be your hope,
While you are feeding here.

71. C. M. *Dobell.*

Door, John x. 9.

1 CHRIST is the way to heav'nly bliss,
And Christ the only door;
My soul, pursue no way but this,
For this alone is sure.

2 'Tis thro' this door and this alone,
That ~~leads thee safe~~ to God; thou art led
Rest then on what thy Lord has done,
And plead his precious blood.

3 This door will lead thee safe to heav'n,
And give thee entrance in;
And God will own thy sins forgiv'n,
However vile they've been.

72. C. M. *Fawcett.*

Excellence, Cant. i. 3.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!

Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their pray'rs and praise ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Thro' all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

[6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount on high;
And view thy matchless beauties there
With never ceasing joy?

7 Angels shall listen to my song,
And seraphs join the praise;
For none amongst the happy throng,
Shall louder triumphs raise!]

73. L. M. *Medley.*

Forerunner, Heb. vi. 20.

1 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all his own;
Where we by faith lift up our eyes,
There Jesus our forerunner's gone.

2 Amidst the shining hosts above,
Where his blest smile new pleasure gives,

Where all is wonder, joy, and love,
There Jesus, our forerunner lives.

3 High on his throne of heav'nly light,
Eternal glory he sustains;
While saints and angels bless the sight;
There Jesus, our forerunner reigns.

4 There, while his course he ever runs,
Glory his radiant crown intwines;
And brighter than ten thousand suns;
There Jesus, our forerunner shines.

5 He lives salvation to impart,
From sin, and satan's cursed wiles;
With love eternal in his heart;
There Jesus, our forerunner smiles.

[6 Before his heav'nly Father's face,
For ev'ry saint he intercedes;
And with infallible success,
There Jesus, our forerunner pleads.

7 But O! 'tis this completes the whole,
And all its bliss and glory proves,
That, while eternal ages roll,
There Jesus, our forerunner loves.]

8 We shall, when we in heav'n appear,
His praises sing, his wonders tell;
And with our great forerunner there,
For ever, and for ever dwell.

74. L. M. *Kent.*

Foundation, Matt. xvi. 18.

1 HEAR what the hope of Israel saith,
Who holds the keys of life and death;
Whose potent word must be fulfil'd,
"Upon a rock my church I build.

2 "Thou Peter art; but I'm thy Lord,
"By all th' angelic host ador'd;

"And on myself thy faith may see,
"I build my church and not on thee."

3 Strong to defend tho' hell engage,
And all its host enflam'd with rage;
Not more secure Jehovah's throne,
Than Zion stands on Christ, his son.

4 In persecution's hottest fire,
This glorious fabric stood entire:
Witness the slaughter'd millions who
For Jesu's sake the flames went thro'.

5 Built on his Godhead and his blood,
She stands, and hath for ever stood;
Nor hell, nor sin, so firm the base,
Shall e'er the christian's hopes erase.

6 When on the cross he bow'd his head,
He Zion's debt of suff'ring paid;
And on this rock for ever blest,
Shall mercy's glorious fabric rest.

75. C. M. *Cowper.*

Fountain, John xix. 34. 1. John i. 7.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinner's plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 Since I by faith beheld the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be 'till I die.

5 Then in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping, ~~fault~~'ring tongue stamm.
Lies silent in the grave.

[6 Lord I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy tho' I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine!
To sound in God, the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.]

76. 112th. *Cennick.*

Fountain, Isaiah lv. 1. Zech. xiii. 1.

1 HO! ye despairing sinners, hear,
Ye thirsty sin-sick souls draw near;
Here's water whose all-pow'rful stream,
Shall quench your thirst, and wash you clean;
Its healing pow'r has always wrought,
Beyond the reach of human thought.

2 Bethesda's pool is not like this,
Nor heals, nor cures such leprosies;
Nor Siloam's streams, nor Jordan's flood,
Could to my heart seem half so good;
'Tis Jesu's blood, that crimson sea,
That washeth guilt and filth away.

3 To this dear fountain I'll repair,
With all the wounds and pains I bear;
I'll keep my station near its side,
And wash, and drink, and there abide;
Nor from the sacred streams remove,
'Till taken to their source above.

77. L.M. *B——.*

Friend of Sinners, Luke vii. 34.

[1 JESUS, th' incarnate God of love,
Rules all the shining worlds above;
And tho' his name the heav'ns transcend,
Yet he is still the sinner's friend.

2 Before the rolling skies were made,
Or nature's deep foundations laid,
He saw our fall, and did intend
To shew himself the sinner's friend.]

3 Behold the condescending God,
A while forsakes his bright abode;
To our mean world see him descend,
And groan and die the sinner's friend.

4 When the appointed hour was come,
He burst the barriers of the tomb;
Then to the skies he did ascend,
Where still he lives the sinner's friend.

5 Ye mourning souls to Jesus come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room;
To his dear hands your cause commend,
Who only is the sinner's friend.

78. C. M. *Swain.*

Friend, Prov. xvii. 17.

1 COME let our hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

2 When most we need his gracious hand,
This friend is always near;
With heav'n and earth at his command,
He waits to answer pray'r.

3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

5 And when our dearest comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself he gives us still!

6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains!

79. 8. 7. *Newton.*

Best Friend, Prov. xviii. 24.

1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's;
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Would consent to shed his blood?
But our Jesus dy'd to save us,
Reconcil'd in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

[3 Men when rais'd to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Tho' they valu'd them before;

But our Saviour always owns
Those whom he redeem'd with groans.]

4 When he liv'd on earth abased
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

[5 Could we bear for one another,
What he daily bears for us?
Yet this glorious friend and brother
Loves us, tho' we treat him thus:
Tho' for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.]

6 O, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

80. L. M. *Beddome.*

Gift of God, John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

1 JESUS, my Lord, my soul's delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray;
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

[2 When shall I see thy smiling face,—
That face which I have often seen!
Arise, thou sun of righteousness,
And burst the clouds that intervene.]

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distrest;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say, this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy sinners rich and great.

5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

81. C. M. *Steele.*

Guest, Rev. iii. 20.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue
His soothing voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r,
The lodging has possest;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heav'nly guest.

5 Lord, rise in thy all-conqu'ring grace,
Thy mighty pow'r display;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

6 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out ev'ry sin.

82. 8. 7. 4. *Robinson.*

Guide, Psalm xlviii. 14.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me 'till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fi'ry cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey thro';
Strong deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna,
In this barren wilderness:
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness:
Fight and conquer,
All my foes by sov'reign grace.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

83. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Head, Eph. iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunité.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

84. L. M. *Kent.*

Healer, Matt. iv. 24. Ex. xv. 26.

1 HAIL, Plant renown'd! thy leaves how fair
No thoughts conceive, no words declare;
What healing virtue from thee flows,
To heal a guilty mortal's woes!

2 Thy fame was great in ancient days,
Judea's region spoke thy praise;
And we, thro' grace, in this our day,
Can sing of healing, great as they.

3 The hardest hearts, when thou wilt heal,
Are soft as wax before the seal;
Receiving then thine image fair,
Stampt on the soul for ever there.

[4 Hatred of God, that curs'd disease
Will turn to love, when thou shalt please;
And burn with a celestial glow,
Which none but pardon'd rebels know.]

5 To thee, let Israel oft repair,
When sin defiles their garments here;
For thou alone hast pow'r to heal
The sting of death, that sinners feel.

6 Count thou, my soul, no healing good,
But what proceeds from Jesu's blood;
Nor rest in this, t' atone for sin,
Without a feeling sense within.

85. L. M. *Brewer.*

Hiding-Place, Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul an hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despis'd his rich abounding grace,
Too proud to seek an hiding-place.

[3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without an hiding-place.]

4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love, arrest that man;—"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fi'ry mount I flew;
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

6 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd;
She led me on with gentle pace
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.

7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.

8 Should storms of thund'ring vengeance roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

86. L. M. *Medley.*

Him, Acts v. 31.

1 JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In him for ever to rejoice.

2 Of him what wond'rous things are told!
In him what glories I behold!
For him I gladly all things leave;
To him, my soul, for ever cleave!

3 In him my treasure's all contain'd;
By him my feeble soul's sustain'd;
From him what favours I receive;
Thro' him I shall for ever live.

4 With him I daily love to walk;
Of him my soul delights to talk;
On him I cast my ev'ry care;
Like him one day I shall appear.

5 Bless him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust him to lead thee on thy way;
Give him thy poor weak sinful heart;
With him O never, never part.

6 Take him for strength and righteousness;
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him above all earthly joy;
And him in ev'ry thing employ.

7 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs;
To him your highest praise belongs!
Bless him who does your heav'n prepare;
And whom you'll praise for ever there.

87. L. M. *Lee.*

Know him, Phil. iii. 10.

1 'TIS life to know the dying Lamb;
Eternal life is in his name;
O may I in this knowledge grow;
And daily more of Jesus know!

2 Know him to wash me in his blood;
Know him to make my peace with God;
Know him for strength and righteousness;
And know him for renewing grace.

3 Know him as my exceeding joy,
Know him my praises to employ;
Know him as all my heart can wish;
And know him for eternal bliss!

88. L. M. *Jeary.*

Immanuel, Matt. i. 23.

1 YE angels, who in glory reign,
And sing in most seraphic strain;
Ye who before the altar fall,
O crown Immanuel Lord of all. Hal.

2 Ye saints, who sit around the throne,
And sing his sov'reign grace alone;
O join together great and small,
To crown Immanuel Lord of all.

3 Ye thousands who are cloth'd in white,
And dwell in uncreated light,
At his dear feet devoutly fall,
And crown Immanuel Lord of all.

4 Ye heralds, who from place to place,
Proclaim salvation by free grace,
To Calv'ry guilty sinners call,
And crown Immanuel Lord of all.

[5 Ye ransom'd sinners, who remain
Within the reach of sin and shame,
O at his footstool humbly fall,
And crown Immanuel Lord of all.]

6 Ye gentile sinners, who remain
In bondage under Satan's chain;
Come, now for mercy humbly call,
And crown Immanuel Lord of all.

7 Ye angels, saints, and heralds join,
To praise Immanuel all divine;
And sinners come, and gladly own
Immanuel King, and Lord alone. Hal.

89. 8s. *De Fleury.*

Immanuel, Isaiah viii. 8.

1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune all your soft harps to his praise.

[2 He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his pow'r, you stood.]

3 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy relate.

4 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

5 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong?

6 I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

7 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name.

[8 I want!—O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.]

90. 7s. S——n.

Immanuel, Matt. i. 23. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite,—
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With our father Adam's blot;
Ye he did our sins sustain,
Bore the guilt, the curse, the pain,

[4 God with us! O blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
Jesus will in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]

5 God with us! O wond'rous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

91. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Immutable, Heb. xiii. 8.

[1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honours of thy name:
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.]

2 High on his Father's royal seat,
Our Jesus shone divinely great;
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.

3 Thro' all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old, and fade.

4 The same his pow'r his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love,
To saints on earth and saints above.

5 Let nature change, and sink, and die;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high;
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

92. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Intercessor, John xvii. 24.

1 JESUS has shed his vital blood,
To bring my wand'ring soul to God:
And still to manifest his love,
He lives, and pleads for me above.

2 "Father, I will," the Saviour cries,
"That this poor soul at length may rise
"From all the depths of sin and woe,
"The riches of my grace to know.

3 "Now let his sins be all forgiv'n,
"And guide him in the path to heav'n;
"I have redeem'd his soul from hell,
"With me he shall for ever dwell.

[4 "To save his life, thy Son was slain,
"He is the purchase of my pain;
"I claim my right, and urge my plea,
"That he may reign in bliss with me.

5 "He shall behold me face to face,
"And dwell in this celestial place,
"Far from the reach of foes and fears;
"My love shall wipe away his tears.

6 "His pains and toils shall have an end;
"His happy soul to God ascend;
"Soon shall he reach the peaceful shore,
"Where sin shall wound his heart no more.]

7 "Father, I will, that he should prove,
"The wonders of redeeming love;
"That he may all my glories see,
"And sit upon thy throne with me."

93. L. M. *Steele.*

Intercessor, Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now before his father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults;

His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and satan join their pow'r;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great advocate, almighty friend!
On him our humble hopes depend!
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

94. C. M. *Toplady.*

Intercessor, John xvii. 24.

1 AWAKE sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love;
Tell how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

[4 His sweet atoning sacrifice,
Gives sanction to his claim;
"Father, I will that all my saints
"Be with me where I am.

"By their salvation, recompense
"The sorrows I endur'd;
"Just to the merits of thy Son,
"And faithful to thy word."]

[6 Founded on right, his pray'r avails;
The Father never can

From his anointed turn away,
Nor hear him ask in vain.]

7 Eternal life, at his request,
To ev'ry saint is giv'n;
Safety on earth, and after death,
The plenitude of heav'n.

[8 Lord, I believe thou didst go up
To plead my cause with God;
And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Remember me for good!

9 Let the pure incense of thy pray'r
In my behalf ascend;
And as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end.]

95. L. M. *Gregg.*

Not ashamed of Jesus, Mark viii. 38.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
O may I scorn it more and more.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

[3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul 'till he,
Bright morning-star, bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! shall yon field
Blush, when it thinks who bids it yield?
Yet blush I must while I adore;
I blush to think I yield no more.]

5 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?

No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

6 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

7 'Till then, (nor is my boasting vain),
'Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

96. C. M. *Fellows, altered.*

Not ashamed of Jesus, Rom. i. 19. 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And suffer'd all my shame?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
To own thy precious name?

3 No, Lord, I'm not asham'd of thee,
Nor of thy cause on earth!
O do not be asham'd of me,
When I resign my breath.

4 Be thou my shield, be thou my sun;
O guide me all my days;
And let my feet with joy run on
In thy delightful ways.

97. C. M. *Heginbothom.*

Jesus precious, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears
Like thy beloved name;
Nor ought beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compar'd to thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell;
If ought can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
For ever let thy boundless grace,
My sweetest thoughts employ.

6 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

98. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Jesus precious, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care!

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

99. C. M. *Steele.*

King of Saints, Rev. xv. 3.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your king, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite pow'r and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The beauties of our king;
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

100. 6. 4. *Kingsbury.*

King, Rev. xv. 3.

1 LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing;
Angels—begin the song,
Mortals—the strain prolong
In accents sweet and strong;
"Jesus is king."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Shout thro' hell's dark profound;
Let the whole earth resound;
'Till the high heav'ns rebound;
"The vict'ry's won."

3 He vanquish'd sin and hell,
And the last foe will quell;
Mourners rejoice!
His dying love adore,
Praise him now rais'd in pow'r,
And triumph evermore,
With a glad voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When thro' the heav'nly way
Lo, he shall come!
While they who pierc'd him wail,
His promise shall not fail,
Saints, see your king prevail;
Come, dear Lord, come! Hal.

101. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Lamb of God, John i. 29.

1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God
Who takes away our guilt;

Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heav'n he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode;
To ransom us himself he gave;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 He came to take the sinner's place,
And shed his precious blood;
Let Adam's guilty, ruin'd race
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Backsliders too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise, return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

6 In ev'ry state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesu's blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

7 Spirit of Grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may with thy saints on high
Behold the Lamb of God.

102. 6. 4. *Hill's Col.*

Lamb, Rev. v. 12.

1 GLORY to God on high:
Let heav'n and earth reply,
Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
We, who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious king,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

103. L. M. *Steele.*

Life, John xiv. 19.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixt on thy everlasting word;
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immoveable the promise stands;
Nor all the pow'rs of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

104. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Light, Isaiah ix. 2. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 GREAT Light of life, thou nature's Lord,
Bring light from darkness by thy word;
Shine in our hearts, in mercy shine,
To give the light of truth divine.

2 Light of our souls! thyself reveal;
Thy pow'r and presence let us feel;
And know and see the wond'rous things
Conceal'd from prophets, priests, and kings.

3 In the dear face of Christ our God,
His righteousness and pard'ning blood,
May we behold our all in all,
And at his feet of mercy fall.

4 There thy perfections shine most bright;
May we behold them with delight;
And see how justice, truth, and grace
Unite, and smile in Jesu's face.

5 Great sun of righteousness! arise,
Open our long benighted eyes;
Shine, Jesus, shine from day to day,
'Till all that's dark be done away.

105. L. M. *Medley.*

Living Stone, 1 Pet. ii. 4.

1 COME, happy souls, who know the Lord,
Who love and trust his sacred word;

With songs of praise address his throne,
And Jesus sing, the Living stone.

2 Chosen of God, and precious too
Is he, in each believer's view:
Built upon him, and 'stablish'd here,
They all as living stones appear.

3 Here the great builder, God, will raise
A house, a temple, for his praise;
Here gospel sacrifices claim
Acceptance, thro' the Saviour's name.

4 View the vast building, see it rise;
The work how strong, the plan how wise!
Beauty and grandeur all divine,
Throughout the whole resplendent shine.

[5 Where'er I cast my eyes abroad,
I see the labours of a God;
And thro' the whole there's not a stone
But cost the builder's heart a groan.]

6 Soon shall the top-stone forth be brought,
To crown the work his love has wrought;
And to the praise of sov'reign grace,
Shall loud hosannas fill the place.

7 Jesus, I fly alone to thee;
A living stone O may I be,
With which thou wilt this building raise,
A glorious structure to thy praise.

106. L. M. *Medley.*

Loving-kindness, Isaiah, lxiii. 7. Psalm lxiii. 3.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness. O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;

He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

107. L. M. *Kent.*

This Man shall be the Peace, &c. Micah v. 5.

1 PEACE, by his cross, hath Jesus made,
The church's everlasting head:
O'er hell and sin, hath vict'ry won,
And with a shout to glory gone.

2 Then why, dejected saint, dost thou
Thy sorrows nurse, thy head thus bow?
Eternal truth declares to thee,
This glorious Man thy peace shall be.

3 When o'er thy head the billows roll,
And shades of sin obscure thy soul;

When thou canst no deliv'rance see,
Yet still this Man thy peace shall be.

4 In tribulation's thorny maze,
Or on the mount of sov'reign grace,
Or in the fire, or thro' the sea,
This glorious Man thy peace shall be.

5 Yea, when thine eye of faith is dim,
Rest thou thy all alone on him:
And at his footstool bow the knee,
And Israel's God thy peace shall be.

108. C. M. *Cennick.*

Melchisedec, Heb. v. 6.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be. Hal.

2 O may I ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to me speak;
And in my priest will I rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng;
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song. Hal.

109. 7s. *W——.*

Melchisedec. Gen. xiv. 18, 19. Heb. vii. 17.

1 KING of Salem, bless my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole!

King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease!

2 Come, refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine!
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which can not be told.

3 Hail! Melchisedec divine!
Thou, great High-priest, shalt be mine;
All my pow'rs before thee fall,—
Take not tithe, but take them all.

110. C. M. *Becks' Col.*

Messenger of the Covenant Mal. iii. 1.

1 JESUS, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below;
And shews from whence the springs of love
In endless currents flow.

2 He, whom the boundless heav'n adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!

[3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn;
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born.]

4 To me, who never sought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word;
Who never knew or lov'd his face,
And all his will abhorr'd.

5 To me, who could not even praise,
When his kind heart I knew;
But sought a thousand devious ways,
Rather than keep the true.

6 Yet this redeeming angel came,
So vile a worm to bless;

He took with gladness all my shame,
And gave his righteousness.

7 O, that my languid heart might glow
With ardour all divine;
And with more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs shine!

111. L. M. *Needham.*

Messiah, Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

1 GLORY to God, who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can
Declare the love of God to man?

2 O, what can more his love commend,
Than his dear only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!

[3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold;
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke,
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
The time prophetic seals requir'd;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-shone;
It wanted not thy glitt'ring store,
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.]

6 We see the prophecies fulfil'd
In Jesus, that most wond'rous child:
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.

7 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands,
A blessing to these favour'd lands;

No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

112. L. M. *Medley.*

Morning-star, Rev. xxii. 16.

[1 WITH joy, ye saints, attend, and raise
Your voices in harmonious praise;
Blest Spirit, ev'ry heart prepare,
To sing the bright, the Morning-star.]

2 In glory bright the Saviour reigns,
And endless grandeur there sustains;
We view his beams, and from afar
Hail him the bright, the Morning-star.

3 Blest Star! where'er his lustre shines,
He all the soul with grace refines;
And makes each happy saint declare,
He is the bright, the Morning-star.

4 Sweet Star! his influence is divine;
Life, peace, and joy, attending shine;
Death, hell, and sin, before him flee:
The bright, the Morning-star is he.

5 Great Star! in whom salvation dwells,
His beam the thickest cloud dispels;
The grossest darkness flies afar,
Before this bright, this Morning-star.

6 Most glorious Star! be thou our guide,
Nor from our souls thy splendour hide;
Let nothing thy sweet beams debar,
Thou only bright and Morning-star.

7 Eternal Star! our songs shall rise,
When we shall meet thee in the skies;
And, in eternal anthems, there
Praise thee the bright, the Morning-star.

113. L. M. *Medley.*

One thing needful, Luke x. 42.

1 JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art!
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee!

2 Needful art thou to make me live;
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guide me lest I stray;
Needful to help me ev'ry day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thy indulgent care;
Needful thy all-prevailing pray'r;

4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise to impart
Fresh life and vigour to my heart;

5 Needful art thou to be my stay
Thro' all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

6 Needful art thou to raise my dust
In shining glory with the just;
Needful when I in heav'n appear,
To crown, and to present me there.

[7 Needful art thou, my Lord, my love,
To tune my golden harp above;
Needful art thou, my God, my king,
While to eternity I sing.]

8 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme,
Dwell on the dear delightful theme,
Glory and praise be ever his,
The one thing needful Jesus is!

114. L. M. *Kent.*

Paschal Lamb, Ex. xii. 3—13.

1 THE Paschal Lamb which Israel slew,
Ye seed of Jacob speaks to you;
Holds Jesus forth from blemish free,
Whose blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

2 If sprinkled o'er thy conscience now,
How greatly lov'd and blest art thou;
Thousands there are who never see
This peaceful sign made known to thee.

3 Made known to whom? to those approv'd,
God's own elect, in Christ belov'd;
They, only they, are led to see
This peaceful sign made known to thee.

4 Then why, my soul, shouldst thou despair,
And doubt thy Saviour's constant care?
Torn from himself thou canst not be;
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

5 And when thy God shall bid thee rise
To join the chorus of the skies;
This thy support in death shall be,
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

115. C. M. *Steele.*

Pearl of great Price, Matt. xiii. 46.

1 YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real price attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

[3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure, meet.]

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possest,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blest.

6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise that grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine!

116. C. M. *Mason.*

Pearl of great Price, Matt. xiii. 46.

1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest price;
My heart exults for joy;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
O what a Christ have I!

2 Christ is my father and my friend,
My brother and my love;
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate above.

3 My Christ he is the heav'n of heav'n;
My Christ what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

117. L. M. *Steele.*

Great Physician, Jerm. viii. 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?

In vain, alas, is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in ev'ry part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?
And is no kind Physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

4 There is a great Physician near :
Look up, O fainting soul, and live :
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give !

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

118. C. M. *Beck's Col.*

Physician, Matt. iv. 24.

1 JESUS, since thou art still to-day,
As yesterday the same ;
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.

2 Since thou delightest still to do
Thy needy creatures good ;
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
Be all thy wonders shew'd.

Leper, Mark i. 40 41.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat !
With pitying eye, behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

Deaf and Dumb, Mark vii. 37.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands
To thee in humble pray'r.

6 Silent, alas! thou know'st how long
My voice I cannot raise;
But, O, when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

Lame, John v. 2—4.

7 Lame, at the pool I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
And wash a way their grief.

8 Now speak my mind, my conscience sound,
And then my strength employ;
Like as the hart, my soul shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

Blind, Matt. xx. 30—34.

9 If thou, my God, art passing by,
O let me find thee near;
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
"Thou Son of David, hear."

10 See, I am waiting in thy way,
For thee the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

Possessed, Luke viii. 35, 36.

11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still,
To thy great name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

12 From sin, the guilt, the pow'r, the pain,
Thou wilt release my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.

119. C. M. *Kent.*

Physician, Mark v. 25—34.

1 YE sin-sick souls, dismiss your fears,
The halt, the lame, the blind:
Come, touch the garment Jesus wears,
Your healing there you'll find.

2 Surrounded with ten thousand cares,
And sad beyond degree:
Yet in this garment Jesus wears,
There's healing still for thee.

3 Come stretch the wither'd hand to day,
For Christ is passing by;
Your case admits of no delay,
Unless ye touch ye die.

4 One touch of this celestial robe,
Speaks pardon to the soul;
When sins more pond'rous than the globe
Across the conscience roll.

5 Thro ev'ry crowd to Jesus press
When sin torments the mind;
Peace, pard'ning blood, and righteousness,
In his dear name you'll find.

120. C. M. *Anon.*

Physician, or the Leper healed, Matt. viii. 2, 3.

1 JESUS, my dreadful leprosy
Oppresses me with grief;

Here at thy feet I prostrate fall
For pity and relief.

2 I am unholy and unclean,
Apply thy grace to me;
For thou art able, if thou wilt,
To heal my leprosy.

3 Compassion moves his tender heart,
And, with a gracious word,
He speaks, "I will,"—and with a touch
The leprous jew restor'd.

4 Ye leprous souls, to Jesus come,
With sin, a worse disease:
'Tis he can heal your maladies,
And give your conscience ease.

5 He can, by his almighty grace,
Heal each poor lep'rous soul;
Come, guilty, filthy, as you are,
And he will make you whole.

121. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Pilot, or Saint's Safety in Death, Acts xxvii. 44.

1 NONE that embark at God's command
For heav'n can e'er be lost:
All safe escape to Canaan's land,
However tempest-toss'd.

2 Tho' winds may blow, and storms arise,
And rocks and sands appear;
The Saviour to his people flies,
And bids them not to fear.

3 Tho' seeming on destruction's brink
While the dread tempests roar;
However toss'd, they shall not sink,
But safely reach the shore.

4 Tho' neither sun nor stars appear
For many days in sight;

Trust in the Lord, be of good cheer,
And he shall guide you right.

5 Then let the saints in God confide,
And on his promise rest;
They shall the storms of life outride,
And be for ever blest.

122. 148th. *Huntingdon's Col.*

Pilot, Luke viii. 22.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to Heav'n with thee and thine.

[2 What tho' the seas are broad?
What tho' the waves are strong?
What tho' tempestuous storms
Distress me all along?
Yet what are seas or stormy wind,
Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend?]

3 Christ is my pilot wise;
My compass is his word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.

4 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
Thro' all my passage lie,
Yet Christ shall safely keep,
And guide me with his eye:
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up!

5 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;

My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast!
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

6 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside;
Then to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

7 Come, heav'nly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heav'n, my destin'd place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind!

123. 148th. *Boden.*

Great High-Priest, Heb. vii. 25.

1 OUR great High-Priest we sing,
His dying love adore;
We hail our rising king,
Who lives for evermore.
He only can our wants relieve,
And sinners to the utmost save.

2 Why then indulge despair,
Tho' sunk in deepest guilt?
We hear his voice declare,
For such his blood was spilt:
In his dear hands my soul I leave,
For he can to the utmost save.

3 Believing souls, rejoice!
On Jesu's grace depend;
The objects of his choice,
He loves you to the end:

With holy boldness dare believe,
Your Lord will to the utmost save.

124. 148th. *Kent.*

Great High Priest, Ex. xxviii. 29. Heb. ix. 11, 12.

1 BEHOLD the holy place,
With Aaron entering in,
To make for Israel's race
A sacrifice for sin:
In him the type of Jesus see,
Who trod the holy place for thee.

[2 Without a victim slain,
As constant as the day,
None could remission gain,
No sins were put away:
Herein the gospel myst'ry, see
How Christ should set the guilty free.]

3 Ere on the bloody tree
The sinners debts he paid,
Slain in the great decree,
He stood the cov'nant head:
'Till that divine illustrious day,
When sin by him was borne away.

4 While he expiring hung,
The blood-bought throng on high,
In loud hosannas sung,
"Redemption's now brought nigh:"
They went to heav'n to rest with God,
Upon the credit of his blood.

5 His sacrifice to God
Hath pleas'd the father well;
The odours of his blood
Afford a fragrant smell:
Perfum'd with this his saints shall rise
To realms of bliss beyond the skies.

125. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Ransom, Isaiah lxi. 2.

1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
" A year of freedom to declare;
" From debts and bondage to discharge,
" And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share.

2 " A day of veng'ance I proclaim,
" But not on man the storm shall fall,
" On me its thunders shall descend,
" My strength, my love sustain them all."

3 Stupendous favour! matchless grace!
Jesus has dy'd that we might live:
Not worlds below nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.

4 To him who lov'd our ruin'd race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise,
Sublime, eternal as his throne.

126. C. M. *Medley.*

My Record is on high, Job xvi. 19.

1 MY soul, arise! shake off thy fears,
And wipe thy sorrows dry;
Jesus in heav'n thy witness bears,
Thy record is on high.

2 Above this world of sins and pains,
Beyond the glitt'ring sky,
My witness still in heav'n remains,
My record is on high.

3 Cheerful I'll bow to all his will,
And at his footstool lie;
My witness lives in heav'n, and still
My record is on high.

4 Behold, my soul, whate'er betides,
Thou shalt not, canst not die;
My witness still in heav'n abides,
My record is on high.

5 Thus while I sing of Christ, my Lord,
And angels' harps outvie,
My witness lives in heav'n ador'd,
My record is on high.

127. L. M. *Medley.*

I know that my Redeemer liveth, Job xix. 25.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my ever living head!

[2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.]

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my prophet, priest, and king.

7 He lives and grants me daily breath,
He lives and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

8 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

128. L. M. *Kent.*

Praise to the Redeemer, Lev. xvi. 9—22.

1 O THAT I had a seraph's fire,
His rapt'rous song and golden lyre,
To chant the love and grace supreme,
Reveal'd as in the gospel scheme.

2 Here's pardon for transgressions past,
It matters not how black their cast;
And, O my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come, here's pardon too.

3 When Jesus dy'd, their debts were paid,
Whose sin lay on this Scape Goat's head;
Was to the trackless desert drove,
And buried in eternal love.

4 In this abyss of love profound,
When sought for they shall not be found;
Hid from Jehovah's piercing eye,
There in oblivion's shades they lie.

5 The nation thus redeem'd from sin,
Were chosen, lov'd, and blest in him;
And while he lives, they ne'er shall die,
For they are his by cov'nant-tie.

129. C. M. *Steele.*

Praise to the Redeemer, 1 Pet. iii. 18.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!

O may his love, (immortal flame!),
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!),
For man the Saviour bled!

5 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
'Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

130. C. M. *Meyer's Col.*

Redeemer, or Jesus seen of Angels, 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 BEYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels round his throne
In countless armies shine;
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, glorious Prince of peace," they cry,
"Whose unexampl'd love
"Mov'd thee to quit those glorious realms,
"And royalties above."

4 Thro' all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft wond'ring how, or where, at last,
This mystic scene would end!

5 They saw his heart transfixt with wounds,
And view'd the crimson gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
"The glorious work is done."

131. 8s. *Francis.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

3 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell.

4 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

5 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,—
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

132. 7s. *Conyer's Col.*

Refuge from the Storm, Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
'Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

4 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

6 Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

7 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Let me feel them flow within.

8 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

133. 8s. *Maxwell.*

Riches of Christ, Eph. iii. 8.

1 HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?

2 His angels can never express,
Nor saints, who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace;—
O no! 'tis a myst'ry unknown.

3 In him all the fulness of God
For ever transcendently shines;
The Father's anointed he stood
To finish his glorious designs.

4 Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels fast bound to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

5 O sinners, believe and adore,
This Saviour so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.

6 He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace, yea and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

134. L. M. *Wesley.*

Lord our Righteousness, Isa. xlv. 24. Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;

'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me.

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

135. L. M. *Newton,*

That Rock was Christ, Ex. xvii. 6. 1 Cor. x. 4.

1 WHEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with thirst
Forth from the rock the waters burst;
And all their future journey thro'
Yielded them drink and comfort too.

2 In Moses' rod a type they saw
Of his severe and fi'ry law;
The smitten rock prefigur'd him,
From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.

3 But ah! the types were all too faint,
His sorrows or his worth to paint;

Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,
But he endur'd the wrath of God.

4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,
But ours was wounded, bruis'd, and slain;
That rock gave but a wat'ry flood,
But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.

5 The earth is like their wilderness,
A land of drought and sore distress;
Without one stream from pole to pole,
To satisfy a thirsty soul.

6 But let the Saviour's praise resound;
In him refreshing streams are found;
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,
And thirsty sinners drink, and live.

136. 11s. *Bennett.*

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I, Ps. lxi. 2.

[1 CONVINC'D as a sinner to Jesus I come,
Inform'd by the gospel for such there is room;
Overwhelm'd with sorrow for sin will I cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!

2 When tempted by satan my Saviour to leave,
Who sets forth religion as meant to deceive,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high,
The rock of salvation that's higher than I!

3 When God from my soul shall his presence remove,
To try by his absence the strength of my love,
I'll rest on the promise of Jesus, and try
The force of that rock which is higher than I!

4 When sorely afflicted and ready to faint,
Before my Redeemer I'll spread my complaint;
'Midst storms and distresses my soul shall rely,
On Jesus the rock that is higher than I!]

5 When weak and encompass'd with numberless foes,
Attempting my happiness here to oppose,

I'll look to the Saviour of sinners, and cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!

[6 When I my poor feelings with others compare,
And learn from reflection what mercies I share!
My backsliding heart is constrain'd to reply,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!

7 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the land,
And merited veng'ance descends from thy hand!
O'erwhelm'd with the sight for protection I'll fly,
And hide in the rock that is higher than I!]

8 When summon'd by death before God to appear,
Thy free-grace supporting I'll yield without fear!
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high,
To enter the rock that is higher than I!

9 'Tis there, with the chosen of Jesus, I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song
Of praising and blessing with angels on high
Christ Jesus, the rock, that is higher than I!

137. L. M. *Medley.*

Christ the Root and Offspring of David, Rev. xxii. 16.

1 ALL hail, thou great Immanuel!
Thy love, thy glory, who can tell?
Angels, and all the heav'nly host,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

[2 Mortals, with reverential songs,
Take this dear name upon your tongues;
With holy fear attempt his praise,
In solemn, yet triumphant, lays.]

3 Among a thousand forms of love,
In which he shines and smiles above,
This with peculiar joy we view,
He's David's root and offspring too.

4 There Jesus in the glorious plan
Shines, the great God, the wond'rous man!

As God, the root of all our bliss,
As man, the branch of righteousness.

5 All hail, thou dear redeeming Lord!
All hail, thou co-essential word!
All hail, thou root and branch divine!
All hail, and be the glory thine!

138. L. M. *Wheeler.*

I am the Rose of Sharon, Cant. ii. 1.

1 SEE from the vineyard Jesus comes,
Bringing his spice and rich perfumes;
When shades of night my eye-lids close,
Sweet is the smell of Sharon's Rose.

2 His beauty's white with lovely grace,
When thro' the garden him I trace;
'Tis by the sweet perfumes which flow
That I the Rose of Sharon know.

3 If him I trace to calvary,
And see him hang, and bleed, and die,
I view the wound that open'd wide,
The Rose of Sharon's pierced side.

4 Of matchless love my soul can tell,
He hath redeem'd my soul from hell;
His wounds pour'd out a double flood,
The Rose of Sharon's red with blood.

5 When I am number'd with the dead,
And my remains in dust are laid;
My grave has no malignant air,
The Rose of Sharon rested there.

6 When the last trumpet loud shall sound,
And wake my dust beneath the ground,
I shall arise, rejoice to hear
The Rose of Sharon is so near.

7 Then shall I with my God ascend,
To dwell where pleasures never end;

Of Sharon's glories I shall sing,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my King.

139. S. M. *Anon.*

I am the Rose of Sharon, Cant. ii. 1.

1 IN Sharon's lovely Rose,
Immortal beauties shine;
Its sweet, refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.

2 How blooming and how fair!
O may my happy breast
This lovely Rose for ever wear,
And be supremely blest!

140. 112th. *Brackenbury's Col.*

Samson, Judges xvi. 26—30.

1 SAMSON the theatre o'erthrew,
And thousands at his death he slew;
But lo! our Samson from the skies,
A more triumphant conqu'ror dies;
A nobler victory obtains,
And heav'n for all his Israel gains.

2 He, by the pangs of death opprest,
With out-stretch'd hands the pillars wrest,
Compass'd with foes he bow'd his head,
For mercy, not for vengeance pray'd;
Uttered his last expiring groan,
And pull'd th' infernal kingdom down.

3 The author dire of sin and death,
He slew by yielding up his breath,
The pow'rs of darkness he destroy'd,
And made their hellish boastings void;
Dy'd with Philistines,—but arose
Triumphant o'er his slaughter'd foes.

141. C. M. *Steele.*

Saviour, John iv. 42.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd, with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

142. C. M. *Heginbothom.*

Good Shepherd, John x. 11.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 Vain the attempt, what tongue can speak
A subject so divine!
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine.

3 Love that could bring thy willing feet
From that blest world on high!
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To labour, bleed, and die!

4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

5 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief opprest;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

6 Nay, should I walk thro' death's dark vale,
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.

7 Lead on, dear Shepherd: led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

143. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Omnipotent Shepherd, John x. 29, 30.

1 IN one harmonious cheerful song,
Ye happy saints, combine;
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,
The Saviour is divine.

2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.

3 That hand which heav'n and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.

4 Now let th' infernal lion roar,
How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's pow'r,
I will begin to fear.

144. 7s. *Hill's Col.*

Seeking the Shepherd's little Flock, Cant. i. 7.

1 TELL me, Saviour, from above,
Dearest object of my love,
Where thy little flocks abide,
Shelter'd near thy bleeding side?

2 Tell me, Shepherd all divine,
Where I may my soul recline?
Where for refuge shall I fly,
While the burning sun is high?

3 Wilt thou let me run astray,
Mourning, grieving all the day?
Wilt thou bear to see me rove,
Seeking base and mortal love?

[4 Never had I sought thy name,
Never felt the inward flame,
Had not love first touch'd my heart,
Giv'n the painful, pleasing smart.]

5 Didst thou leave thy glorious throne,
Put a mortal raiment on,
As a cursed victim die,
For a wretch so vile as I?

6 Turn, and claim me as thine own;
Be my portion, Lord, alone;
Deign to hear a sinner's call;
Be my everlasting all.

145. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Strong hold, Zech. ix. 12.

1 PRIS'NERS of sin and Satan too,
The Saviour calls, he calls for you;

Ye, who have sold yourselves for nought,
Jesus your liberty hath bought.

2 He came to set the captives free;
He came to publish liberty;
To bind the broken-hearted up,
And give despairing sinners hope.

3 Pris'ners of hope, why will you die?
Why from the only refuge fly?
Jesus, our hiding place and tow'r,
Invites the guilty and the poor.

4 He came to comfort all that mourn;
He sweetly says to sinners, turn;
Pris'ners of hope, his voice attend,
Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

5 The great Redeemer liv'd and dy'd;
The Prince of life was crucify'd;
He shed his own most precious blood
To purchase captive souls to God.

6 To this redeeming God be giv'n
Immortal praise by earth and heav'n;
Pris'ners of hope, the Saviour bless,
And ev'ry hour his love confess.

146. L. M. *D*——.

Sun of Righteousness, Mal. iv. 2.

1 GREAT Sun of righteousness, arise,
And chase the darkness from mine eyes;
Now let thy beams of glory shine,
And fill my soul with light divine.

2 While in this world of sin I dwell,
Defend me from the pow'rs of hell;
Be thou a sun and shield to me,
'Till I shall dwell, my God, with thee.

147. L. M. *E*——.

Treasure, Prov. xxi. 20.

1 JESUS is all I wish or want;
For him I pray, I thirst, I pant:
Let others after earth aspire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

2 Possess'd of him I wish no more;
He is an all-sufficient store;
To praise him all my pow'rs conspire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

3 If he his smiling face but hide,
My soul no comfort has beside;
Distrest, I after him inquire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

[4 And while my heart is rack'd with pain,
Jesus appears, and smiles again;
Why should my Saviour thus retire?
Christ is the treasure I desire.]

5 Come, humble souls, and view his charms;
Take refuge in his saving arms;
And sing, while you his worth admire,
Christ is the treasure I desire.

148. 148th. *Hammond.*

Unchangeable, Heb. xiii. 8. 2 Tim. ii. 13.

1 O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
Whatever be my frame;

His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul thro' many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform
The work thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm:
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move;
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love:
My soul into thy arms I cast,
I know I shall be sav'd at last!

149. C. M. *Toplady.*

Vine, John 15, 1—5.

1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine;
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

[3 Grafted in thee by grace alone,
In growth I daily rise;
And springing up from thee the vine,
My top shall reach the skies.]

4 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine;
Wither'd and barren should I be
If sever'd from the vine.

5 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

6 Each moment water'd by thy care,
And fenc'd with pow'r divine;
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

150. L. M. *Cennick.*

High-way, Isaiah xxxv. 8—10.

1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way 'till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's high-way of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

[3 No stranger shall proceed thercin,
No lover of the world and sin,
No lion, no devouring care,
No sin, nor sorrow shall be there.

4 No—nothing shall go up thereon,
But trav'ling souls, and I am one;
Way-faring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.]

5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

6 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

7 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give,
Nothing but love I shall receive.

8 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, behold the way to God.

151. L. M. *Anon.*

Good old Way, Jer. vi. 16.

1 INQUIRING souls, who long to find
Pardon of sin and peace of mind;
Attend the voice of God to-day,
Who bids you seek the good old way.

2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus is the way to God.
O may you then no longer stray,
But walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 The prophets and apostles too
Pursu'd this path while here below:
Then let not fear your soul dismay,
But come to Christ, the good old way.

4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere;
Nor doubt to meet another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

152. C. M. *Erskine.*

Way, John xiv. 1—6.

1 LET not your hearts within you grieve,
My dear beloved friends;
Ye trust in God, in me believe,
For I have borne your pains.

2 Home to my Father's house I go,
Where many mansions are;
[I go before, and, in your name,
Your seats of bliss prepare.

3 When I your mansions have prepar'd,
I'll come to you again,
And take you to my blissful arms
For ever to remain.

4 Where I am bound is endless day,
And I'm th' appointed road;
I am the truth, and living way,
By which you come to God.

[5 'Jesus, thy words of grace and truth
Support my fainting heart;
O let me on this promise rest,
And bid my fears depart.']

153. L. M. *Becks' Col.*

Wisdom, Prov. iii. 13—18.

1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love!

2 Happy is he who thus can say,
The Lord, the Saviour dy'd for me;
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.

3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace;
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd with her.

4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends:
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n, are one.

154. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Wisdom, Prov. viii. 19.

1 WISDOM divine lifts up her voice;
Sinners, attend! ye saints, rejoice!
Thus saith our condescending Lord;
(O! may we hear his gracious word.)

2 "Riches and honour both are mine;
"I am the tree of life divine!
"My excellence can ne'er be told;
"My fruits are better far than gold!

3 "The finest gold cannot compare
"With riches that my children share;
"All blessings do in me abound
"For those who have true wisdom found.

4 "Here peace and pardon richly flow;
"Here fruits immortal ever grow;
"Here pleasure sweetens all the road,
"And safely leads us home to God!

5 "Here's blood to wash away our sin,
"And make the most polluted clean!
"Here is a robe by Jesus wrought,
"And as a gift to sinners brought.

6 "Come, sinners, then, to Christ apply;
"Come without money, come and buy;
"Fair wisdom's dictates now receive,
"And in the Son of God believe."

7 Dear Lord, do thou our hearts incline
To seek for riches so divine;
Nor let us e'er contented be,
'Till we possess our all in thee.

PRAYERS TO THE SPIRIT.

155. L. M. *Toplady.*

A Propitious Gale longed for.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "sweet Spirit come!
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
"But swell my sails, and speed my way!

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
"And loose my cable from below;
"But I can only spread my sail;
"Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!"

156. L. M. *Scott.*

Imploring the return of God the Spirit, 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 FOR ever shall my fainting soul,
O God, thy just displeasure mourn;
Thy grieved Spirit long withdrawn,
Will he no more to me return?

2 Once I enjoy'd, O happy time!
The heart-felt visits of his grace;
Nor can a thousand varying scenes
The sweet remembrance quite efface!

[3 Beneath his warming quick'ning beams
This icy rock dissolv'd away,
New life diffus'd thro' all my pow'rs,
And darkness yielded to the day.]

4 When justice wav'd his dreadful sword,
And guilt and fear my soul opprest,
He sprinkled o'er a Saviour's blood,
And whisper'd pardon to my breast.

[5 Cheer'd with these dawning rays of hope
He wing'd me to the throne of grace,
With tears and groans and wrestling pray'rs
To seek my heav'nly Father's face.]

6 Important Guest! thrice happy soul,
While honour'd with his blest abode;
But, ah! my sins, accursed things,
Ye griev'd, ye chas'd away my God.

7 Great source of light and peace, return,
Nor let me mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, repossess this longing heart
With all the graces of thy train.

8 This temple, hallow'd by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew display'd,
And this thy everlasting rest.

157. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Growing in Grace by God the Spirit, 2 Pet. iii. 18.

1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;
For all thine influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.

2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,
And gave its heav'nly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3 Unchanging sun, thy beams display
To drive the frosts and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known,
To cheer a plant so much thine own.

4 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heav'n on shrubs below;
So shall they grow and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

158. S. M. *Hart.*

Prayer to God the Spirit, John xiv. 26.

1 COME, holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

[5 If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To terror, sin, and law.]

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

159. L. M. *Toplady.*

Praise to the Trinity.

1 HAIL, Father! hail, eternal Son!
Hail, sacred Spirit, Three in One!
Blessing and thanks, and pow'r divine,
Thrice, holy Lord, be ever thine!

THE FOLLOWING

GENERAL SUBJECTS

are alphabetically arranged.

160. L. M. *Reece's Sel.*

Adoption, Eph. i. 5.

1 ALL the Lord's honour'd, chosen race,
Adopted were by sov'reign grace;
As view'd in Christ they ever stood
The children of the living God.

2 The Lord eternally foresaw
That they would break his holy law;
And sink in guilt and deep disgrace,
With all the train of Adam's race.

3 The Father's heart o'erflow'd with love,
And sent down Jesus from above;
The Son pour'd out his precious blood,
To bring the children back to God.

4 Under the sway of mighty grace
They see their Father's shining face,
Smiling a great salvation down
On ev'ry dear returning son.

5 Lord, may we all our sonship know,
As we by faith to Jesus go;
And in believing may we prove
Our Father's rich adopting love.

161. 7s. *Humphreys.*

Privileges of Adoption, 1 John iii 1, 2.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesu's blood;

They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.

3 They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

[4 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.]

5 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heav'nly birth;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.

6 They have fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

7 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures that can never cloy.

8 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ.
With them number'd may I be,
Here and in eternity.

162. L. M. *Steele.*

Affliction, Psalm lxxxviii.

1 O LORD, my life, my Saviour God,
Hear, while I spread my woes abroad,

While day and night my mournful cries,
Before thy throne incessant rise.

2 Let thy indulgent, pitying ear,
Incline to my distressful pray'r;
With pain and grief my heart o'erflows,
And o'er me soon the grave will close.

3 My strength is lost, my life resign'd,
Among the dead my place assign'd;
Cut off from life, from hope I lie,
Scarce are the slain more lost than I.

4 Low in the grave my hopes are laid,
And darkness spreads its deepest shade;
Thy dreadful wrath afflicts my soul,
Like whelming waves thy terrors roll.

[5 Far from these wretched eyes remov'd,
Are all the friends whom once I lov'd;
They fly my sorrows, while I moan,
Confin'd, unpity'd, and alone.]

6 In vain to ease my hopeless woe,
The streaming tears incessant flow;
To thee, O Lord, I breathe my cries,
And stretch my hands and lift my eyes.

163. C. M. *Stennett.*

Pleading with God under Affliction, Lam. iii. 39.

1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain
Is but the fruit of sin?

2 Lord, to thy dealings I'll submit,
Nor would I dare rebel,
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;

Deep calls to deep; O hear my cry,
While stormy billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is toss'd;
'Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God;
O fix my feet on Christ the rock,
Who bought me with his blood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

164. C. M. *Toplady.*

Affliction, or Meditation on God's Love, Ps. civ. 34.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;

Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

165. C. M. *Toplady.*

Another.

1 SWEET to rejoice in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my dis-embodied soul
View Jesus, and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfy'd,
And grieve and sin no more:

3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As tho' but newly slain.

4 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound;
And by my Saviour's pow'r rebuilt,
At his right-hand be found.—

[5 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that dy'd for me;

And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee?]

6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesu's presence know!

7 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay;
'Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

166. 8. 7. 4. *Pearce.*

Sweet Affliction, 2 Chron. xxxiii. 11—13.

1 IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is giv'n;
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heav'n:
Sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiv'n.

[3 'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play,
'Mid the thorn-brake sweetest flow'rets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

4 So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.]

5 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those who know not Christ, they frighten;
But my soul defies their pow'r:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

6 In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands;
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
"Nought shall pluck thee from my hands:"
Sweet affliction,
Ev'ry word my love demands.

7 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heav'nly joy,
Where, tho' trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy;
Sweet affliction,
Ev'ry promise gives me joy.

8 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet:
Sweet affliction,
Which has brought me to his feet.

167. L. M. *Rippon's Sel.*

Agur's Prayer, Prov. xxx. 7—9.

1 THUS Agur breath'd his warm desire;
"My God, two favours I require;
"In neither my request deny,
"Vouchsafe them both before I die:

2 "Far from my heart and tents exclude
"Those enemies to all that's good;—
"Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
"And falsehood's pestilential breath.

3 "Be neither wealth nor want my lot;
"Below the dome, above the cot,
"Let me my life unaxious lead;
"And know not luxury nor need."

4 Those wishes, Lord, we make our own:
O may thy heav'nly blessing crown
Our pittance,—'till this mortal breath,
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!

5 But shouldst thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
Th' exub'rance—still our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store!

6 Or should we feel the pains of want,
Submission, resignation grant;
'Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

168. C. M. *Scott.*

Anathema Maranatha, 1 Cor. xvi. 22.

1 INCARNATE Saviour, in thy face
Does ev'ry charm combine;
Thine are the glories of a God,
All human beauties thine.

2 And is there such an icy breast,
Can trace redeeming love?
Can view a dying Lord; nor feel
One softer passion move?

3 Well may th' almighty's direful curse
Its awful thunders roll;
And pointed lightnings play around
To blast the guilty soul!

4 Aghast before his judgment-seat,
With conscious guilt they stand;
Trembling await th' eternal doom,
And veng'ance from his hand.

5 Wretches, ye once despis'd my love,
Now feel my vengeful ire,
Accurs'd, depart my blissful face,
To dwell in quenchless fire.

6 Dear Saviour, I would love thy name,
And give my all to thee;
Be thou my teacher, priest, and king,
And all in all to me.

169. L. M. *Needham.*

Ministry of Angels, Ps. xci. 11.

1 SEE, Gabriel swift descend to earth,
Glad to foretell a Saviour's birth;
Hark! a full choir of angels sing,
The new-born Saviour, and the king.

2 Behold these swift-wing'd envoys wait
On Jesus in his humble state;
The desert and the garden prove
Their glowing zeal, their tender love.

[3 But who their mighty joys can tell,
When Jesus vanquish'd death and hell?
They saw the glorious conqu'ror rise,
And fill'd his friends with sweet surprise.]

4 They saw the couqu'ror mount on high
To glorious worlds beyond the sky;
Escorted by a shining band,
To take his place at God's right-hand.

5 Still are these glorious hosts above
Employ'd in messages of love;
On saints below they cheerful wait,
Nor think the work beneath their state.

6 Jesus, my Lord, my living friend,
May these thy servants me attend
Thro' life; and when I quit this clay,
Safe to thine arms my soul convey.

170. L. M. *Scott.*

Anger, Eccl. vii. 9.

1 DARE we indulge our wrath and strife,
And yet assume the christian name?
Give our wild passions sway; then call
Ourselves the follow'rs of the Lamb?

2 He was all gentle, meek, and mild,
Full of benevolence and love;
Nor could the rage of num'rous foes
Aught but his soft compassion move.

3 Not all their scoffs, nor the sharp pangs
Of crucifixion, could inspire
Within his breast one vengeful thought,
Or one tumultuous passion fire.

4 But we, alas! how soon the storms
Impetuous in our bosoms swell;
What stores of fuel in our breasts
To feed those raging fires of hell.

5 Spirit of grace, do thou descend,
Envy and wrath, and clamour chase;
With thy mild influence quench these fires,
And hush the stormy winds to peace!

171. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Christ the Believer's Ark, Gen. vii. 17—24.

1 THE deluge, at th' almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close-pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest tow'rs defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry

Of millions, in the last despair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky!

4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.

5 So I may sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of veng'ance round me fall;
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

6 Nor wreck nor storm above is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls.

172. 104th. *Kent.*

Christ the Believer's Ark, Gen. vii. 16.

1 WHEN God from his throne did veng'ance display,
That delug'd a world, and swept them away;
He caus'd it to slumber, nor could it begin
'Till his little number the Lord had shut in.

2 Shut in by decree and council they were;
Shut in by the oath which to them he sware;
From hell's condemnation, and wrath's horrid din;
O precious salvation! the Lord shut them in.

3 The few that remain'd, not wreck'd by the flood,
Prefigure to us the ransom'd by blood;
In Jesus elected, not delug'd by sin,
But in him protected, the Lord shut them in.

4 Thus o'er the abyss in safety they rode,
Nor wonder at this, their Pilot was God:
When death and destruction without might be seen,
This was their protection, the Lord shut them in.

5 When others are wreck'd, e'en then he will spare
His own, the elect; their sonship is clear;

Tho' sin may annoy them, his charge they have been,
It ne'er shall destroy them, the Lord shut them in.

6 When judgment takes place, and worlds in a flame
The subjects of grace shall sup with the Lamb;
And when on his bosom they take their repose,
The portals of glory shall finally close.

173. 112th. *Lyndall's Sel.*

Assurance, Jerm. xxxi. iii.

1 JESUS I know hath dy'd for me,
This is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,—
Mercy is all that's written there.

2 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,
And ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father—thy mercy never dies.

3 Fixt on this ground will I remain,
When heart shall fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love!

174. 8. 8. 6. *Toplady.*

Atonement, Rom. iii. 25.

1 O THOU, that hear'st the pray'r of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffer'd once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclog'd by earth or earthly things
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings
To everlasting day.

175. 8. 8. 6. *Toplady.*

Atonement; Rom. v. 6—11.

1 O THOU, who didst thy glory leave
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall;
Thou hast redeem'd me with a price,
Nor shall my sins in judgment rise,
For thou hast borne them all.

2 Jesus was punish'd in my stead,
Without the gate my surety bled
To expiate my stain;
On earth the God-head deign'd to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The suff'rings of the man.

3 The Saviour was for rebels giv'n;
Christ, the incarnate King of heav'n,
Did for his foes expire!

Ye humble souls, the tidings hear;
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.

4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless,
The God, for your unrighteousness,
Deputed to atone;
Praise him, 'till with the ransom'd throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

176. 8. 8. 6. *Toplady.*

Atonement, Isaiah liii. 10.

1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?
Hath not the Father put to grief
His spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people ow'd;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood?

[3 If thou hast my discharge procur'd,
And freely in my room endur'd
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand—
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.]

4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High-priest
Have bought thy liberty;
Trust in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus dy'd for thee.

177. 8. 7. *Hart.*

Atonement, Rom. v. 6—11.

1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our guilt,
Nothing else from sin release us,
Nothing else the heart can melt.

2 Law and terrors do but harden,
While they operate alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

[3 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from thee, the sov'reign good!
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
Come to us thro' thy rich blood.]

178. C. M. *Needham.*

Babylon's fall, Rev. xviii. 20. 21.

1 THE mighty God that rules the skies,
Shall Babel's rage restrain;
In vain she forms her cruel schemes,
And boast her pow'r in vain.

2 That bitter cup, which she has mixt,
Once more herself shall drink;
As falls the millstone in the deep,
Proud Babylon shall sink.

3 Rejoice, ye saints, the veng'ance long
Is laid for her in store;
And Babylon that scarlet whore,
Shall sink, to rise no more.

179. 8. 4. *Steele's, altered.*

Backslider's Return, Psalm li. 10—19.

1 CREATE, O God, my pow'rs anew,
Make my whole heart sincere and true;

O cast me not in wrath away,
Nor let thy soul-enliv'ning ray
Still cease to shine.

2 Restore thy favour, bliss divine!
Those heav'nly joys that once were mine;
Let thy good Spirit, kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee,
Thou God of love.

3 Then will I teach thy sacred ways;
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise;
'Till sinners leave the dang'rous road,
Forsake their sins, and turn to God,
With hearts sincere.

4 O cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain;
Remove the blood polluted stain;
Then shall my heart adoring trace,
My Saviour God, the boundless grace
That flows from thee.

[5 Since, my dear Saviour, grace is thine,
On Zion's hill let mercy shine;
Glad off'rings then prepar'd shall be,
And each oblation rise to thee
In flames of love.]

180. L. M. *Darracott.*

Infants given to God in Baptism, Acts ii. 39.

1 ETERNAL God, in whom we live,
From whom all blessings we receive;
Ourselves and ours we owe to thee,
And thine we would for ever be.

2 To thee our infant babe we bring
As a most cheerful offering;
Accept *him*; Lord, as henceforth thine,
While we our right to thee resign.

3 Lord, in that cov'nant which we share,
O may *he* have *his* interest there;

And to the outward seal here giv'n,
Do thou annex *his* seal in heav'n.

4 Now let the whole assembly here,
Find thee the God of Israel near;
Thy choicest blessings, Lord, impart,
And cheer and quicken ev'ry heart.

181. L. M. *Beck's Col.*

Prayer for a Blessing in Baptism.

1 COME, holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water, now.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.

182. C. M. *Beck's Col.*

Infants given to God in Baptism, Acts ii. 39.

1 SINCE thou art pleas'd thy saints to own,
Dear Lord, their children bless;
This institution do thou crown,
With tokens of thy grace.

2 Jesus, we raise our souls to thee,
Thy pow'rful Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death.

3 O let the unction on *him* rest!
Thy grace *his* soul renew;
And write within *his* tender breast,
Thy name and nature too.

4 If thou shouldst quickly end *his* days,
His place with thee prepare;
Or if thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still thy care.

5 Thy faithful servant may *he* prove,
Girded with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

6 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

183. C. M. *Dobell.*

Infants given up to God in Baptism.

1 WE now, O thou eternal God,
Thine ancient truths embrace;
And bring our infant off'spring near,
And humbly seek thy face.

2 May they be thine, for ever thine,
Thy ransom'd, purchas'd seed;
O let this seal of sprinkling now
Be own'd of thee indeed.

3 Here, parents, with thanksgiving view
Your right in what you've done;
Let songs of honour sound aloud
To the great Three in One.

184. C. M. *Peacock's, altered.*

Infant Baptism, Luke xviii. 16.

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays:
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

The parent's hearts, with transport fill'd,
Give up their babes to him;
He clasps them in his tender arms,
Tho' born in guilt and sin.

3 See how the Saviour looks around,
With smiles upon his face,

And says his kingdom is of such,
By free and sov'reign grace.

4 "Forbid them not," is his command;
Then why should we resist?
O let your babes be now baptiz'd,
Heav'n will of such consist.

5 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
We bring them here to thee,
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
Thine may they ever be.

185. C. M. *Peacock.*

Infant Baptism, Mark x. 14.

1 BEHOLD what condescending love,
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace!

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our fore-fathers giv'n;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

3 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

5 Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form his soul for God;
Baptize him with thy Spirit, Lord,
And wash him in thy blood.

[6 'Thus to the parents and their seed
Let thy salvation come;

And num'rous housholds meet at last,
In one eternal home.']

186. C. M. *Dobell.*

Infants given to God in Baptism, Mark x. 14.

1 THE Saviour, with inviting voice,
Says, "let your children come,
"For them there's love within my breast,
"And in my kingdom room."

2 As Israel's seed we would embrace
The privilege thus giv'n;
And own them fit to be baptiz'd,
Since God takes such to heav'n.

3 Lord, at thy call we bring our babes,
And give them up to thee;
Ye angels, and ye men, behold,
And now our witness be.

4 Now our dear off'spring are baptiz'd
According to his word;
As Abraham his did circumcise,
Obedient to the Lord.

[5 This water sprinkled on the child,
Does a rich emblem shew
Of pouring out the Spirit's grace
To form the heart anew.]

187. S. M. *Fellows, altered.*

Infants given to God in Baptism, Isa. lxv. 23.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make *these children* thine.

188. L. M. *Fellows', altered.*

Missionary, or Houshold Baptism, Acts xvi. 15. 33. 34.

1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy great injunctions to obey,
Let saints and angels hail the day.

2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us thy grace has done;
Constrain'd by thine eternal love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 From heathen darkness we are brought
To be baptiz'd! how sweet the thought!
Lord, let this ordinance in view
Be sweet and animating too.

4 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
And thy rich grace and love proclaim;
Bought with thy blood we humbly come,
And yield our all to thee alone.

5 What joy, dear Lord, our spirits feel,
When housholds join to do thy will;
May thousands more applaud thy cause,
And venerate thy holy laws.

189. C. M. *Beddome.*

Eunuch Baptized, Acts viii. 26—40.

1 THE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?

2 "Is that most glorious Saviour mine
"Of whom I lately read?
"Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
"Was number'd with the dead?

3 "Is he, who, bursting from the grave,
"Now reigns above the sky,
"My advocate before the throne,
"My portion when I die?

4 "Have I profess'd his holy name?
"Do I his gospel bear
"To Ethiopia's scorched lands?
"And shall I spread it there?

5 "I'll tell them of that precious blood
"Which cancels ev'ry sin,
"And of that renovating grace,
"Which makes the conscience clean."

6 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy,
Help us to keep in view;
The same our work to spread thy fame,
And ours the pleasure too.

190. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Bartimeus' Prayer, Mark x. 46—50.

1 LIKE Bartimeus we are blind,
Enwrapt in nature's night;
The grossest darkness veils our mind,
For sin prevents the sight.

2 But lo! the Lord from heav'n is come
To open sinners' eyes;
To make his wond'rous mercy known,
And heal their maladies.

3 Come then, ye blind, and beg, and pray,
And in the Lord believe;
For who can tell? perhaps to-day
You may your sight receive.

4 Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by,
He is the sinner's friend;
Call on his name, and wait and cry,
He will your suit attend.

5 Should sinners say, "hold ye your peace,
"Nor dare to make so free,"
The louder cry, and never cease,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."

6 Your worthless garments leave behind;
Go to the Lord of light;
Trust in his name, however blind,
And he will give you sight.

191. 148th. *Newton.*

The Beggar, Matt. vii. 7, 8.

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee
I know thou wouldst disdain;
And those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

4 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal

From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

192. L. M *Thwaite's Col.*

Bethesda's Pool, John v. 2—4.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?

2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 Thou Cov'nant angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st I would be whole.
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

193. S. M. *Newton.*

Bethesda's Pool, John v. 2—4.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain;
I feel the very same;

As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O, would the Lord appear
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

[5 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I?

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.]

7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No—he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

194. L. M. *Scott.*

Bible indited & preserved by God the Spirit, Isa. xl. 8.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspir'd.
And kings and holy seers of old
With strong prophetic impulse fir'd.

2 Fill'd with thy great almighty pow'r,
Their lips with heav'nly science flow'd;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news
Of pardon, thro' a Saviour's blood;

And to a num'rous seeking crowd
Mark'd out the path to his abode.

4 The pow'rs of earth and hell in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence thro' ev'ry age
Securely guards the work divine.

5 Thee, its great author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore.

195. C. M. *Steele.*

Excellency of the Bible. Ps. cxix. 97.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines!

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a sweet repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound!

6 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

7 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

196. 8. 7. *Newton.*

Precious Bible, Psalm xix. 10.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

197. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Whereas I was Blind, now I see, John ix. 25.

1 NOW let my soul with wonder trace
The Saviour's miracles of grace;
Now let my lips and life record
The loving-kindness of the Lord.

2 'Till late I fancied all was well,
Tho' walking in the road to hell;
But now, thro' grace divinely free,
I, who was blind, am brought to see!

3 Long had I slept in nature's night,
But Jesus came and gave me light!
Ten-thousand praises, Lord, to thee,
That tho' born blind, yet now I see!

4 Long had I wallow'd in my sin;
Blind to the dangers I was in;
But now appeal, great God, to thee,
That tho' once blind, yet now I see!

5 Long did I on the law rely,
And pass the Friend of sinners by;
But, what a glorious mystery!
Tho' I was blind, yet now I see!

6 Strengthen, O Lord, my mental sight,
Increase my faith, increase my light;
Then shall I praise the sacred Three,
In time and in eternity.

198. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Ye must be Born again, John iii. 7.

1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Saviour hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally deprav'd;
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be sav'd;
"Ye must be born again."

[4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."]

5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

6 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word;
And by forsaking ev'ry sin,
Prove we are born of God.

199. C. M. *Perry.*

A Brand plucked out of the Fire, Zech. iii. 2.

1 LET earth and seas, with all the skies,
In grateful songs conspire;
Since Christ, the Lord, for sinners dies,
To pluck them from the fire.

2 Satan accuses all the saints,
And roars as lions do;
But Jesus hears their long complaints,
And says, "I dy'd for you."

3 'Tis Christ that plucks our souls as brands
From everlasting fire;
And safely keeps us in his hands,
'Till death shall raise us high'r.

4 In filthy garments we were drest,
To purity estrang'd;
Nor did we differ from the rest,
"'Till grace the heart had chang'd.

5 O may our souls with rapture think,
While with our tongues we tell,
How Jesus pluck'd us from the brink
Of misery and hell.

6 Victorious grace and boundless love
To God alone belong;
Praise him below, praise him above,
In ev'ry tuneful song.

200. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Prayer for Daily Bread, Matt. vi. 11.

1 MOST gracious Father, God of all,
To thee we come, on thee we call;

By whom both man and beast are fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

2 All our supplies on thee depend,
Whate'er we want, in mercy send;
Thou art the glorious fountain-head,
Give us this day our daily bread.

3 Nothing, O Lord, do we deserve,
The thought of merit we would dread,
'Tis as an alms alone we crave;
Give us this day our daily bread.

4 Forgiving grace do thou impart
To cheer and sanctify each heart;
May we in death join with our head,
And feed on Christ the living bread.

201. C. M. *Dobell.*

Burdens brought to the Lord, Ps. lv. 22.

1 YE burden'd souls, to Jesus come,
You need not be afraid;
He loves to hear poor sinners cry,
He loves to hear them plead.

2 Ye humble souls, to Jesus come,
'Tis he who made you see
Your wretched, ruin'd, helpless state,
Your guilt and misery.

3 Christ is a friend to mourning souls,
Then why should you despair,
Since Saul and Mary Magdalene
Found grace and mercy here?

202. C. M. *Fawcett.*

Burdens brought to the Lord, Deut. i. 17.

1 THE cause that is for me too hard,
I'll make to Jesus known;
I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
And leave them at his throne.

2 He will his cheering grace impart,
And ease my anxious breast;
His love can heal my wounded heart,
And bring my soul to rest.

3 The Judge supreme must needs do right,
Whoe'er should me condemn;
He'll bring my judgment to the light,
And clear my injur'd name.

4 He calls me by his precious word,
And bids me not to fear;
The cause that is for me too hard,
My gracious God will hear.

203. L. M. *Kent.*

Effectual Calling, John iv. 4.

1 ONCE as the friend of sinners dear
A man of sorrows sojourn'd here;
Eternal love ordain'd it so,
That thro' Samaria he must go.

2 There, wand'ring from the fold of God,
He saw the purchase of his blood;
And o'er this wretch, to lust a slave,
Did sov'reign grace her banner wave.

3 Herein discriminating grace
Shone with a bright refulgent blaze;
While dead in sin ten thousand lie,
Grace brought this rebel harlot nigh.

4 This object of eternal love,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above,
Shall in the gospel annals shine,
And prove election all divine.

[5 Jesus our shepherd, God, and king,
Thy guardian care and love we sing;
And hail that grace both rich and free,
That brings thy wand'ring sheep to thee.

6 Glory to God 'till this takes place,
Bulwarks of fire, and walls of grace,
Keep all his blood-bought flock secure,
'Till calling proves election sure.]

204. L. M. *Newton.*

Why art thou cast down &c. Ps. xliii. 5.

1 WHY, O my soul, these anxious cares?
Why thus cast down with doubts and fears?
How canst thou want if God provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

2 When first before his mercy seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

3 Did ever trouble yet befal,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey thro',
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

205. C. M. *Medley.*

Cast down but not destroyed, 2 Cor. iv. 9.

1 NOW in thy praise, eternal King,
Be all my thoughts employ'd;
While of this precious truth I sing,
Cast down, but nodt estroy'd.

2 Oft the united pow'rs of hell
My soul have sore annoy'd;
And yet I live this truth to tell,
Cast down, but not destroy'd.

3 In all the paths thro' which I've past,
What mercies I've enjoy'd!

And this shall be my song at last,
Cast down, but not destroy'd.

4 When I with God in heav'n appear,
There I shall him adore;
Destroy'd shall be my sin and fear,
And I cast down no more.

206. 8. 7. 4. *Fawcett.*

Cast down, yet hoping, Ps. xlii. 5.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What tho' satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within;
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him
Like the heav'nly host above,

Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

207. 8s. *Newton.*

What think you of Christ? Matt. xxii. 42.

1 WHAT think you of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.

2 As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

[3 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost.

4 So guilty, so helpless am I
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.]

[5 Some call him a Saviour in words,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford
When they have done all that they can.]

6 If ask'd what of Jesus I think?
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say, he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store:

7 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

208. 11s. *Jay's Col.*

Church in Affliction, Isaiah xlix. 14—17.

1 O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the pilot, who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 O fearful! O faithless! in mercy he cries;
My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes!
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands while I look on I see
The wounds I received, when suff'ring for thee.

[5 I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.]

6 Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r;
In love I correct thee thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

209. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Barren Church lamented, Rev. ii. 5.

1 LORD, must thy gospel fly away?
And all thy mercies be remov'd?
Are we to sin become a prey?
And all our talents misimprov'd?

2 O must we bid our God adieu?
And must the gospel take its flight?
O shall our children never view
The beamings of that heav'nly light?

[3 Forbid it, Lord; with arms of faith
We'll hold thee fast, and thou shalt stay;
We'll cry while we have life or breath,
Our God, do not depart away!]

4 If broken hearts and weeping eyes
Can find acceptance at thy throne;
Lo, here they are; this sacrifice
Thou wilt accept thro' Christ thy Son.

210. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Church described, Cant. vi. 10.

1 SAY who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet-blushing dawn;
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn:

2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides:

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat,
From his resplendent wings:

4 Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide-display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!

5 This is the church by heav'n array'd,
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

211. C. M. *Leed's Col.*

Church on Earth and Heaven but one, Eph. iii. 15.

[1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle's wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.]

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our king
In heav'n and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath:
Tho' now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
Then, when the word is giv'n,
Bid death's cold flood and waves divide,
And land us safe in heav'n.

212. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Zion's Feast, Isaiah xxv. 6.

1 ON Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

215. S. M. *Kent.*

Church coming up from the Wilderness, Cant. viii. 5.

1 FROM sin's dark thorny maze,
To Canaan's fertile plains,
A trav'lling fair one in distress,
On her beloved leans.

2 Thro' fire and flood she goes,
A weakling more than strong;
Vents in his bosom all her woes,
And leaning moves along.

3 When dangers round her press,
And darkness veils the skies,
She leans upon his righteousness,
From whence her hopes arise.

4 When guilt, a mighty flood,
Her trembling conscience pains,
Then on his peace-procuring blood,
This trav'lling fair one leans.

5 She views the cov'nant sure,
Her hopes all centre there;
And on his bosom leans secure,
Whose temples bled for her.

6 O'er Jordan's chilling flood,
When call'd by death to go,
She, leaning on her cov'nant God,
Shall pass triumphant thro'.

216. 8. 7. 4. *Newton.*

Zion's Increase prayed for, Ps. lxxxv. 6.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!

[4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth?

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud!]

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

10 Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;

And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

217. L. M. *Roby's Col.*

Collection for the Poor, 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 THE Lord who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well spread board prepares;
My grateful thanks to him shall rise,
He knows my wants, those wants supplies.

2 And shall I grudge to give his poor
A mite from all my bount'ous store?
No,—Lord, the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

218. S. M. *Scott.*

Collection, 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own:
We bless thy providential grace,
Which show'rs its blessings down.

2 With joy the people bring
Their off'rings round thy throne;
With thankful souls behold we pay
A tribute of thy own.

3 Accept this humble mite,
Great Sov'reign Lord of all;
Nor let our num'rous mingling sins,
The fragrant ointment spoil.

4 Let a Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtues wide;
Hallow and cleanse our ev'ry gift,
And all our follies hide.

5 O may this sacrifice
To thee the Lord ascend:

An odour of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

6 Well pleas'd our God shall view
The products of his grace;
And in a plentiful reward
Fulfil his promises.

219. L. M. *Cennick, altered.*

Conflict between Flesh and Spirit, Rom. vii. 15.

1 HOW sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do, I hate:
When I to God draw near in pray'r,
I feel the conflict even there!

2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn,
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;
I grieve because I cannot grieve,
I hear the truth, but can't believe.

3 Where shall so great a sinner run
I see I'm ruin'd and undone;
Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,
And banish ev'ry rising fear.

4 Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt
Can make this rocky heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within,
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

5 'Tis on th' atonement of that blood,
I now approach to thee, my God;
This is my hope, this is my claim,
Jesus has dy'd and wash'd me clean.

6 On this rich blood my faith is found,
And on this hope I fix my ground;
Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore,
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

220. L. M. *Cruttenden.*

Conflict between Sin and Holiness, Gal. v. 17.

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Not this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies;
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll
Ere each reclaims my captive soul;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

5 How short the joys thy visits give!
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or intercept its rays at noon!

6 Great God, assist me thro' the fight,
Make me to triumph in thy might;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,—
The vict'ry mine, and thine the praise.

221. C. M. *Erskine.*

Conflict between Sin and Holiness.

1 WHEN heav'n does grant, at certain times,
Amidst a pow'rful gale,
Sweet liberty to moan my crimes,
And wand'rings to bewail;

2 Then do I dream my sinful brood
Is drown'd in the wide main
Of crystal tears and crimson blood,
And ne'er will live again.

3 I get my foes beneath my feet,
I bruise the serpent's head;
I hope the vict'ry is complete,
And all my lusts are dead.

4 But ah, alas! th' ensuing hour
My passions rise and swell;
They rage and reinforce their pow'r
With new recruits from hell.

[5 Then straight my Lord, with sweet surprise,
Returns to loose my bands;
With 'kind compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.']

6 Thus my whole life is nothing else
But heav'n and hell by turns;
My soul that now in Goshen dwells,
Anon in Egypt mourns.

222. C. M. *Stogdon.*

Divided Heart lamented, Rom. vii. 19.

1 STRANGE that so much of heav'n and hell
Should in one bosom meet!
Lord, can thy Spirit ever dwell
Where satan has a seat?

2 Now I am all transform'd to love,
And could expire in praise;
Anon, not all the joys above
One cheerful note can raise.

3 By faithless hopes and golden dreams,
I'm tortur'd or betray'd;
Still tost between the two extremes,
Too vain or too dismay'd.

4 Decide the dubious, awful case,
By some assuring sign;
And, O, may thy all-conqu'ring grace,
Demonstrate I am thine.

223. L. M. *Dobell.*

Behold he prayeth, Acts ix. 11.

1 SINCE, Lord, thy mighty grace did call
A bloody persecuting Saul,
Let none despair,—here God displays
His sov'reign pow'r,—Behold he prays.

2 The soul that's truly born of God
Delights to run the heav'nly road;
He mourns for sin, and hates the ways
Which lead to death,—Behold he prays.

[3 Now wisdom's ways are his delight,
And Christ is precious in his sight;
With shame he views his ill spent days,
And now—Behold the sinner prays.]

4 Grace is the theme his soul explores,
A God in Christ his soul adores;
Before the cross his fears he lays,
And now to God,—Behold he prays.

5 He flies from works to Jesu's blood,
Yet proves by works he's born of God:
He runs with joy in Zion's ways,
And to his God,—Behold he prays.

6 In heav'n each praying soul shall see,
Salvation was both rich and free;
And thro' eternal ages raise
Their song to great Jehovah's praise.

224. L. M. *Hill's Col.*

Converting Grace, Acts ix. 5. 1 Tim. i. 15.

1 DID ever one of Adam's race
Cost thee, my Lord, more toil and grace

Than I have done, before my soul
Could yield to thy divine controul?

2 How great the pow'r, how vast the sway,
That first constrain'd me to obey!
How large the grace thou didst impart,
That conquer'd sin, and won my heart.

3 Vile was my heart, deep plung'd in sin:
A dismal den of thieves within,
Where ev'ry lust presum'd to dwell,
The hateful progeny of hell.

4 A base apostate from my God,
I trampled on the Saviour's blood;
I scorn'd his mercy, mock'd his pain,
And crucify'd my Lord again.

5 But lo! the chief of sinners now
Is brought before thy throne to bow;
Surely this mighty pow'r from thee,
Can conquer all, that conquers me.

6 Hail, dearest Lord, my choicest love,
By pity drawn from realms above;
I wonder at that grace of thine,
That won a heart so vile as mine!

225. C. M. *Wallin.*

Converting Grace, Ps. xlv. 3—5.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

[2 The strongest holds of satan yield
To thine all-conquering hand;
When once thy glorious arm's reveal'd
No creature can withstand.]

3 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;

Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

4 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

5 And when thy vict'ries are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conqu'ring grace—

6 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band!
And I, with them, thy praise will sound,
Throughout Immanuel's land.

226. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Jailor's Conversion, Acts xvi. 30, 31.

1 LORD, we adore thy matchless ways
In bringing souls to thee;
We sing and shout eternal praise,
For grace so full and free.

2 Thy grace pervades the prison's gloom,
And shines with lustre there;
Thy pow'r can bring a jailor home,
With trembling, hope, and fear.

3 "What must I do," the Jailor cries;
"To save my sinking soul?
"Believe in Christ," the word replies,
"Thy faith shall make thee whole."

[4 By doing, we are all undone;
The law to death condemns;
Our hope, our help, our all is gone;
But God salvation sends.

5 Our works are all the works of sin,
Our nature quite deprav'd;

Jesus alone can make us clean;
By grace are sinners sav'd.

6 "Believe, believe," the gospel cries,
"This is the living way:
From faith in Christ our hopes arise,
And shine to perfect day.]

7 Come, sinners, then, the Saviour trust,
To wash you in his blood;
To change your hearts, subdue your lust,
And bring you home to God.

227. C. M. *Stennett.*

Converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42.

1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n,
"Thou spotless Lamb of God,
"I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
"And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
"In triumph thou shalt rise;
"Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
"And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
"Dear Saviour, think on me;
"And in the vict'ries of thy death,
"Let me a sharer be."

6 His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,

" To-day thy parting soul shall be
" With me in paradise."

228. C. M. *Reece's Sel.*

Conversion of Zaccheus, Luke xix, 1—6.

1 A SIGHT of Jesus, with his eyes,
Zaccheus long'd to have:
But mark how sure salvation flies
To them that God will save.

2 However casual it may seem,
That Jesus pass'd that way;
'Twas all according to the scheme
That in his counsel lay.

3 Long in the cov'nant of his grace
His worthless name had been;
His stature and his dwelling-place
Were both contain'd therein.

4 " Zaccheus, haste," the Saviour said,
" I come this way for thee;
" Tho' thou in trespasses art dead,
" Salvation thou shalt see."

5 'Twas not that he was Abrah'm's son,
In ties of flesh and blood;
For he was sav'd by grace alone,
As one elect of God.

[6 Redemption thro' a Saviour's name,
He deem'd an idle dream;
He to salvation never came,
Salvation came to him.]

7 His call by grace, ere time begun,
Was fixt in day and hour:
And he could neither will nor run
'Till Jesus gave him pow'r.

229. 8. 7. *Swain.*

Conversion, Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 ON the brink of fir'y ruin,
Justice, with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing
When I first behold my Lord.

[2 Terrify'd with Sinai's thunder,
Straight I flew to Calvary,
Where I saw with love and wonder
Him by faith who dy'd for me.]

3 "Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've lov'd thee
"With an everlasting love;
"Justice has in me approv'd thee;
"Thou shalt dwell with me above."

4 Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,
When to golden harps they sound,
Is the voice of sins forgiven,
To the soul by satan bound.

5 Sweet as angels' harps in glory,
Was that heav'nly voice to me,
When I saw my Lord before me
Bleed and die to set me free!

6 Saints, attend with holy wonder!
Sinners, hear and sing his praise!
'Tis the God that holds the thunder,
Shews himself the God of grace!

230. 8. 8. 6. *Brown.*

True Convert, 2 Cor. v. 17.

1 WHEN with my mind devoutly prest,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
Would past offences trace;
Trembling, I make the black review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace.

2 This tongue, with blasphemies defil'd,
These feet, to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree;
Who could believe such lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to thee?

3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,
And weep a silent flood:
These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r;
O wash away the stains they wear
In thy redeeming blood!

[4 These ears, that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
When round the festal board,
Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word.]

5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part;
O wouldst thou more transform my heart;
This drossy thing refine;
That grace might nature's strength controul,
And a new creature—body—soul—
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

231. 8. 8. 6. *Newton.*

Power of converting Grace, Acts ix 6.

1 LORD, thou hast won, at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me!

2 All that a wretch could do I try'd,
Thy patience scorn'd, thy pow'r defy'd,
And trampled on thy laws;

Scarcely the martyr at the stake
Could stand more stedfast for thy sake
Than I in satan's cause.

3 But since thou hast thy love reveal'd,
And shewn my soul a pardon seal'd,
I can resist no more:
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!

4 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Releas'd from satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.

6 My will conform'd to thine would move,
On thee, my hope, desire, and love
In fixt attention join:
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

7 And can I be the very same
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
And on thy gospel tread?
Surely each one who hears my case,
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace
Invincible indeed!

232. L. M. *Kent.*

Rainbow of the Covenant, Gen. ix. 13—17.

1 WHEN in the cloud, with colours fair,
I see the cov'nant bow appear;
Its beauteous form and lovely rays,
Awake my soul to love and praise.

2 It shews to me how firm the base,
The oath, the promise, and the grace,
Which God of old, ere time began,
To Zion sware in Christ his Son.

3 Dejected saint, dismiss thy fears,
Still round the throne this bow appears,
Proclaiming peace and mercy free,
And full salvation now to thee.

4 It points thy soul to Jesus now;
Vindictive wrath once smote his brow;
That on thy guilty soul and mine,
No storms should beat of wrath divine.

5 Here, when thy fears begin to rise,
And hope in disappointment dies,
This cov'nant bow thy fears shall quell,
'Twas made for thee, in all things well.

6 Should sin prevail, and sorrows rise,
And guilt and darkness veil the skies;
Still round the throne the bow shall be
No sign of wrath, but love to thee.

233. 8s. *Toplady.*

Stability of the Covenant, Isaiah liv. 10.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing:
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring.

2 The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

3 The work which his goodness began
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet.

4 Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

5 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.

6 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n?
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

234. 8. 7. *Lee.*

Covenant Love, 1. Pet. i. 2—4.

1 FAR beyond all comprehension
Is Jehovah's cov'nant love;
Who can fathom its dimension?
Or its unknown limits prove?

2 Ere the earth upon its basis,
By creating pow'r was built,
His designs were wise and gracious,
For removing human guilt.

3 He display'd his grand intention,
On the mount of Calvary;
When he dy'd for our redemption,
Lifted high upon the tree.

232. L. M. *Kent.*

Antedote of the Covenant, Gen. ix. 13—17.

1 WHEN in the cloud, with colours fair,
I see the cov'nant bow appear;
Its beauteous form and lovely rays,
Awake my soul to love and praise.

2 It shews to me how firm the base,
The oath, the promise, and the grace,
Which God of old, ere time began,
To Zion swore in Christ his Son.

3 Dejected saint, dismiss thy fears,
Still round the throne this bow appears,
Proclaiming peace and mercy free,
And full salvation now to thee.

4 It points thy soul to Jesus now;
Vindictive wrath once smote his brow;
Then on thy valley rest and calm,
No thunder-clouds, no fears of wrath divine.

5 Here, while thy heart begins to rise,
And hope in glorious prospect dies,
This cov'nant bow [by faith] shall quell,
[Which] [illegible] well.

2 The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

3 The work which his goodness began
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet.

4 Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

5 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
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6 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

234. 8: 7. *Ex.*

Covenant Love, 1. Pet. I. 2—4.

1 FAR beyond all comprehension
Is Jehovah's covenant love;
Who can fathom its dimension?
Or its unknown limits prove?

2 Ere the earth upon its basis
By creating pow'r was built,
His designs were wise and gracious,
For removing human guilt.

3 He display'd his grand intention,
On the mount of Calvary;
When he dy'd for our redemption,
Lifted high upon the tree.

4 O how sweet to view the flowing
Of his soul-redeeming blood,
With divine assurance, knowing
That it made my peace with God.

5 Why, O Lord, was I elected,
Thy salvation to enjoy?
While such myriads were rejected
Equally as good as I?

6 Nought foreseen thy love excited;
Faith, or good desires in me;
But because thy grace delighted
To be sovereign and free.]

7 Freely thou wilt bring to heaven
All thy chosen ransom'd race,
Who to thee, their head, were given
In the covenant of grace.

235. 8. 8. 6. *Anon.*

Everlasting Covenant, 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 NOW for a hymn of praise to God,
(Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood);
Join the sweet choir above;
All your harmonious accents bring,
'Wake ev'ry high celestial string
To chant redeeming love.

2 Ere God pronounc'd creation good,
Or bade the vast unbounded flood
Thro' fixed channels run;
Ere light from ancient chaos sprang,
Or angels earth's formation sang,
He chose us in his Son.

3 Then was the cov'nant order'd sure,
Thro' endless ages to endure,
By Israel's triune God:

That none this cov'nant might evade,
With oaths and promises 'twas made,
And ratify'd in blood.

4 God is the refuge of my soul,
Tho' tempests rage, tho' billows roll,
And hellish pow'rs assail:
Eternal walls are my defence,
Environ'd with Omnipotence,
What foe can ere prevail?

5 Then let infernal legions roar,
And waste their cursed vengeful pow'r,
My soul their wrath disdains:
In God my refuge I'm secure,
While cov'nant promises endure,
Or my Redeemer reigns.

236. 6. 8. 4. *Oliver.*

Covenant God, Ex. iii. 6. Acts vii. 32.

1 THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.

2 Jehovah great, I Am,
By earth and heav'n confest!
I bow and bless the sacred name;
For ever blest.

[3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.

4 I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

22 He shews his scars of love!
They kindle to a flame!
And sound thro' all the worlds above
The slaughter'd Lamb.

23 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry.

24 Hail Abrah'm's God and mine!
(I join the heav'nly lays);
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

237. L. M. *Needham.*

Creation, Gen. i. 31.

1 LOOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.

2 He spake; and from the womb of night
At once sprung forth the cheering light;
Him discord heard, and at his nod
Expanded beauty spoke the God.

3 The word he gave: th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run;
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide along th' ætherial way.

4 Teeming with life; air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree;
To ev'ry tribe he gives their food;
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wond'rous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man;
In man the last, in man the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine.

238. 8. 8. 6. *Ogilvie.*

Universal Praise, Psalm cxlviii.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God;
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r:
Lo! on the lightnings gleamy wing
In triumph walks th' eternal king;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings of gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by noble passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,

'Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the sound,
In gen'ral bursts of joy.

239. L. M. S——.

Unknown World.

1 O BY what glimm'ring light we view
That unknown world we 're hast'ning to!
God hath lock'd up the mystic page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage.

2 We talk of heav'n, we talk of hell,
But what they mean, no tongue can tell!
Heav'n is the realm where angels are,
And hell the chaos of despair.

3 But what these awful words imply
None of us know before we die!
Whether we will or not,—we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

4 Swift flies the soul,—perhaps tis gone
Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun:
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

5 But ah! no notices they give,
Nor tell us where or how they live;
Tho' conscious while with us below
How much themselves desir'd to know.

6 As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their state,
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man may live by faith alone.

7 Well!—let our Sov'reign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;
Why should we wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal?

[8 It is enough that we believe
Heav'n's brighter far than we conceive:

And O may God our souls prepare
To meet and bless, and praise him there.]

240. L. M. *Dobell.*

Supposed Conversation between the Mother and the Child after Death.

Mother.

1 AH! little sojourner below,
O why from hence so quickly gone?
Say—is this world so full of woe,
That thou shouldst quit thine earthly home?

Child.

2 Vain world, how transient is its joy,
Its pleasures soon will end in pain;
But where I'm gone there's no alloy,
Who would not die this bliss to gain?

3 Here babes, like me, for ever sing
The dear Redeemer's dying love;
Our songs make heav'n's high arches ring,
And rills of bliss fill all above.

4 Then cease t' indulge th' falling tear,
I now with Jesus ever dwell;
If you my praises did but hear,
You'd surely say that all is well.

5 Now let each furrow'd cheek be dry,
And the Redeemer's grace adore;
Soon shall you mount with me on high
To sing and praise, and part no more.

241. C. M. *Dobell.*

Death of a Child, 1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 GOD hath bereav'd me of my child,
His hand in this I've view'd;
It is the Lord, shall I complain?
He doth what seems him good!"

2 I know the Lord does all things well,
His will has always stood:
It is the Lord, I this can tell,
He doth what seems him good!

3 'Twas God who gave my child to me,
Th' appointed time *he* stood;
It is the Lord, I plainly see,
He doth what seems him good!

4 Yet nature feels—but ah, *he's* gone—
For *him* my tears have flow'd;
It is the Lord, his hand I own,
He doth what seems him good.

5 Support my sinking spirit up
Under this heavy load,
It is the Lord, and he is just,
He doth what seems him good.

6 It is on thee my hope is stay'd,
I know thou art my God;
It is the Lord, his hand I'll bless,
He doth what seems him good.

7 Uphold me, Lord, by grace divine,
And cleanse me with thy blood;
I now resign my all to thee,
Since all things work for good.

242. C. M. *Knight.*

Death of a Child, 2 Sam. xii. 22, 23.

1 ALAS! how chang'd that lovely flow'r,
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart!
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we 're call'd to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above?

3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
The Lord is right'ous still.

4 From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,
Her favour'd soul he bore,
And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.

5 Why, should I vex my heart, or fast;
No more *she'll* visit me,
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And I *her* face shall see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

243. C. M. *Stennett.*

Death of an Infant, Matt. xix. 14.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
"Protection they shall find in me,
"In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
"But cant dissolve my love;
"Millions of infant-souls compose
"The family above.

5 " Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
" And mould with heav'nly skill;
" I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
" And hands to do my will."

6 His words, ye happy parents, hear,
And shout with joys divine;
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine!

244. C. M. *Olding.*

Death of a young Person, Psalm cii. 23.

1 MY Father calls me to his arms,
And willingly I go:
With cheerfulness I bid farewel
To ev'ry thing below.

2 My tender parents, kind and dear,
I bid farewel to you;
Tho' nature feels, and I can find
'Tis hard to say, adieu!

3 Ye friends and kindred lov'd me much;
Ye hold me near your heart;
And still I feel that I can love,
And find it hard to part.

4 Ye brothers, sisters, me you love,
And love I also feel;
I see your tender passions move,
Your grief you can't conceal.

5 But do not weep or grieve for me;
You know I must go home;
I was upon a visit here,
And now I must return.

[6 Farewel, thou world, with all thy toys!
For thou hast been to me
A world of transitory joys,
Of sin and vanity.

7 Now I rejoice to leave this world
Of sorrow, sin, and pain:
I know I'm wash'd in Jesu's blood,
And shall a crown obtain.

8 I'm going to my heav'nly friend,
My Jesus and my all;
He calls to take me to his arms,
I will obey the call.

245. C. M. *Cruden, altered.*

Death uncertain, Eccl. ix. 10.

1 COME, O my soul, look up and see
How swift the moments run!
Swift as the wheel of time whirls round
My closing day brings on.

[2 Some busy hand perhaps this hour
Is weaving fast my shroud;
Soon hoary winter will draw on,
And freeze life's vital flood.]

3 Few clocks for aught I know may strike
Before my fun'ral knell,
Which by its doleful sounding tongue,
Shall my departure tell.

4 'When the grim king of terrors calls
May I triumphant stand;
And find my Saviour then my friend,
To guide me with his hand.

5 Then shall my spirit soar away
To heav'n, and see his face;
And sing with all the ransom'd throng
The wonders of his grace.'

246. C. M. *Anon.*

Farewel.

1 YE fleeting charms of earth, farewel,
Your springs of joy are dry;

My soul now seeks another home,
A brighter world on high.

2 Farewel, ye friends, whose tender care
Has long engag'd my love;
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.

3 Cheerful I leave this vale of tears,
Where pains and sorrows grow;
Welcome the day that ends my toil,
And ev'ry scene of woe.

4 No more shall sin disturb my breast,
My God shall frown no more;
The streams of love divine shall yield
Transports unknown before.

5 Fly then, ye interposing days,
Lord, send thy summons down;
The hand that strikes me to the dust,
Shall raise me to a crown.

247. L. M. *Harrison.*

Longing for Glory.

1 HASTE, that delightful, awful day,
When this, my soul, shall leave her clay,
Mount up and make her last remove,
And join the church of Christ above.

2 Vain world! what are thy toys to me?
'Tis Jesus whom I long to see:
I'd leave my friends, my life, my all,
And thus address this earthly ball:—

3 "Farewel,—no more I tread your ground;
"No more I need the gospel sound:
"My feet have reach'd the heav'nly shore,
"I know no imperfection more.

4 "Let friends no more my suff'rings mourn,
"Nor view my relicks with concern;

" O cease to drop the pitying tear,
" I've past beyond the reach of fear.—

5 " Thro' tribulation, sharp and long,
" I'm brought to join the sinless throng;
" Glory to God for ev'ry woe,
" And all the pain I felt below.

6 " All glory to the Lamb of God,
" My robes are spotless thro' his blood;
" 'Tis thro' his free and sov'reign grace
" I now behold his blissful face."

[7 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
In glory infinite to reign;
To him be endless praises giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.]

248. C. M. *Mason.*

Hope of Heaven.

1 I SOJOURN in a vale of tears,
Alas! how can I sing?
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Untun'd in ev'ry string.

[2 O come, my dear almighty Lord,
My sweetest, surest friend:
Come, for I loath these Kedar tents,
Thy fi'ry chariots send.]

[3 What have I here? My thoughts and joys
So long dispos'd to roam
Are fixt, and I will follow them
To my eternal home.]

4 What have I in this barren land?
My Jesus is not here;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest, until
My Jesus doth appear.

5 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n,
To get a place for me;

For 'tis his will that where he is,
His followers should be.

6 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top;
Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.

[7 I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplext?
My God who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.]

[8 Go fearless then, my soul, with God,
Into another room:
Thou who hast walked with him here,
Go, see thy God at home.]

9 My dearest friends they dwell above,
Them will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

249. C. M. *Toplady's Col.*

Happiness of Saints departed, Rev. xiv. 1—3.

1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see!

2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us here to God!"
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.

3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honours of the Lamb.

4 With wond'ring joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;

And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

5 They follow the exalted Lamb,
Where'er they see him go;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

6 Lord, let the merit of thy death,
To me be likewise giv'n;
And I with them will shout thy praise
Thro' all the streets of heav'n.

250. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Death of a Minister, Joshua i. 2, 5.

1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in griet,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What tho' the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose souls in me confide."

6 Thro' ev'ry scene of life and death
This promise is our trust;

And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

251. C. M. *Steele.*

Victory over Death, 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
To meet the tyrant's dart,
And, O amazing pow'r of love!
Receiv'd it in his heart!

4 O for the eye of faith divine
To pierce beyond the grave!
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save!

PART SECOND.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.

6 'Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies;

7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb;

8 O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, pow'r, and praise,
In everlasting song!

252. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Death and Judgment, Heb. ix. 27.

[1 HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die:
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.]

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell.

3 Once you must die; and once for all,
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heav'n and hell are hung
On that important day.

4 Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd
Must wake the judge to see:
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

253. S. M. *Doddridge.*

Support in Death, Psalm xxiii. 4.

1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,
Which I so long have known;
My friends, a long farewel to you,
For I must pass alone.

3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away,
With agony and tears.

[4 But see a ray of light,
With splendour all divine,
Breaks thro' these doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.]

5 Where death and darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

6 Dear Shepherd, lead me on,
My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Now life's great Lord is near.

254. 7s. *Grant.*

On a Saint entering Heaven, Isaiah lxiv. 4.

1 WHY was unbelieving I,
Trembling so afraid to die?
Now my feet in safety stand
Here within the promise land. Hal.

2 O what wond'rous grace is here,
Now I'm safe from ev'ry fear!
Sin and doubts are ever gone,
Sighing shall no more be known.

3 Henceforth neither grief nor pain;
Here successive pleasures reign;
All things our hosannas raise;
O the glories of this place!

[4 O, ye perfect happy ones,
Let me try to join your tunes!
Come let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his name.

3 He our full redemption wrought;
He for us this glory bought;
From the earth he calls us home,
To our Father's house we're come.

6 Oft in Kedar's tents I try'd,
When my God his face did hide,
With my friends to raise this song,
But it languish'd on my tongue.]

7 Jesus now unveils his face;
Here I shout of sov'reign grace;
Fill'd with love, incessant cry,
To his praise in raptures high.

8 O, my drooping friends below,
Did you half this glory know,
Daily would you stretch the wing,
Here to fly, and thus to sing. Hal.

255. 8s. *Wesley.*

Death of a Brother, Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HOW blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind!

2 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.

3 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more.]

4 This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids that he seldom could close,
By sorrows forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in the sweetest repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.

6 These fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

[7 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.]

8 What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become,
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

256. 8s. *Anon.*

Death of a Sister. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 'TIS finish'd! the conflict is past,
The heav'n-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.

2 The months of affliction are o'er,
The days, and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more,
She's gained her happy release.

3 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.

4 Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above;
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

5 The victory now is obtain'd,
She's gone her dear Saviour to see;
Her wishes she fully has gain'd,
She's now where she longed to be.

6 The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
To her were no objects of dread;
On him who is mighty to save,
Her soul was with confidence stay'd.

7 Then let us forbear to complain,
That she's now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

257. 8. 7. 4. *Wingrove.*

Soul happy on a Death Bed.

1 EV'RY moment brings me nearer
To my long sought rest above;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
O how happy to remove;
Then for ever,
I shall sing redeeming love.

2 Soon shall I be gone to glory,
Join the bright angelic race,
There repeat the pleasing story,
I was say'd by sov'reign grace
And for ever
View my loving Saviour's face.

3 Tho' my burden sore oppress me,
And I shrink beneath my pain;
Jesus he will soon release me,
And your loss will be my gain:
Precious Saviour,
With my Lord I shall remain.

258. 8. 7. 4. *Wingrove.*

Falling asleep in Jesus, Acts vii. 60.

1 HAPPY soul! we now resign thee,
Called by the great I Am;
Left thy troubles all behind thee,
Gone to glorify the Lamb;
And for ever
Sing the wonders of his name.

2 Gone to join the heav'nly choir,
'Ray'd in spotless garments bright;
Gone thy Saviour to admire,
Who is now thy soul's delight:
And for ever
Sing his praises day and night.

3 There the once despised christian,
Free from all *his* grief and pain,
Feels the sweetness of religion,
Proves *his* life was not in vain;
And for ever
With *his* Jesus shall remain.

259. ODE. *Pope.*

Dying Saint to his Soul, 1 Cor. xv. 54—57.

1 VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper, angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

260. L. M. *Westlake's Sel.*

Decrees of God, Eph. i. 11.

1 'TWAS fixt in God's eternal mind,
When his dear sons should mercy find:
From everlasting he decreed,
When ev'ry good should be convey'd.

2 Determin'd was the manner, how
We should be brought the Lord to know.
Yea, he decreed the very place,
Where he would call us by his grace.

[3 Vast were the settlements of grace
On millions of the human race;
And ev'ry favour richly giv'n,
Flows from the high decrees of heav'n.]

4 In ev'ry mercy, full and free,
Th' appointing God I wish to see;
To see how grace, free grace has reign'd
In ev'ry blessing he ordain'd.

5 Yes, dearest Lord, 'tis my desire,
Thy wise appointments to admire;
And trace the footsteps of my God
Thro' ev'ry part of Zion's road.

261. 7s. *Ryland.*

Decrees of God, Psalm xxxi. 15.

1 SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 His decrees who form'd the earth,
Fixt my first and second birth;
Parents, native-place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

4 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

5 Times the tempter's pow'r to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All is fixt, the means and end,
As shall please my heav'nly friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
'Till the God of love sees fit.

262. 148th. *Harrison.*

Dejected, yet hoping; Psalm xlii. 11.

1 WHY do I thus complain,
And bow my drooping head?
Cheer up, my soul, again,
Thy Saviour is not dead:
Jesus, thy Lord, is still the same,
Believe his word, and trust his name.

2 What tho' he hides his face,
Nor will one smile afford,
Thou yet may'st plead his grace,
And venture on his word:
Still all thy trust on him repose,
And own him just in all thy woes.

3 Why should distressing thoughts,
Why should distracting cares,
Still aggravate thy faults;
And urge thy flowing tears?
No longer fight against his rod;
But still delight and hope in God.

263. L. M. *Gibbons.*

What hath God wrought? Num. xxiii. 23.

1 WHAT hath God wrought? might Israel say,
When Jordan roll'd its waves away;
And gave a passage to their bands,
To march secure across its sands.

[2 'What hath God wrought for Jacob's race?
Shout and adore the wond'rous grace;
To them fair Canaan's land is giv'n,
The type of rest, and peace in heav'n.']

3 What hath God wrought? might well be said,
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of pagan night,
And blest the nations with his light.

4 What hath God wrought? let Britain see,
Freed from the plagues of popery:
Its ten-fold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its penal pains.

5 What hath God wrought? in sweet surprise,
Shall sound thro' all the earth and skies:
When like a mill-stone in the main,
Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.

6 What hath God wrought? O blissful theme!
Are we redeem'd, and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desart thro'—
And safe arrive in glory too?

7 The news shall ev'ry harp employ,
Fill ev'ry tongue with rapt'rous joy;

When we shall join the heav'nly throng,
We'll swell the triumph and the song!

264. L. M. *Stogdon.*

Despair, sinful.

1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loath to save;
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he with an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind, injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

4 What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn?
Immanuel's blood will make them white,
As snow thro' the pure æther borne.

5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel-worms surprise;—
But was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?

6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,
"No humble penitent shall die;"
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try?

265. L. M. *Cruttenden.*

Despair prevented, Isaiah lv. 7.

1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Is not thy mercy rich and free,
Seal'd in the kind atoning flood?

2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee, to regions of despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,—
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.

[4 I own my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain th' attempt to swell the score!

5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember Jesus dy'd,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at his side.]

6 Lord, at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish there.

266. C. M. *Medley.*

Devils believe and tremble, James ii. 19.

1 TO God who lives and reigns on high,
The saints best passions move:
Devils believe, and trembling die,
But devils cannot love.

2 The saints in songs for ever new,
Their humble tribute bring;
Devils believe and tremble too,
But devils cannot sing.

3 The saints before his throne in prayr,
Their daily wants display;
Devils believe and tremble there,
But devils cannot pray.

4 But, to believe this God is love,
And humbly call him mine;
This precious faith comes from above,
Is heav'nly and divine.

5 Give me that faith, O God of grace,
Which purifies the heart;
Which works by love and holiness,
Nor will from thee depart.

6 In this sweet grace may I excel,
And in it live and die;
While trembling devils down in hell
In chains and darkness lie.

267. C. M. *Newton.*

Doubting Christian.

1 UNCERTAIN how the way to find,
Which to salvation led,
I list'ned long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.

3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay;
Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To satan's fi'ry dart.

7 Alas! "I now must give it up,"
I cry'd in deep despair;
How could I dream of drawing hope,
From what I cannot bear!

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

268. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Earthquake, Isaiah xxix. 6.

1 GREAT God, in characters of flame,
We read the terrors of thy name;
'Tis guilt provokes these dire alarms,
And sets th' Omnipotent in arms.

2 O may the world thy judgments own,
And humbly bow before thy throne!
That pow'r, which rocks asunder parts,
Can break e'en adamantine hearts!

3 Of riches we will boast no more,
No more to earth intrust our store,
That in an instantaneous grave
Resumes the gold and gems it gave.

4 Our hopes shall now ascend on high,
And seek a treasure in the sky:
The mines above are rich and pure,
And shall thro' endless years endure.

269. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Ebenezer, Deut. viii. 2. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 ETERNAL God, I bless thy name,
The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same;

The tokens of thy friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thy arm has led me on;
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And while I tread this desart land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

270. 8. 7. *Robinson.*

Ebenezer, 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount,—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer:
Hither by thy help I'm come:
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love!
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

271. 7s. *Fawcett.*

Birth Day Song, Acts xxvi. 22.

1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not:
This shall set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to thee resign;
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour;
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days
Be devoted to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request—;
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

272. L. M. *Tucker.*

Union with Christ, 2 Tim. i. 9.

1 EXPAND, my soul, arise and sing
The matchless grace of Sion's King;
Whose love as ancient as his name,
Let all thy pow'rs aloud proclaim.

2 'Twas he eternal ages past
Form'd his great plan from first to last;
And what his arm would e'er fulfil,
Stood ever present to his will.

[3 He saw with one capacious glance
World upon world to life advance;
And fixt the end, ere time began,
Of seraph, reptile, and of man.

4 Of man, chief work of all below,
What wonders are we led to know!
Wonders surpassing angel's thought
Are by our God in Jesus taught.

5 Grace, deep as the eternal mind,
Unutterable bliss design'd
For man, ere worlds or sin were born,
Or angels sang creation's morn.

6 Chosen of old, of old approv'd;
In Christ th' eternal Son belov'd;
Adopted too, and children made,
Ere sin its baneful poison spread.

[7 Tho' sin and guilt infest them here,
In Christ they all complete appear;
For all that justice ere demands,
Receiv'd full payment from his hands.

8 In him the Father never saw
The least transgression of his law;
Perfection then in him we view;
And saints in him are perfect too.]

9 Then let our souls in him rejoice,
As favour'd objects of his choice;
Redeem'd, and sav'd by grace, we sing
Eternal praise to Christ our King.

273. L. M. *Kent.*

Election proved by Calling, Job xiv. 5.

1 THERE is a period known to God,
When all his sheep, redeem'd by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in.

2 At peace with hell, with God at war,
In sin's dark maze they wander far;
Indulge their lusts, and still go on
As far from God as sheep can run.

3 When wisdom calls, they stop their ear,
And headlong urge the mad career;
Judgments nor mercies e'er can sway
Their roving feet to wisdom's way.

4 Glory to God, they ne'er can rove
Beyond the limits of his love!
Secure by his eternal will,
Firm as the base of Sion's hill.

5 Th' appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to propose, but call by grace;
To change the heart, renew the soul,
And all their sinful lusts controul.

274. C. M. *Toplady.*

Elected to Holiness, 2 Tim. i. 9.

1 HOW vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess;
We're sav'd from guilt and every sin,
And call'd to holiness.

2 'Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,

But he of his abounding love
Salvation does bestow.

3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone:
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.

4 Our glorious Surety undertook
Redemption's wond'rous plan;
And grace was given us in him
Before the world began.

[5 Safe in the arms of Sov'reign love
We ever shall remain;
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell
Make thy dear counsels vain.]

6 Not one of all the chosen race,
But shall to heav'n attain;
Partake on earth the purpos'd grace,
And then with Jesus reign.

275. C. M. *Anon.*

Election.

1 ELECTION! 'tis a joyful sound
To wretched, guilty man:
The Father, Son, and Spirit, form'd
The everlasting plan.

2 O may this Bible-truth inspire
My heart with purest bliss;
And land my soul in mansions where
My chosen Jesus is.

276. 5. 6. *Toplady.*

Electing Love, Acts xiii. 48.

1 HOW happy are we
Our election who see,
And can venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!

In Jesus approv'd,
From eternity lov'd,
Upheld by thy pow'r, we cannot be mov'd.

2 'Tis sweet to recline
On thy bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
e with singing and triumph to Sion remove.

3 Our seeking thy face,
Was the fruit of thy grace;
Thy goodness demands & shall have all the praise.
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

4 'On Canaan's fair land
We shortly shall stand, [hand,
With crowns on our heads, and with harps in our
Our harps shall be tun'd,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus thro' heav'n shall resound.'

277. 8. 7. 4. *S. P. R.*

Election, Eph. i. 4—7.

1 SONS we are thro' God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe;
By eternal destination,
Sov'reign grace we here receive:
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

2 Ev'ry fallen soul by sinning
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love without beginning,
Has restor'd thy sons again:
Countless millions
Shall in life thro' Jesus reign.

3 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
Ask, "O why such love to me?"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family;
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

[4 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease,
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning,
Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.

5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee;
Let the pow'r of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me:
Thro' thy Spirit
Give the final victory!]

6 When the angel sounds the trumpet,
When my soul and body join,
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
Bright in Majesty divine,
I shall triumph;
For his righteousness is mine.

7 When in that blest habitation,
Which my God for me ordain'd,
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand,
Free grace only
Shall resound thro' Canaan's land.

278. L. M. *Medley.*

Ephraim's Repentance, Jerm. xxxi. 18—20. Hos. xi. 8, 9.

1 HOW shall I give my Ephraim up,
Or make him drink the wrathful cup?

Shall I in awful, dreadful ire
Doom him to hell's eternal fire?

2 Ah, no!—my heart is turn'd within,
I'll punish, yet forgive his sin;
And my repentance shall declare,
The truth which I to Israel sware.

3 I'll never let my word be broke,
Nor in fierce anger deal the stroke;
My dreadful wrath I'll not employ,
Nor Ephraim will I e'er destroy.

4 No—I'll fulfil my gracious plan,
For I am God, and not like man;
Nor will I punish as a foe,
But he my love shall sweetly know.

5 His sad backslidings I'll forgive,
And he shall turn again and live;
I will again my joys restore,
And Ephraim there shall weep no more.

279. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Eternal Life, Titus iii. 7.

1 ETERNAL life! how sweet the sound
To sinners who deserve to die!
Publish the bliss the world around,
Echo the joys, ye worlds on high.

2 Eternal life! how will it reign,
When, mounting from this breathless clod,
The soul discharg'd from sin and pain,
Ascends t' enjoy its Father God!

3 Eternal life! how will it bloom
In beauty on that blissful day,
When rescu'd from th' impris'ning tomb,
Glory invests our rising clay!

4 Eternal life! O how refin'd
The joy! the triumphs how divine!

When saints in body and in mind
Shall in the Saviour's image shine!

5 Holy and heav'nly be that soul,
Where dwells an hope so bright as this:
How should we long to reach the goal,
And seize the prize of endless bliss!

280. L. M. *Steele.*

Reflection on Life and Eternity, Isaiah lvii 15.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity! tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But O! if Christ and heav'n be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r,
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

4 But should my brightest hopes be vain;
The rising doubts how sharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.

5 Search, Lord; O search my inmost heart,
And light and love, and joy impart;
Prune every vice, and every tree,
And guide [illegible] heav'n and thee.

2 Eternity! stupendous theme!
Compar'd herewith our life's a dream:
Eternity! O awful sound,
'A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd!'

3 Eternity! the dread abode
And habitation of our God!
His glory fills the vast expanse,
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.

4 But an eternity there is
Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss:
And, swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

[5 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind;
They're gone—but where?—ah! stop and see—
Gone to a long eternity.]

6 And is eternity so near?
And must we very soon be there?
Sinner—ah! whither wilt thou flee,
Or how avoid eternity?]

7 Canst thou for ever bear to dwell
In all the fi'ry deeps of hell;
And is death nothing then to thee,
Death, and a dread eternity?

8 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up,
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope;
This everlasting bliss secures;
God and eternity are yours.

282. L. M. *Steele.*

Evening Song. Psalm cxli. 2.

1 GREAT God, to thee my ev'ning song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 Mercy, that rich, unbounded store,
Does my unnumber'd wants relieve;
Among thy daily craving poor
On thy all-bounteous hand I live.

3 My days unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witness too thy love and pow'r.

4 Thy love and pow'r, celestial Guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm:
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind protecting arm?

5 Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

283. L. M. *Kenn.*

Evening Song, Psalm iv. 8.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

[3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.]

4 O may my soul on thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

[6 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care!
'Tis heav'n on earth! 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love!]

284. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Eutichus brought to Life, Acts xx. 9—12.

1 HOW much the hearts of those revive,
That love and fear the Lord;
When sinners dead are made alive
By his all-quick'ning word.

2 The parent views with joyful eyes
His now returning son,
And in ecstatic joy he cries,
"What hath the Saviour done!"

3 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
When souls the word receive;
When sinners hear the Saviour's voice,
And in the Lord believe.

4 The church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

5 In heav'n above there's joy and praise,
Before the Lord most high;
Th' angelic choirs their voices raise,
And with each other vie.

6 But greater joy must they possess,
Who feel this glorious change;
Their lab'ring tongues can but express
How true, but yet how strange!

[7 Dear Saviour, comfort us to night,
Thy work, O Lord, revive;
May we enjoy this noble sight,
Dead sinners made alive.

8 Then will thy saints aloud rejoice,
And join the host above,
To praise thy name with cheerful voice,
And magnify thy love.]

285. 8. 8. 6. *Cennick & Hammond.*

Evening & Morning Song, Luke xxiv. 29.

1 NO farther go to night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, 'till the break of day;
Turn in, dear Lord, with me,
And in the morning when I wake,
Me in thine arms, dear Jesus, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

[2 Now, Lord, be with us on our way;
Unveil thy face, thine arm display,
Thy glory let us prove:
Do thou, dear Saviour, with us walk,
That while with thee we sweetly talk,
Our hearts may burn with love.

3 May we in faith still journey on,
'Till we arrive where thou art gone;
And see thy face in heav'n;
Then, when in glory we shall meet,
In what sweet concert shall we sit,
And sing of sins forgiv'n!]

286. 8. 8. 6. *Medley.*

Excellency of Christ, Isaiah xxxv. 2.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,

I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend
Triumphant in his grace.

287. L. M. *Dobell.*

Woman of Canaan, Matt. xv. 27.

1 BEHOLD a sinner, dearest Lord,
Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
Would venture near to seek that bread,
By which thy children here are fed.

2 Do not the humble suit deny,
Of such a guilty wretch as I;
But let me feed on crumbs, tho' small,
Which from thy bounteous table fall.

3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own,
By sin and guilt I am undone;
Yet will I wait, and plead, and pray,
Since none are empty sent away.

288. L. M. *Steele.*

Faith in God, Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend its desolating reign;
Nor spring its blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the golden grain;

2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famish'd master die;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply;

3 Amid the dark, the dismal scene,
If I can say the Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, tho' life decline.

4 The God of my salvation lives,
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain,

5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Tho' ev'ry earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

[6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine!
The barren desart shall rejoice,
'Tis paradise if thou art mine!]

289. L. M. *Wesley.*

Faith in God, Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 ALTHO' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil;
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The fields delude the tillers' toil;

2 Altho' the stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;

Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Tho' comfortless my soul remain,
And not a gleam of light appear;
Tho' joy be sought, and sought in vain,
And tho' despair itself be near.

4 Altho' assurance all be lost,
And blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he dy'd for me.

5 In hope, believing against hope,
My int'rest still in God I claim;
His gracious word shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesu's name.

6 Soon shall he bring deliverance nigh,
And my dejected soul shall find,
When he shall lift my comforts high,
His arm how strong, his heart how kind.

290. L. M. *Needham, altered.*

Exploits of Faith, Heb. xi. 33. 34.

1 BLEST is the mem'ry of the just!
And sweet their slumbers in the dust;
Tho' lost, long lost to mortal eye,
Their glorious fame shall never die.

2 In life's fair book the Patriarchs live,
Prophets and saints instruction give;
Tho' dead, they speak the truth divine,
And in example brightly shine.

3 By faith what wonders have they done,
They suff'rings bore, they vict'ries won;
By faith they promises obtain'd,
And kingdoms to its empire gain'd.

4 By faith they clos'd the lion's jaw,
And harmless made his dreadful paw;

Quench'd fiercest flames, escap'd the sword,
And to new life the dead restor'd.

5 My soul, these ancient heroes view,
Their faith, their love, their zeal pursue;
Warm'd by each word and glorious deed,
In the same blessed path proceed.

6 O may I in their triumphs share;
And in my Saviour's robes appear.
And give my Captain great renown,
Who gives me an immortal crown.

291. C. M. *Needham.*

Faith, Heb. xi. 13.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod:
Ambitious view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquer'd ev'ry foe;
And to his pow'r and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honour owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast giv'n;
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
Which led them safe to heav'n.

292. C. M. *Hervey.*

Faith.

1 WHEN faith presents the Saviour's death,
And whispers, "this is mine:"
Sweetly my rising hours advance,
And peacefully decline.

2 Let outward things go how they will,
On thee I cast my care;
But let me reign with thee in heav'n,
Tho' most unworthy here.

3 Faith in thy love shall sweeten death,
And smooth the rugged way;
Smile on me, dearest Lord, and then
I shall not wish to stay.

293. C. M. *Swain.*

Strong Faith.

1 FIRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown;
No pow'r on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can pull me down.

2 The lofty hills and stately tow'rs,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levell'd in the dust,
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heav'ns shall melt away,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heav'ns, the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

294. C. M. *Neale.*

Triumph of Faith, Dan. iii. 13—25.

1 WHAT mighty wonders faith has done!
O, who can e'er recount,
The num'rous vict'ries it has won,
Or tell the vast amount?

2 Possess'd of this, without dismay,
The Hebrew champions stood,
And dar'd a tyrant disobey,
Resisting unto blood.

3 His impious threats they disregard,
And all his fury brave,

Believing that the God they fear'd,
Was able them to save.

4 Leaning on his almighty arm,
Who did such faith inspire,
They were preserv'd, secure from harm,
Amidst consuming fire.

5 Like precious faith may we possess,
Nor need we ever fear,
Tho' call'd thro' floods or flames to pass,
If God be with us there.

295. S. M. *Beddome.*

Precious Faith, Eph. ii. 8. 2 Pet. i. 1.

1 FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

296. 8s. *Hart.*

Victorious Faith, Rom. i. 17.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full thro' his blood.

2 Tho' thousands, and thousands of foes,
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name;
The work of God's Spirit it is.

4 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heaven by pray'r.

5 It says to the mountains, "depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes their sore consciences whole.

6 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

297. L. M. *Scott.*

Seeking Direction for a new Habitation.

1 SOLE Sov'reign of the earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise,
Fix thou the place of our abode,
But let it still be near to God.

2 There with an ever smiling face,
Renew the visits of thy grace;
The dwelling with thy presence bless,
And thence each baneful evil chase.

3 Thus while we sojourn here below,
Let streams of mercy round us flow;
And when our destin'd race is run,
Assign us mansions near thy throne.

298. L. M. *Scott.*

Going to a new Habitation.

1 WHERE'ER the Lord shall build my house
An altar to his name I'll raise:
There morn and ev'ning shall ascend
The sacrifice of pray'r and praise.

[2 With dutious mind the social band
Shall search the records of thy law;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.]

3 If num'rous blessings of the earth
Indulgent God, to us afford:
With warm united hearts we'll pay
Our grateful tribute to the Lord.

4 Here fix, dear Lord, thy sacred rest,
And spread the banner of thy love,
'Till ripen'd for the heav'nly world,
We rise and join the church above.

299. C. M. *Scott.*

Settling in a new Habitation.

1 NOW let our hearts their glory wake,
The sacred song to raise;
And ev'ry tuneful pow'r combine,
To shout Jehovah's praise.

2 To us a goodly heritage
His providence assigns;
And in a safe and pleasant place,
Marks out our happy lines.

3 Come, let us to his holy name,
A grateful altar raise:
And be this habitation stil'd,
The house of pray'r and praise.

300. S. M. *Phippard.*

Joshua's Resolution, Joshua xxiv. 15.

1 LET Joshua's solemn charge,
To Israel's army giv'n,
Persuade the souls of all, this day,
To choose the God of heav'n.

2 How blessed is the choice
To serve and love the Lord:
May he each heart constrain to feed
Upon his sacred word.

3 This will afford us joy
In ev'ry scene of grief;
From hence will flow our daily peace,
Our comfort and relief.

4 Amidst our doubts and fears,
Our choice of God will prove,
That he first chose us by his grace
As subjects of his love.

5 May sinners round us see
How wise was Joshua's choice,
And feel constrain'd by sov'reign love
In Jesus to rejoice.

301. L. M. *Anon. altered.*

Past Mercies encouraged against present Fears, Judges xiii. 23.

1 WHY should I yield to slavish fears?
God is the same to endless years:
Tho' clouds and darkness hide his face,
He's boundless both in truth and grace.

2 Would e'er the God of truth make known
The worth and glory of his Son;
His love and righteousness display,
And cast my soul at last away?

3 Would he reveal my sin and woe,
Teach me my num'rous wants to know,
And help me in my darkest frame,
To build my hopes on Jesu's name?

4 Would God preserve my soul from hell,
And make his love at times prevail,
Would he bestow such mercies past,
And yet reject my soul at last?

5 No—He's my Father and my Friend,
On whose sure promise I depend;
Tho' now from me his face he hides,
Immutable his love abides.

6 Satan shall ne'er o'er Jesus boast,
Nor the rich grace be ever lost:
The Spirit ne'er his dwelling lose,
Nor Christ the humble soul refuse.

7 Tho' unbelief may long molest,
And sin and satan break my rest;
Grace shall at last the vict'ry get,
And make my conquest quite complete.

302. C. M. *Beddome.*

Fear not, Isaiah xli. 10.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river, flows
In one continual stream.

2 Fear not the pow'rs of earth and hell;
God will these pow'rs restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
He will for his provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

[6 You, in his wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,
His grace rewards the just.]

303. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Fears dissipated, Isaiah xli. 10.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right-hand, which form'd the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such tender accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints?

4 On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish ev'ry care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If God be with me there.

304. L. M. *Gibbons.*

On the Alarm of Fire, Amos iv. 11.

1 THE fire, with wild unbounded pow'r,
May ruin ev'ry earthly joy,

And in a swift surprising hour
Our treasures, homes, and lives destroy.

2 But still the saint its rage defies,
And should destruction seize his frame,
His unembodied soul would rise
And mount to glory in the flame.

3 There stands a palace built sublime
In yonder heav'ns to which we go,
Secure from all the wastes of time,
And all the dire events below.

4 When vengeance, kindling all her fires,
Shall ride in ruin o'er the ball;
Saints shall enjoy their full desires,
Their God, their Saviour, and their all.

305. C. M. *Harrison.*

Fortitude, Matt. x. 28.

1 WHY should the dread of sinful men
Engage and vex my soul?
O, for that fortitude which can
My every fear control.

2 Shall I offend a holy God,
And sacrifice my peace,
To shun a mortal's threat'ning rod,
A friend's or foe's decrease?

"And thou shalt tread the tempter down,
"While I his rage controul."

6 Lord, I resign me to thy will,
Thy wisdom I adore!
I yield to thee;—thy word fulfil,
And let me doubt no more.

306. S. S. 6. *Hammond.*

Fulness of Christ. John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

1 IN Christ alone all fulness dwells;
He a rich plenitude reveals
To all his chosen seed;
Whatever be his people's wants,
From his rich fulness still he grants,
As their immortal head.

2 In all their troubles and distress,
He will bestow abundant grace,
And help them on their way;
He'll never let his people go,
Nor shall they sink in endless woe;
His love knows no decay.

3 Ye timed souls, renounce yourselves,
Nor longer live on Christ by halves;
Live wholly on the Lamb:
Behold yourselves in him complete,
With him in heav'n you soon shall meet,
To glory in his name.

307. 7s. *Hart.*

Gethsemane, Matt. xxvi. 36—45.

1 MANY woes had Christ endur'd,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inur'd;
But the worst trial yet
Was to be sustain'd alone,
Gloomy, and Gethsemane

2 Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul, the Saviour see,
Grov'ling in Gethsemane.

3 There my God bore all my guilt;
This thro' grace can be believ'd;
But the torments which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd:
None can penetrate thro' thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

4 All my sins against my God;
All my sins against his laws;
All my sins against his blood;
All my sins against his cause;
Sins as boundless as the sea;
Hide me, O Gethsemane.

5 Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
Nor a work that I can plead;
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love,
Prais'd by all the heav'nly host,
In thy shining courts above;
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

308. L. M. *Steele.*

Glimpse of Jesus precious.

1 JESUS, what shall I do to show,
How much I love thy charming name;
Let my whole heart with rapture glow,
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.

2 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee,
Can give such sweet, such vast delight,
What must the joy, the triumph be,
To dwell for ever in thy sight?

309. C. M. *Westlake's Sel. altered.*

Glimpse of Jesus precious.

1 LORD, let me see thy blissful face,
While sojourning below!
'Tis from thyself my joys arise,
And all my comforts flow.

2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee,
Would more delight my soul
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

310. C. M. *Griffin's Sel.*

Latter Day Glory, Isaiah ii. 2, 4, 20.

1 REJOICE, ye nations of the world,
And hail the happy day,
When satan's kingdom, downward hurl'd,
Shall perish with dismay.

2 Rejoice, ye heathens; wood and stone
Shall form your gods no more;
Jehovah, ye shall trust alone,
And him alone adore.

3 Christians, rejoice; each party name,
Each diff'rant sect shall cease:
Your error, grief, and wrath, and shame,
Shall yield to truth and peace.

4 Ye sons of peace, the triumph share;
Trumpets no more shall sound;
The murd'rous sword, the bloody spear,
Shall fertilize the ground.

5 Bright o'er the mountains may we see
This blessed morning ray;
And glorious may its splendour be
E'en to the perfect day!

311. C. M. *Erskine.*

God invisible, 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16.

1 THE Great Invisible unknown,
Who fills th' eternal throne,
Is King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Jehovah, God alone.

2 'Tis far beyond blind mortal eyes
To see his bright abode;
Nor can created minds e'er glance
A thought half way to God.

3 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
Th' Eternal reigns alone;
Where human minds, nor finite wings,
Can mount the topless throne.

4 Let ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue,
His matchless pow'r proclaim;
And heav'n, and earth, rocks, hills, and seas,
Repeat their loud Amen.

312. L. M. *Yoke.*

Go preach my Gospel, Mark xvi. 15.

1 "GO," saith the voice of heav'nly love,
"My gospel preach to ev'ry land;
"Lo! I am with you to the end,
"Observe and follow my command."

2 With joy the first disciples heard,
And preach'd the heart-reviving news,
As they from him receiv'd in charge,
First, to the unbelieving Jews:

3 Then to the Gentiles far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name,

And the glad tidings of his grace
To this distinguish'd island came.

4 'Here may the gospel still remain,
'Till Christ shall in the clouds descend;
Then we who love the gospel now
Shall call the Judge our heav'nly friend.'

313. L. M. *Cole.*

Gospel first preached at Jerusalem, Luke xxiv. 47.

1 "PROCLAIM my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Ye preachers of my sacred word:
"Let ev'ry nation hear the theme,
"Beginning at Jerusalem.

2 "Go, let the chief of sinners know,
"That I have blessings to bestow;
"Proclaim salvation in my name,
"Beginning at Jerusalem.

3 "Where I was treated with disdain,
"Where I was crucified and slain;
"There shall my gospel gain esteem,
"Beginning at Jerusalem.

4 "My pard'ning love proclaim abroad,
"And shew the virtue of my blood;
"'Till time shall end, proclaim my grace
"To ev'ry land in ev'ry place.

5 "In yonder world, behold the train
"Of sinners sav'd from endless pain;
"Ascribing glory to the Lamb,
"Within the new Jerusalem."

314. L. M. *Anon.*

Gospel's joyful Sound, Psalm lxxxix. 15.

1 COME, dearest Lord, who reigns above,
And draw me with the cords of love!
And while the gospel does abound,
O may I know the joyful sound!

2 Sweet are the tiding, free the grace,
It brings to our apostate race;
It spreads a heav'nly light around,
O may I know the joyful sound!

3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
Look up to Jesus and be whole:
In him are peace and pardon found;
O may I know the gospel sound!

4 It stems the tide of swelling grief,
Affords the needy sure relief:
Releases those by satan bound,
O may I know the joyful sound!

315. L. M. *Peacock.*

Gospel Harvest, John iv. 35.

1 LO, clad in nature's bright array,
The fields a beauteous scene display;
See how the golden ears of corn,
Wide-waving, all the hills adorn.

2 See earth with God's rich goodness crown'd,
A joyful plenty smiles around:
But now to our admiring eyes,
Behold! superior prospects rise.

3 Rich harvests, where salvation grows,
Their fair celestial fruits disclose;
A paradise on earth is seen,
How pleasing, how divine the scence!

4 See, sinners hast'ning to embrace
The tidings of forgiving grace;
Redeem'd from hell, with price divine,
In faith and holiness they shine.

5 All crown'd with immortality,
These fruits of righteousness shall be;
Then they that reap, and they that sow,
Shall everlasting triumphs know.

6 Together shall their songs arise,
In the fair fields of paradise;
And shouts of triumph and of joy,
Their blest eternity employ.

316. L. M. *Needham.*

Thy Kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

1 HAST thou not said, almighty God,
The humble heart is thine abode?
Erect thy kingdom, Lord, within,
And let thy grace subdue our sin.

2 To distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Great King of Grace, salvation shew.

3 Where'er thy light and sun arise,
Thy name, O God, immortalize!
May nations yet unborn confess
Thy wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness.

317. 8. 4. *Ray's Col.*

Gospel Trumpet, Ps. lxxxix. 14—17.

1 HARK, hark! the gospel-trumpet sounds,
Thro' the wide earth the echo bounds,
Pardon and peace by Jesu's blood;
Sinners are reconcil'd to God,
And brought into the heav'nly road
By grace divine.

2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
While boundless love in ev'ry line,
Invites you near.

3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre,
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;

Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
And spread abroad his matchless fame,
For ever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.

318. L. M. R——.

By Grace ye are saved, Eph. ii. 5.

1 SELF-righteous souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings me pardon for my sin,
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss;
In Jesu's grace my soul is strong,
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.

4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near;
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
Free grace is all they sing above.

5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;
For all that's past grace is my theme,
For what's to come 'tis still the same.

6 Thro' endless years, of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heav'nly king;
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout free grace to him alone.

319. L. M. W——.

My Grace is sufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 COME all ye chosen saints of God,
Whose souls are wash'd in Jesu's blood;

Hear what he says, his word is true,
" My grace sufficient is for you."

2 " I am your sure almighty friend,
" Who loving, loves you to the end;
" I will be near you, and will shew,
" My grace sufficient is for you.

3 " I know how num'rous are your foes,
" I know the ways which they oppose;
" I know their cunning malice too,
" My grace sufficient is for you.

4 " Tho' satan strives your souls t' ensnare,
" You 're still the objects of my care;
" You 're near my heart, I'll bring you thro';
" My grace sufficient is for you.

5 " Do you want proof of this my love?
" Calv'ry survey; then heav'n above;
" See, how the ransom'd millions bow!
" My grace sufficient is for you.

6 " I'll guide you safely in the way;
" Thro' life's dark night, to heav'n's bright day;
" And there with wonder you shall view,
" My grace sufficient was for you."

320. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Inexhaustible Grace, Luke xv. 31.

1 JEHOVAH's grace, how full, how free;
His language how divine!
" My Son, thou ever art with me,
" And all I have is thine.

2 " My saints shall each a portion share,
" That's worthy of a God;
" They are my chief, my constant care,
" The purchase of my blood.

3 " Both grace and glory I will give,
" And nothing good deny:
" With me my saints shall ever live,
" And reign with me on high.

4 " And if ten thousand more I call,
" T' enjoy this happiness,
" I have enough for each, for all,
" Nor shall you have the less."

5 Then, dearest Lord, make millions come,
And feast on pard'ning grace;
Bring prodigals, bring exiles home,
And we will shout thy praise.

321. S. M. *Doddridge*

Grace, Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

[3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet,
To tread the heav'nly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

322. 8. 7. *Wingrove.*

Miracle of Grace, Luke xix. 10.

1 HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my prophet, priest, and king.

2 O! what mercy flows from heaven,
O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

[3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
'Till my Saviour passed by.

4 Witness, all ye host of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.]

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
Whilst astonish'd, I admire,
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

323. 11. 8. *Reece's Sel.*

Distinguishing Grace, 1 Cor. iv. 7.

1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love from eternity fixt upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,

When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

3 O had not he pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you, that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,
Because it seem'd good in thy sight.

[5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
While others were suffer'd to go
The road, which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of woe.]

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

324. 12s. *Leed's Col.*

Free Grace, Zech. iv. 7.

1 THE voice of free grace, cries escape to the mountain:
For all that believe, Christ hath open'd a fountain,
For sin and uncleanness, and ev'ry transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair,
Now he calls you in mercy,—and can you forbear?
Tho' your sins are increas'd as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them; it streams from the fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious
O'er sin, death, and hell; he is more than victorious
With shouting proclaim it;—O trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely:—O precious salvation.

[4 Our Jesus proclaims his name all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph; ascribing to him our salvation.]

5 With joy shall we stand, when escap'd to the shore,
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

325. L. M. *Medley.*

Grave and Heaven, Job iii. 17.

1 SAINTS in their graves lie down in peace,
No more by sin or hell opprest;
The wicked there from troubling cease,
And there the weary are at rest.

2 Thrice happy souls who 're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labour, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

3 There shall we join the blissful throng,
And meet our dearest friends again;
And all eternity, our song
To Jesus raise, and with him reign.

326. L. M. *Gregg.*

Jesus a Guest, Rev. iii. 20.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door,
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Admit him;—for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest:
Admit him; or the hour's at hand,
When at his door deny'd you'll stand.

3 Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
Slay ev'ry foe, and conquer sin:
I now to thee my all resign,
My body, soul, shall all be thine.

327. L. M. *Steele.*

Inconstant Heart lamented.

1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas, resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.

3 Thro' all resolves how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties;
There's nought beneath a pow'r divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn:
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

5 O let thy love, with sweet controul,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid ev'ry vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

328. L. M. *Hart.*

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feelings, all things shew some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
Apply within the Saviour's blood;
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

329. L. M. *Medley.*

Stony Heart lamented, Ezek. xxxvi. 26—37.

1 LORD, hear a burden'd sinner mourn,
Who gladly would to thee return;
Thy tender mercies O impart,
And take away this stony heart.

2 'Tis this hard heart which sinks me down,
Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown;
This causes all my woe and smart,
Lord, take away this stony heart.

3 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord,
Which scorns thy love, and slights thy word,
Which tempts me from thee to depart,
Lord, take away this stony heart.

4 'Tis this hard heart which day by day
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray;
Yea, would from ev'ry duty start,
Lord, take away this stony heart.

5 Sure the blest day will shortly come,
When this hard heart shall know its doom,
When I no more shall sin retain,
Nor of a stony heart complain.

6 Yes, friendly death, with welcome stroke,
Will loose the chain, will break the yoke;
And when arriv'd on Canaan's shore,
A stony heart be felt no more.

330. C. M. *Newton.*

Heart taken, Luke xi. 21, 22.

1 THE castle of the human heart,
Strong in its native sin;
Is guarded well in ev'ry part,
By him who dwells within.

2 For satan there in arms resides,
And calls the place his own;
With care against assaults provides,
And rules as on a throne.

[3 Each treach'rous thought on him as chief
In blind obedience waits;
And pride, self-will, and unbelief,
Are posted at the gates.

4 Thus satan for a season reigns,
And keeps his goods in peace;
The soul is pleas'd to wear his chains,
Nor wishes a release.]

5 But Jesus, stronger far than he,
In his appointed hour,
Appears to set his people free
From the usurper's pow'r.

6 "This heart I bought with blood," he cries,
"And now it shall be mine:"
His voice the strong man arm'd dismays;
He knows he must resign.

7 In spite of unbelief and pride,
And self and satan's art,
The gates of brass fly open wide,
And Jesus wins the heart.

8 The rebel-soul that once withstood
The Saviour's kindest call,
Rejoices now, by grace subdu'd,
To serve him with her all.

331. C. M. *Hoskins.*

My Son, give me thy Heart, Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 WHAT language now salutes the ear,
And 'tis our Father's voice!
Let all the world attentive hear,
And ev'ry soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,
However vile thou art;
Here's grace and pardon, rich and free,
My son, give me thy heart.

3 For thee, a traitor, Jesus bled,
And suffer'd dreadful smart;
For thee the Lord was crucify'd,
My son, give me thy heart.

4 Tho' thou hast long my grace withstood,
And said to me, "Depart;"
I claim the purchase of my blood,
My son give me thy heart.

5 I'll form thee for myself alone,
And ev'ry good impart;
I'll make my great salvation known,
My son, give me thy heart.

6 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,
Set up in me thy throne:
Bid sin and satan hence depart,
And claim me as thine own.

332. S. M. *Topladγ.*

Evil Heart, Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

1 ASTONISH'D and distrest,
I turn mine eyes within:

My heart with loads of guilt oppress,
The seat of ev'ry sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

333. L. M. *Duncan.*

Saints' Employ in Heaven, Rev. vii. 9—17.

1 EXALTED high at God's right-hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand;
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wond'ring soul, says, "who are they?"

2 These are the saints, belov'd of God,
Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3 Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine;
Tell me their origin and say
Their order what; and whence came they?

4 Thro' tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

5 And does the cross thus prove their gain?
And shall they thus for ever reign?
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

6 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again.
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
To wells of living water led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed,

7 Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The sacred glories of their king;
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?

8 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of his name;
To him ascribing pow'r and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

9 "Amen," they cry, to him alone,
Who dares to fill his Father's throne:
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise, and say, "Amen."

334. L. M. *Kent.*

Employment of Saints in Heaven, Rev. xiv. 1—5.

1 ON Zion's glorious summit stood
A num'rous host, redeem'd by blood,
They hymn'd their King in strains divine,
I heard the song, and strove to join.

2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
For truth, or Jesu's lovely name,
Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I Am.

3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul;
And scenes of bliss for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

4 Here Mary and Manasseh view,
The dying Thief and Abiah too;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the same.

5 O sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity.

6 O what a sweet exalted song,
When ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there.

7 My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow the chief of sinners there.

335. L. M. *Watts.*

Longing for Glory.

1 I'M bound for new Jerusalem,
Thither my best beloved's gone:
The righteous branch of Jesse's stem,
'Tis he I've fixt my heart upon.

2 Fain would I climb above the skies,
To see the beauties of his face;
My faith would into vision rise,
And hope would cease in his embrace.

3 I languish with extreme desire,
The object of my love to see;
O let me in love's flames expire,
That I may with my Jesus be.

[4 This life's a pilgrimage of care;
When will the happy season come,
That I shall breathe celestial air,
And settle in my native home?]

5 I long to reach the shore of bliss,
And see the new Jerusalem,
Where my beloved Jesus is,
And spend eternity with him.

336. C. M. F——.

Longing for Glory, Phil. i. 23.

1 WHY longed Paul to be dissolv'd,
And enter into rest?—
The question here he hath resolv'd,
To be with Christ is best.

2 And I, like Paul, desire to die,
I long for death's arrest;
If any ask the reason why,—
To be with Christ is best.

3 My unbelief, that bosom foe,
Which lurks within my breast;
So often seeks my overthrow,—
To be with Christ is best.

4 Should friends and kindred on me frown,
And leave my soul opprest;
Should evils crush my comforts down,
To be with Christ is best.

5 Had I a voice so loud and strong,
To sound from east to west;
I'd tell the honour'd, seeking throng,
To be with Christ is best.

6 O come, sweet Jesus, quickly come,
And cheer my fainting breast;
I long to reach my heav'nly home,
To be with Christ is best.

7 Pinion'd with love, I'd take the wing,
And fly to thee, my rest:
There with the Church triumphant sing,
To be with Christ is best.

337. C. M. *Steele.*

Promised Land, Isaiah, xxxiii. 17.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

[2 O could we with our mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!]

3 There pain and sickness never come.
And grief no more complains!
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!

4 There rich varieties of joy
Continual feast the mind;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd!

[5 No factious strife, no envy there,
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill ev'ry happy breast.

6 No cloud those blissful regions know,
But ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.]

7 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

[8 The glorious monarch there displays
His beams of wond'rous grace;
His happy subjects sing his praise,
And bow before his face.]

9 O may we rise, by grace divine,
To those bright courts on high;
Then shall our happy spirits join
The chorus of the sky.

338. C. M. *Stennett.*

View of Canaan, Deut. xxxii. 49.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

[4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.]

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

339. 50th. *Straphan.*

View of Heaven, Rev. xxii. 1—5.

1 ON wings of faith, mount up my soul & rise,
View thine inheritance beyond the skies:
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:
Here my Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear.
Here my Redeemer lives, &c.

3 No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
Here my Redeemer lives, &c.

4 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!
Jesus, to thee, my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my heav'nly home arrive,
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

340. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Rich Man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 25.

1 IN what confusion earth appears!
God's dearest children bath'd in tears;
While they who heav'n itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
That end, how diff'rent who can tell
The wide extremes of heav'n and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who did in gold and purple shine!
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain,
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abrah'm's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Lord, let me appear
The meanest of thy servants here;
So that at length I may but taste
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

341. L. M. *Brown.*

Hell, Mark ix. 48.

1 HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound;
It chills the heart, and shocks the ear;
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
Its frightful, gloomy region lies;
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,
And thick sulphureous vapours rise.

3 The breath of God, his angry breath,
Still fans and still supplies the fire;
Here—sinners taste the second death,
Longing to die, but can't expire.

4 Conscience, the never dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart,
And woe and wrath, in ev'ry form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

5 The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
And bite their everlasting chains;
But with their rage their torments grow,
Resentment but augments their pains.

6 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear,
Hopeless, in all these pains to lie;
Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,
And ever dying, never die!

7 'Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
O let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Saviour and my God.'

342. L. M. *Steele.*

Hope in Darkness, Job xxx. 28.

1 O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays,
Can warm, and cheer, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enliv'ning beams depart!

2 Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise?

3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Tho' gloomy darkness spreads the sky:
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the Sun's refulgent eye.

343. C. M. *Coombes.*

Hope in Christ, Heb. ii. 18.

1 IN ev'ry trouble sharp and strong
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God,
The sure foundation of my hope,
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujah sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

344. C. M. *Green.*

Hope encouraged, 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY should my soul indulge complaints,
And yield to dark despair?
The meanest of my Father's saints
Are safe beneath his care.

2 Why should I thus desponding bow,
Or why with anguish bleed?
Tho' darkness veils my passage now,
Yet glory shall succeed.

3 A thousand promises are wrote
In characters of blood:
And those emphatic lines denote
The ever faithful God.

4 Thro' these sweet promises I range,
And (blessed be his name!)
Tho' I, a fickle mortal, change,
His love is still the same.

5 Grace, like a fountain, ever flows,
Fresh succours to renew:
The Lord my wants and weakness knows,
My sins and sorrows too.

6 'Tis he directs my doubtful ways,
When dangers line the road;

Here I mine Ebenezer raise,
And trust a gracious God.

345. C. M. *Heginbothom.*

Good Hope through Grace, 2 Thes. ii. 16.

1 COME, humble souls, ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears:
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2 Come shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.

3 God, th' eternal mighty God,
To dearer names descends:
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

4 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear!
Not thus could heav'n's sweet harmony
Delight my list'ning ear.

5 Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift
His bount'ous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

6 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

7 Transporting hope! still on my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal and divine.

346. S. M. *Toplady.*

Weak Believers encouraged, Psalm xxvii. 14.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.

2 Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

[4 Fasten'd within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale,
That wafts you smooth along.

5 The people of his choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect,
On Tabor's mount to stay.]

6 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

7 Wait 'till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait 'till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with pow'r.

8 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "for me."

347. 8s. *Toplady.*

Hope in Despair, Psalm lxxvii. 7—10.

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign;
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine.

2 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

3 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace
The rock that is higher than I.

4 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries,
And groanings that cannot be told.

5 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.

6 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
"The Lord hath forsaken thee quite,
"Thy God will be gracious no more."

7 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah! tell me, how is it I find,
Some sweetness in waiting for thee?

8 Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
Come, succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

348. 148th. *De Courcey's Col.*

Who can tell? Jonah iii. 9.

1 GREAT God! to thee I make
My wants and sorrows known;
And with an humble hope
Approach thine awful throne;
Tho' by my sins deserving hell,
I'll not despair, for who can tell?

2 To thee, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit, form
Thy glorious image there!
My foes subdue, my fears dispel,
I'll daily seek, for who can tell?

3 In danger or distress,
To thee alone I fly;
Implore thy pow'rful help,
And at thy footstool lie:
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait, for who can tell?

4 My heart misgives me oft,
And conscience storms within;
One gracious look from thee,
Will make it all serene:
Satan suggests that I shall dwell
In endless flames, but who can tell?

5 Curst unbelief, begone,
Ye doubts, fly swift away:
God hath an ear to hear,
While I've an heart to pray:
If he be mine, all will be well,
For ever so, and who can tell?

349. S. M. *Hoskins.*

Hypocrite, Job xxvii. 8.

1 LET hypocrites attend,
And view their awful state;
Consider well their latter end,
Before it be too late.

2 Religion's form is vain,
While we deny its pow'r!
What will the hypocrite obtain,
In death's tremendous hour?

3 Now he may credit gain,
And in his affluence roll;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.

4 Then, O what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay,
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away!

5 Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere;
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear.

350. C. M. *Cruden.*

Impatient for Death.—Its better for me to die th. to live, Jonah iv. 8.

1 WHY thus impatient to be gone?
Such wishes breathe no more,—
Let him, who lock'd thy spirit in,
When meet, unbolt the door.

2 Why wouldst thou snatch the victor's palm
Before the conquest's won?
Or wish to seize th' immortal prize,
Ere yet the race is run.

3 Inglorious wish, to haste away
And leave thy work undone!
To serve thy Lord will please no less,
Than praising round the throne.

4 While thou art standing in the field,
For bliss thou'lt riper grow;
Then wait the Lord's appointed time,
'Till he shall bid thee go.

351. L. M. *Darrington.*

Inconstancy lamented.

1 DEAR Jesus, when, when shall it be
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

2 Here I repent, and sin again,
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which O, too often wounds my heart.

3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee:
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

352. S. M. *Newton.*

Inconstancy lamented, Rom. vii. 19.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
'Till Jesus make it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest,
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot,—(Lord relieve;)
My help must come from thee!

6 But if indeed I would,
Tho' I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
'Till thine appointed hour;
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of pow'r.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?

353. C. M. L——.

Infant's Praise.

1 ALMIGHTY God, while earth and heav'n
Thy pow'r and skill proclaim;
Wilt thou permit a child to sing
The honours of thy name?

2 Shall mortals aim at themes so great,
Or raise their notes so high,
When seraphs low beneath thy feet,
In self abasement lie?

3 Tho' Gabriel tunes immortal lyres,
To sweet seraphic lays;
Th' Eternal hears when infant tongues,
Attempt to lisp his praise.

4 The early dawn of op'ning life,
Has prov'd thy guardian care;
Nor shall I less thro' future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.

5 Behold I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide;
Most gracious God, O deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

354. L. M. *B*——.

Come and see, John i. 46.

1 JESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!
Replete with balm for all my wounds!
His word declares his grace is free,
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die:
Jesus, the God, hung on a tree;
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
'Till death had done its dreadful part:
Yet his dear love still burns to thee;
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.

4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His fountain open stands for thee;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

5 The garments of his shining grace,
His glorious robe of righteousness;

In this array thou bright shalt be;
Come, naked sinner, come and see.

6 No tongue can tell what glories shine
In our Immanuel, all-divine;
O that in sweetest melody
Each heart may sing, "He dy'd for me."

355. L. M. *Smith.*

I will in no wise cast out, John vi. 37.

1 HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,
Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear:
He saith, and who his word can doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out!

2 Doth satan fill you with dismay,
And tell you, Christ will cast away;
It is a truth, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!

3 Doth sin appear before your view,
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?
If black as hell, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!

5 The Publican and dying Thief
Applied to Christ, and found relief;
Nor need you entertain a doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

4 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, nor longer doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

[6 'Lord at thy call, behold I come,
A guilty soul, lost and undone;
On thy rich blood I now rely,
O pass my vile transgressions by.']

356. C. M. *Humphreys.*

Invitation, Isaiah lx. 8. John vi. 37

1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away,
Like doves to Jesu's wounds;
This is the welcome gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says he'll cast out none,
Who come to him by faith.

357. C. M. *Medley.*

Whosoever will, let him come, Rev. xxii. 17.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who know the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring!
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring!

4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesu's sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

358. C. M. *Doddridge.*

And yet there is Room, Luke xiv. 22.

1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
The dainties crown the board:
Not paradise with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n;
Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heav'n.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed, and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world,
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

359. C. M. *Steele.*

And yet there is Room, Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bount'ous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come!
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room!

[3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.]

[4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come:
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.]

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room!

360. S. M. *Dobell.*

Behold, now is the accepted Time, 2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And ev'ry promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

5 At length around thy throne
They shall thy face behold;
While thro' eternity they'll strive
Their raptures to unfold.

361. 7s. *Beck's Col.*

Compel them to come in, Luke xiv. 23.

1 LORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend;
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send?

2 Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

[3 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need;
Heav'n to forsake, and God,
See, they run with rapid speed.

4 Draw them back by love divine,
With thy grace their spirits win;
Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.]

5 Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God, and grace again.

6 Stretch that conqu'ring arm of thine,
Once stretch'd out to bleed for sin;
Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

362. 7s. *De Gourcy's Col.*

Weary Souls invited to Christ, Matt. xi. 23.

1 COME, ye weary souls opprest,
Find in Christ the promis'd rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye that dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesu's blood;
To the Son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

[4 Debtors, who have nought to pay,
Come to Jesus, haste away;
All your sins on him were laid,
All your debts the Surety paid.

5 It is finish'd, lo! he cries,
Ere on yonder cross he dies;
O believe the record true,
Jesus dy'd for such as you.]

363. 9. 7. *Anon.*

Weary Souls invited to Christ, Matt. xi. 28.

1 HARK! hark, what sounds are these so pleas-
Sinners, wipe the falling tear: [ing!
'Tis love divine, and never ceasing,
Flows from Jesus to the ear.

2 " Come unto me all ye that labour;
" Sinners, heavy laden come,"
None are more welcome to the Saviour,
Than the wretched and undone.

3 Let not the weight of sin distress you,
Cease to heave the plaintive sigh;
A hearty welcome now awaits you;
Come, and you shall never die.

4 ' Come, ye sinners, come and wonder,
How such mercy you withstood;
Parch'd with thirst, and starv'd with hunger,
Satiate your souls with good.'

364. 112th. *Hammond.*

Christ's Blood cleanseth from all Sin, 1 John i. 7.

1 HO! all ye trembling sinners, hear
The pard'ning voice of Christ, and live;
With humble confidence draw near,
Jesus commands you to believe:
Believe, and all your sins are gone,
Believe, and heav'n is all your own.

2 If all the sins that men have done
In will, in word, in thought, and deed,
Since worlds were made, or time begun,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head;
The stream of Jesu's precious blood,
At once could cleanse the dreadful load.

365. 148th. *Phippard.*

God reasoning with Men, Isaiah i. 18.

1 YE sin-sick souls draw near,
And banquet with your King,
His royal bounty share,
And loud hosannas sing:
Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.

2 Here's clothing for the poor,
Here's comfort for the weak:
Here's strength for tempted souls,
And cordials for the sick:
Here's all a soul can want or need,
Laid up in Christ the living head.

3 But may a soul like mine,
All stain'd with guilt and blood,
Approach the throne of grace,
And converse hold with God?
Yes! Jesus calls:—come, sinners, come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

4 He's on a throne of grace,
And waits to answer pray'r:
What tho' thy sin and guilt
Like crimson doth appear,
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all thy woes.

5 O wond'rous love and grace,—
Did Jesus die for me?
Were all my num'rous debts
Discharg'd on Calvary?
Yes,—Jesus dy'd, the work is done,
He did for all my sins atone.

6 On earth I'll sing his love,
In heav'n I too shall join
The ransom'd of the Lord,
In accents all divine;
And see my Saviour face to face,
And ever dwell in his embrace.

366. 8.7.4. *Hart.*

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ, Isaiah lv. 1.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity join'd with pow'r:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more!

[2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.]

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry, 'till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden;
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd:"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God descended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

367. S. M. *Doddridge.*

Jabez's Prayer, 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 THOU God of Jabez, hear,
While we intreat thy grace,
And borrow that expressive pray'r,
With which he sought thy face.

2 "O that the Lord indeed
"Would me his servant bless,
"From ev'ry evil shield my head,
"And crown my paths with peace!

3 "Be his almighty hand
"My helper and my guide,
"'Till, with his saints in Canaan's land,
"My portion he divide."

4 Thus pious Jabez pray'd,
While God inclin'd his ear;
And all, by whom this suit is made,
Shall find the blessing near.

5 Ye youths, yours vows combine,
With loud united voice;
So shall your heads with honour shine,
And all your hearts rejoice.

368. 7s. *Newton.*

Jacob's wrestling with God, Gen. xxxii. 26.

1 LORD, I cannot let the go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me, who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee!

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have past since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld 'till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold:
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

369. C. M. *Steele.*

Jesus, Phil. ii. 10.

1 JESUS! in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies.

[2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.]

3 Jesus! and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile rebellious foes?

4 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour?

5 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my heart—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

370. 112th. *Matlock's Col.*

Jesus, Phil. ii. 10.

1 JESUS, sweet name, no name so dear,
No beauty can with him compare:
Chief of ten thousand is my Lord;
Thou art the all-creating word:
Thou art alive,—sweet words to tell;
Thou hast the keys of death and hell.

2 Soon shall I reach my heav'nly home,
Within the new Jerusalem;
And shout free grace with those above,
And view my Jesus whom I love;
There sing, and praise, and with him be,
To spend a long eternity.

371. S. M. *Bristol Col.*

Gentiles praying for the Jews, Rom. x. 1.

1 LORD, send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home,
From east and west, from south and north,
Let all the wand'rers come.

2 Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain;

Bid ev'ry creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

[3 By preaching of thy word,
May they be brought to hear,
That the Messiah, Christ the Lord,
Did once on earth appear.

4 Open their hearts and bring
Them humbly for to own,
That he's their Lord, their God and King,
The true anointed one.]

5 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And shew the mystery fulfil'd,
The family complete.

372. 112th. *Wesley.*

Gentiles praying for the Jews, Rom. xi. 1—25. 25—27.

1 FATHER of faithful Abrah'm hear
Our earnest suit for Abrah'm's seed!
Justly they claim the softest pray'r
From us adopted in their stead,
Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide,
Thro' ev'ry nation under heav'n;
Blaspheming him they crucify'd,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhor'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past,
"All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer, come;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Bring all thy ancient people home;
And crown them with eternal love:
The world shall their reception view,
And shout to God the glory due.

373. C. M. *Ryland.*

Journey to Heaven, Gen. xxiv. 56.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

[3 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
"My ev'ry pleasant sweet;"
Hinder me not, my soul replies,
Because the way is great.

4 "Stay," satan, my old master, cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;"
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God hath broke thy chain.]

5 Thro' duty and thro' trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

6 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

374. L. M. *Medley.*

He hath done all Things well, Mark vii. 37.

1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess;
His wisdom all his works express:
But O his love, what tongue can tell?
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free
Has been his love to sinful me!
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause;
To save me tho' I did rebel;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

5 And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove!
Mercies which do all praise excel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

6 Whene'er my Saviour and my God
Has on me laid his gentle rod,
I know, in all that has befel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

7 Tho' oft a fi'ry, flaming dart
The tempter levels at my heart;
With this I all his rage repel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

[8 Sometimes my Lord his face does hide,
To make me pray, or kill my pride;
Yet then it on my mind does dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.]

9 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

10 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies:
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

375. L. M. *Davies.*

Judgment, Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns,—and earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break.

2 See now the glorious, dreadful day,
That takes th' enormous load away!
See ocean, earth, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame!

3 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the gen'ral wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks like snow dissolving down!

4 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever, O for ever lost!

5 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

6 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

376. L. M. *Needham.*

Books opened, Rev. xx. 12.

1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

[3 In vain the wicked strive to shun
The Judge's quick and piercing eye;
In vain to hills and mountains run,
And to the rocks for shelter cry.]

4 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men!
Each word and deed now public made,
Written by heav'n's unerring pen.

5 To ev'ry soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine,
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

6 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enrol'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

377. C. M. *Unwin.*

Judgment, 2 Peter iii. 11, 12.

1 METHINKS I hear th' archangel sound
The solemn trump aloud,
And call the tribes on earthly ground,
To meet their sov'reign God.

2 He comes! he comes! a cloud's his throne,
And garbs majestic wear;
Ten thousand his great God-head own,
And shout it thro' the air.

3 The sun observes his sov'reign nod,
And hides his ev'ry ray,
While all the stars acknowledge God,
And give the judgment way.

4 The bursting tombs give up their dead,
Nor keep them longer bound;
While flaming fire around doth spread,
And thunders shake the ground.

5 The diff'rent tribes of heav'n and hell,
And seas and worlds abroad;
A number which no tongue can tell
Appear before their God.

6 On earth, by various names they went;
My soul, what sects they were;
But now the sinner and the saint
Are all the names they bear.

378. 8. 8. 6. *Ovington's Sel.*

Longing for a Place at God's Right Hand,
2 Thes. i. 10.

1 WHEN thou my righteous Judge shalt come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Dear Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sov'reign grace.

379. 148th. *Wesley.*

Midnight Cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heav'nly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And takes to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see without a veil his face.

4 Ye saints, rejoice in hope
Of that great day unknown,

When you shall be caught up,
To stand before his throne:
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on your Immanuel's breast.

380. S. 7. 4. *Strateer.*

Judgment, Matt. xxiv. 32. xxv. 31—46.

1 LO, he comes, the King of glory,
With his chosen tribes to reign:
Countless hosts of saints and angels
Swell the mighty conqu'ror's train:
Now in triumph,
Sin and death are captive led.

2 See the rocks and mountains rending,
All the nations fill'd with dread:
Hark! the trump of God proclaiming
Thro' the mansions of the dead,
"Come to judgment,"
Stand before the Son of Man.

[3 'Now behold the dead awaking:
Great and small before him stand:
Not one soul forgot or missing,
None his orders countermand:
All stand waiting
For their last decisive doom.']

4 Hear the chief among ten thousand,
Thus address his faithful few:
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
"Heaven is prepar'd for you:
"I was hungry, I was thirsty, I was naked,
"And ye minister'd to me."

5 But how awful is the sentence,
"Go from me, ye cursed race,
"To that place of endless torment,
"Never more to see my face.

" I was hungry, I was thirsty, I was naked,
" Ye to me no mercy shew'd."

[6 Now awake, ye slumb'ring virgins,
Trim your lamps, the bridegroom's near;
Let your loins with truth be girded,
Signs proclaim, he'll soon appear:
Mark the fig-tree
Budding shews the summer's near.]

7 Jesus, save a trembling sinner,
While thy wrath o'er sinners roll:
In this gen'ral wreck of nature,
Be the refuge of my soul;
Jesus, save me, Jesus save me, when the lightnings
Blaze around from pole to pole.'

381. 8. 7. 4. *Swain.*

Judgment, Jude, 14, 15.

1 LO, he comes, array'd in veng'ance,
Riding down the heav'nly road;
Floods of fury roll before him,
Who can meet an angry God?
Tremble sinners,
Who can stand before his rod?

2 Lo he comes in glory shining:
Saints, arise and meet your King!
Glorious captain of salvation,
Welcome, welcome, hear them sing!
Shouts of triumph
Make the heav'ns with echoes ring!

[3 Now despisers, look and wonder!
Hear the dreadful sound depart,
Rattling like a peal of thunder,
Thro' each guilty rebel's heart!
Lost for ever,
Hope and sinners here must part!

4 Still they hear the awful sentence,
Hell resounds the dreadful roar;
While their heart-strings twine with anguish,
Trembling on the burning shore!
Justice seals it,—
Down they sink to rise no more!

5 How they shrink, with horror viewing
Hell's deep caverns op'ning wide!
Guilty thoughts, like ghosts pursuing,
Plunge them down the rolling tide!
Now consider,
Ye who scorn the Lamb that dy'd!]

[6 Hark! ten thousand harps resounding!
Form'd in bright and grand array:
See the glorious armies rising,
While their captain leads the way!
Heav'n before them
Opens an eternal day.]

382. 8.7.4. *Newton.*

Judgment, Rev. i. 7. vi. 14.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "this God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:

All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch depart!
"Thou with satan
"And his angels have thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below;
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
"See the kingdom I bestow:
"You, for ever,
"Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise:
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
We shall triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

383. 10s. S——.

The happy Meeting of Body and Soul, Rev. x. 5, 6.

1 SWIFT from the heav'ns a mighty angel flies,
And bears his dread commission from the skies:
His sacred orders sound from shore to shore;
Jehovah swears that time shall be no more!

2 The solemn trumpet wakes the countless dead,
And trembling mortals leave their clay-cold bed,
Lo! from before the dazzling throne of God,
Celestial forms come down th' ethereal road;

3 Each radiant form assumes its native mate,
And looks and wonders at its glorious state,

"Is this the feeble frame I left behind?
"So beauteous now!" exclaims the raptur'd mind.

4 "Before, opprest with sickness and with pain;
"Now life immortal runs in ev'ry vein;
"Are these the feet, which, often, tir'd and slow,
"Crept trembling on to join the church below?

5 "Are these the hands I us'd to spread abroad,
"In humble acts of pray'r and praise to God?
"What briny drops once trickled down this face,
"Which heav'nly smiles adorn and ev'ry grace!

6 "Eternal scenes pour on my ravish'd sight,
"Now so much strength'd for the vast delight!
"No more disease shall dart with fatal aim
"His deadly venom thro' my sickly frame:

7 "No more this body shall distress my soul,
"Impede her flight, her noblest pow'rs controul;
"The dark mysterious path that once I trod,
"Now, now I see it was the way to God!

8 "Join all ye heav'nly hosts, your anthems raise,
"Nor let one tongue be mute from songs of praise;"
Instant the tuneful choir, in sounding strains,
Pour their melodious notes o'er all the plains.

384. L. M. *Swain.*

Justification by Faith, Gal. ii. 16.

1 SINNERS, away from Sinai fly;
To Calv'ry's bloody scene repair;
Behold the King of glory die,
And read your peace and pardon there!

2 Search into ev'ry open wound,
Trace the sharp scourge, the nails, the spear;
And full salvation will be found,
In golden letters written there.

3 No works of man to raise the sum,
Or pay the ransom, must be brought;

Helpless and poor to Jesus come,
Nor strive to bring a perfect thought.

4 Your faith, your hope and righteousness,
Are treasur'd up in him alone;
Your rich supplies of grace and peace
Spring from the works your Lord has done.

5 Hell opens her ten thousand graves,
To swallow those that die in sin;
But all the great Immanuel saves,
Heav'n's open gates shall welcome in.

6 There shall the blood-bought armies go,
That trust the great Redeemer here;
The plant that buds with grace below,
Shall ripen into glory there!

385. L. M. *Hill.*

Kingdom of Christ, Psalm xlv. 3—5.

1 WHEN Jesus first, at heav'n's command,
Descended from his azure throne—:
Attending angels join'd his praise,
Who claim'd the kingdom for his own.

[Hail, Immanuel! Immanuel we'll adore,
And sound his fame from shore to shore.]

2 Girt with Omnipotence and grace,
The pow'rs of darkness trembling stood,
To hear the dire decree, and feel
The vengeance of the mighty God.

3 Not with the sword that warriors wear,
But with a sceptre dipt in blood:
He bends the nations to obey,
And rules them by the love of God.

4 Ride on, and prosper, King of kings,
'Till all the pow'rs of hell resign
Their dreadful trophies at thy feet,
And endless glory shall be thine.

386. 148th. *Scott.*

Kingdom of Christ, Psalm cx. 3.

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wond'rous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head *
Its silver honour pays;
To thee the blooming youth *
Devotes his brightest days:
And ev'ry age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conqu'ring King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

387. 148th. *Bristol Col.*

Kingdom of Christ.

1 REJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men:
He breaks the pris'ners' chains,
And makes them free again;
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes, his cause goes on.

* Composed on seeing an aged saint and a youth taken into church communion together.

[2 The cause of righteousness,
And truth and holy peace,
Design'd our world to bless,
Shall spread and never cease:
Gentile and Jew their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due, with rapture vow.]

3 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries
The gospel to repel,
By cruelty and lies:
Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

4 He dy'd, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

5 All pow'r is in his hand,
His people to defend;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heav'n with smiles approve his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.

6 This little seed from heav'n
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever blessed leav'n
Diffus'd abroad must be;
'Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen, Amen!

388. 8. 8. 6. *Dyer's Col.*

Prayer for the King and Royal Family, 1 Tim. ii. 2.

1 JESUS, do thou our Sov'reign guard,
And ev'ry threat'ning danger ward

From his anointed head;
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease;
And thro' the paths of heav'nly peace,
To life eternal lead.

2 Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
And make their councils vain:
Preserve him by thy pow'r divine,
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.

3 O show'r on him thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joys:
While wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
And praise the globe employs.

389. L. M. *Neale.*

Jacob's Ladder, Gen. xxviii. 12, 13.

1 WHEN Jacob from his brother fled,
As he repos'd his weary head,
He saw in vision, with surprise,
A ladder reaching to the skies.

2 Ascending and descending here,
The angels of the Lord appear;
And from the top Jehovah spake,
And thus in sweetest accents brake:—

3 "I am thy God, and thee I'll bless,
"And keep thee safe in ev'ry place;
"By night and day I will defend,
"And be to thee a constant friend."

4 We in this mystic ladder trace
A view of Jesus and his grace;
In him all blessings are bestow'd,
In him we find access to God.

['5 By faith we see the angel band
Descend and rise at God's command;
To bless the children of his grace,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry place.

6 In ev'ry strait his eyes are there,
To see the grief that makes the tear;
He'll crush his foes beneath his feet,
And raise his saints to bliss complete.']

390. 10s. *Burder's Col.*

Praise to the Lamb, Rev. v. 12.

[1 FROM heav'n the loud, th' angelic song began,
It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd man;
By man re-echo'd, it shall mount again,
Whilst fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.]

L. M.

2 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heav'n the Lord of all:
Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

3 The deed was done; the Lamb was slain;
The groaning earth the burden bore:
He rose, he lives: he lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.

[4 Wisdom and strength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting grace;
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.]

5 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim:
Blessings that earth to glory raise:
The purchase of the wounded Lamb.

6 Higher, still higher, swell the strain:
Creation's voice the note prolong:
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign;
Let hallelujahs crown the song. Hal. Amen.

391. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Lamenting after the Lord, 1 Sam. vii. 2.

1 LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee;
The tokens of thy presence give,
And now thy gracious work revive.

2 How did thy ancient people mourn,
And wish to see thy kind return!
They cry'd to thee on Mizpeh's plain,
"O let us see thy face again."

3 We join our humble voice with theirs,
And offer up our ardent pray'rs;
Lord, with thy smiles thy churches bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

4 Thy cheering grace, O God, impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

5 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To ev'ry heart apply thy word;
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to live to thee.

392. L. M. *Doddridge, altered by Medley.*

Law; or, the Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine eye,
Behold the judgment drawing nigh:
Behold the balance is display'd,
Where thou must be exactly weigh'd.

2 See, in one scale God's holy law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Canst thou the awful test sustain?
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

3 Behold the hand of God appears,
And writes in dreadful characters,
"Tekel! thy soul is wanting found;
"With trembling hear the awful sound.

4 "Let fear thy sin-bound heart embrace,
"Let guilty shame o'erspread thy face,
"Conviction thro' thy conscience roll,
"And deep repentance fill thy soul.

5 "One only hope can yet prevail,
"Jesus for thee can turn the scale;
"Can give thy guilty conscience peace,
"And save thee by his righteousness."

6 Dear Saviour, now thy pow'r impart;
Convince each unconvinced heart;
And thy salvation let them view,
In justice wrought, and mercy too.

7 Believing this they shall employ
Their hearts and lips in songs of joy;
Nor e'er of wanting be afraid,
When in God's holy balance weigh'd.

393. C. M. *Kent.*

Love to the Law and to the Gospel.

1 WHEN from the precepts to the cross
The humble sinner turns,
His brightest deeds he counts but dross,
And o'er his vileness mourns.

2 God, on the table of his heart,
Inscribes his love and fear;
He loves the law in ev'ry part,
But takes no refuge there.

3 Thus gospel, law, and justice too,
Conspire to set him free:
Reflect, my soul, admire and view,
What God hath done for thee.

394. C. M. *Wallin.*

Saints dead to the Law by the Body of Christ,
Rom. vii. 4—6.

1 SING to the Lord, ye heirs of faith,
Of Abrah'm's chosen seed,
The law that sentenc'd you to death,
Is now thro' Jesus dead.

2 Our Surety by his cross has broke
The law's condemning pow'r,
For on himself our sins he took,
And the hand-writing tore.

3 He bore our sins, and set us free;
No charge on us can lie:
His blood's an all-sufficient plea,
Our souls to justify.

4 By legal works no more we strive
To be discharg'd from guilt:
Dead to the law, to Christ we live,
Whose blood for us was spilt.

5 Adore the Father's sov'reign love,
Who gave his only Son
Our curse and mis'ry to remove,
And make his mercy known.

395. L. M. *Griffin's Sel.*

Liberality.—Collection, Hag. ii. 8.

1 THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
And ev'ry blessing earth affords;
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.

3 When I to him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive?

4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe himself in humble clay?
Shall he become despis'd and poor,
To make me rich for ever more?

5 And shall I wickedly withhold,
To give my silver or my gold?
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

6 Expand my heart, incline me, Lord,
To give the whole I can afford;
That what thy bounty render'd mine,
I may with cheerful hands resign.

396. 8. 7. *Francis.*

A Collection for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 WITH my substance I will honour
My Redeemer, and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of ev'ry station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 May his kingdom be promoted,
May the world the Saviour know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

[4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love.]

397. L. M. *Anon.*

Life hid with Christ in God, Col. iii. 3.

1 YE saints, exult in Jesu's name,
Make Jesu's love your darling theme;
Sing on,—you 're in the heav'nly road,
Your life is hid with Christ in God.

2 'Tis hid from ev'ry carnal eye,
'Tis hid secure with God on high;
Beyond the reach of earth or hell,
'Tis hid with our Immanuel.

3 Satan may rage, the world annoy,
But neither can this life destroy;
That's safely lodg'd in Jesu's breast,
The sinner's refuge, christian's rest.

4 The seeds of grace your Lord bestows,
From him the oil of grace still flows;
'Till you are rais'd to his abode,
Your life is hid with Christ in God.

398. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Living to Christ, Phil. i. 21.

1 LET thoughtless thousands choose the road,
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him, my life, my all receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.

3 Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my ev'ry want supply,
In time, and thro' eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my life appear,
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain,
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

5 Soon will the saints in glory meet,
Soon walk thro' ev'ry golden street;
And sing on ev'ry blissful plain,
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

399. L. M. *Medley.*

Look again, Jonah ii. 4.

1 SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.

2 How oft deceiv'd by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turn'd aside:
And Jonah-like has fled from thee,
'Till thou hast look'd again on me.

3 Ah! bring a wretched wand'rer home!
And to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.

4 Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy?
Do thund'ring tempests drown thy joy?
And canst thou not one smile obtain?
Yet wait, and look, and look again.

5 Take courage then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole;
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.

6 That wish'd for period soon will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again.

400. 11s. *E*——.

Lot's Wife, Luke xvii. 32.

1 YE careless professors, who rest on your lees,
Amidst your vain pleasures, your profit and ease;
Now God says, "Arise, and escape for your life,
And look not behind you; Remember Lot's wife."

2 Awake from your slumber, the warning receive;
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message believe:
While dangers are pending, escape for your life,
And look not behind you, Remember Lot's wife.

3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stray,
And tell you no dangers are found in the way;
He means to deceive you, escape for your life,
And look not behind you, Remember Lot's wife.

4 How many poor souls has the Serpent beguil'd,
With specious temptations how many defil'd;
Then be not deluded, escape for your life,
And look not behind you, Remember Lot's wife.

5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake then the world, and escape for your life,
And look not behind you, Remember Lot's wife.

6 But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose;
For hell you must part with the blessing of life,
And then, if not now, you'll Remember Lot's wife.

401. C. M. *Swain.*

Brotherly Love, Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

1 HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And shew a brother's love.

4 Let love in one delightful stream
Thro' ev'ry bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In ev'ry action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

402. S. M. *Beddome, altered.*

Christian Love, Gal. iii. 28.

1 LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love abound:
Heirs of the same inheritance
Should be in union found.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd from our sight:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who in the Lord delight.

4 Then will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

403. C. M. *Swain.*

Love is a Flower in Grace.

1 THE finest flow'r that ever blow'd,
Open'd on Calv'ry's tree,
When Jesu's blood in rivers flow'd,
For love of worthless me!

2 Its deepest hue, its richest smell.
No mortal can declare;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colours are.

3 Earth could not hold so rich a flow'r,
Nor half its beauties shew;
Nor could the world and satan's pow'r
Confine its sweets below.

4 On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,
This flow'r of glory blooms:
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes.

5 But not to Canaan's shores confin'd;
The seeds which from it blow
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the church below.

6 And soon on yonder banks above
Shall ev'ry blossom here
Appear a full blown flow'r of love,
Like him, transplanted there.

404. C. M. *Doddridge & Needham.*

Love to our Enemies, Luke xxiii. 34.

1 ALOUD we sing the wond'rous grace,
Christ to his murd'rers bare;
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cry'd,
With his expiring breath;
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing,
And whilst we sing, admire:
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray:
With love, their hatred and their curse,
With blessings we'll repay.

[5 Pity shall touch our hearts to see
A hungry starving foe:
The needful bread our hands out-stretch'd,
Shall joyfully bestow.]

405. 7s. *Leed's Col.*

Love of Jesus.

1 LOVE divine, how sweet the sound!
May the theme on earth abound:
May the hearts of saints below,
With the sacred rapture glow!

2 Love amazing, large and free,
Love unknown, to think on me!
Let that love upon me shine,
Saviour, with its beams divine.

3 Better than earth's gilded toys,
Or an age of carnal joys;
Better far than Ophir's gold,
Love that never can be told.

4 Better than this life of mine,
Saviour, is thy love divine:
Drop the veil, and let me see
Rivers of this love in thee.

5 While in Mesech's tents I stay,
Love divine shall tune my lay;
When I soar to bliss above,
Still I'll praise a Saviour's love.

406. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Love to Christ, John xxi. 15.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see:
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
Which thou dost not approve,

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

407. C. M. *Steele.*

Love to Christ desired.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

[2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting breast supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.]

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray!
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face,
Are only known above!

408. 7s. *Cowper.*

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,
"And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
"Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
"Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care,
"Cease towards the child she bare?
"Yes, she may forgetful be,
"Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
"Higher than the heights above;
"Deeper than the depths beneath,
"Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
"When the work of grace is done;
"Partner of my throne shalt be,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

409. 7s. *Newton.*

Love to Christ, John xxi. 16.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

[3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?]

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixt with all I do;
You that love the Lord, indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

[7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd;
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?]

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

410. L. M. *Steele, altered.*

Mothers' Love to their Children.

1 YE mothers, who with growing love
Press your dear infant to your breast;
Say—can your joys and pleasures prove
That you are now entirely blest?

2 Do not a thousand tender cares
By turns, your restless thoughts employ?
Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
And grief succeeds to pleasing joy!

3 Dear tender babe, its lovely smiles
With what delight and joy you view,
But ev'ry pain the infant feels,
Do you not feel its suff'rings too!

4 What fancied busy cruel fear
Rush in, and say, "the child may die!"
And nature prompts the ready tear,
And heaves the rising deep-fetch'd sigh.

5 Ah! does not God our comforts mix
With greater far than equal pain;
To teach us if our hearts we fix
On earth, we fix them there in vain?

6 Then be our earthly joys resign'd,
Since here below we cannot rest;
For earthly joys were ne'er design'd
To make our souls completely blest.

411. 7s. *Newton.*

Two Malefactors; or, the Sovereignty of Grace,
Luke xxiii. 39—43.

1 SOV'REIGN grace has pow'r alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him dy'd;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case:
Faith receiv'd to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhor'd.

5 "Lord," he pray'd, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be:"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."

6 This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need?
Sinners, trust in Jesu's name,
You shall find him still the same.

Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

415. C. M. *Newton & Gibbons.*

Social Meetings, Mal. iii. 16—18.

1 WHEN sinners utter boasting words,
And glory in their shame;
The Lord well-pleas'd, an ear affords,
To those who fear his name.

2 They often meet to seek his face,
And tell what he hath done;
They sing of free and sov'reign grace,
Thro' his beloved Son.

3 "They shall be mine," Jehovah cries,
"When I each radient gem
"Collect,—and with their mingled blaze
"Compose my diadem.

4 "With transport then my tender care,
"And favour they shall prove:
"I'll spare them as a father spares
"The children of his love.

5 "Assembled worlds will then discern
"That saints alone are blest:
"When wrath shall like an oven burn,
"And veng'ance strike the rest."

416. 8. 8. 6. *Kent.*

Private Meetings, Matt. xviii. 20.

1 "WHERE two or three together meet,
"My love and mercy to repeat,
"And tell what I have done,
"There will I be," saith God, "to bless,
"And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
"Who worships at my throne."

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free:
Impart a kind celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

417. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Opening a new Meeting-house, Psalm lxxxvii. 5.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.

3 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise!
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crouds were born to glory here.

418. 148th *Francis.*

Opening a new Meeting-house.

1 IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;

O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Thro' everlasting days;
He, with a nod, the world controuls,
Sustains, or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne;
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine;
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favour, crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own;
Beneath this roof, O deign to shew,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Thy people's humble cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

5 Here may th' attentive throng,
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crouds surroud thy board,
With sacred joy, and sweet accord.

6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise;
And shine like polish'd stones
Thro' long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,
While temples stand, and men adore.

419. C. M. *Knight.*

Reviewing the Mercies of God, 2 Sam. vii. 18.

1 FAIN would my soul with wonder trace
Thy mercies, O my God;
And tell the riches of thy grace,
The merits of thy blood.

2 With Israel's King my heart would cry,
While I review thy ways,
Tell me, my Saviour, who am I,
That I should see thy face?

3 Form'd by thine hand; and form'd for thee,
I would be ever thine:
My Saviour, make my spirit free,
With beams of mercy shine.

4 Fain would my soul with rapture dwell
On thy redeeming grace;
O for a thousand tongues to tell
My dear Redeemer's praise.

420. C. M. *Brown, altered.*

Imploring Mercy, Luke xviii. 13.

1 LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favour I implore.

2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich forgiving love,
O take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 Without thy grace, I sink opprest
Down to the gates of hell;
O give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.

4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,
O may thy bowels move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 Should I last in heav'n appear,
To join thy saints above;
I'll shout that mercy brought me there,
And sing thy bleeding love.

421. L. M. *Anon.*

Millennium, Isaiah xi. 5—9. Rev. xx. 4—10.

1 LOOK up, my soul, with sweet surprise,
Toward the joyful coming day,
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright, a dazzling day.

2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
The saints shall know no clouds return,
Nor sorrows mixing with their joy.

3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together in his peaceful reign;
And Zion, blest with heav'nly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.

4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their sev'ral rites no more;
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Sov'reign, to adore.

5 Thus, 'till a thousand years are past:
And satan must be loos'd again;
Short is the time his reign shall last,
Ere he's confin'd in endless pain.

6 But the blest saints shall mount on high,
Where their deliv'ring Prince is gone;
Angels at God's command shall fly,
To bless them with the conqu'ror's crown.

422. L. M. *Gibbons.*

The Minister's Wish for his People, Phil. iv. 1.

1 MY brethren, from my heart belov'd,
Whose welfare fills my daily care;
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear:

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness,
Adorn the gospel with your lives,
And practise what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When he, descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.—

5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;
O may he at the Lord's right hand,
Himself, and all his people view!

423. C. M. *Newton.*

Minister's Farewel Charge, Acts xx. 26, 27.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day:
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

2 In heav'n they meet again with joy,
Secure no more to part;
Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.

[4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again,
The ministers they scorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here;
The preachers, who have told you all,
Shall stand approv'd and clear.

6 Yet, Lord to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view;
O hear their pray'r, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.]

424. S. M. *Clark.*

Minister going a Journey.

[1 SINCE we are call'd to part
From our beloved friend,
We take our leave as one in heart,
And him to God commend.]

2 Go with thy servant, Lord,
His ev'ry step attend;
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end.

3 Preserve him from all wrong,
Stand thou at his right hand;
To keep him from the sland'rous tongue,
And persecuting band.

4 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou to the list'ning crowd
His faithful labours bless.

5 Shine on his work below,
With ever gracious beams;
'Till thou in heav'n his crown bestow
Adorn'd with brighter gems.

6 We for his journey pray,
Nor may our prayers cease;
That God would bless him in his way,
And bring him back in peace.

7 Farewel, dear pastor, go,
We part with thee in love;
And if we meet no more below,
O may we meet above.

425. L. M. *Rooker's Col.*

Spread of the Gospel.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his controul.

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 'Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law:
And antichrist, on ev'ry shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.'

[4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shores, thro' India's ground:
And islands of the southern sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.]

5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet:
And earth shall yield thee as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

6 O that from Britain now might shine
This heav'nly light, this truth divine:
'Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, to thee.

426. L. M. *Yoke.*

Missionaries, Dan. ii. 45.

1 EXERT thy pow'r, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day,
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.

3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Tho' unobserv'd to empires grows.

4 Soon shall the blended image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,
And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one sweet symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And infidelity, asham'd,
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.

6 Soon Afric's long enslaved sons
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,
To celebrate in diff'rent tongues
The glories of redeeming grace.

7 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,
Shall meet a brother, and a friend.

427. L. M. *Voke.*

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 THY people, Lord, who trust thy word
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to Gentile lands;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched pris'ners' bands?

4 Hast thou not said from sea to sea
His vast dominions shall extend?
That ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
And ev'ry knee before him bend?

5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Sion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd children home.

428. L. M. *Voke.*

Prospect of Success, John iv. 35, 36.

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
The barren wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present an harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part,
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.]

5 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where satan long has held his throne.

6 From eastern to the western skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace are form'd anew.

429. L. M. *Voke.*

Fall of Babylon predicted, Rev. xiv. 6—8.

1 PROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;
Nor can the tott'ring palace fall,
'Till some blest messenger arise,
The ransom'd heathen world to call.

2 Now see the glorious time approach!
Behold the mighty angel fly,
The gospel tidings to convey
To ev'ry land beneath the sky!

[3 See the kind native of Pelew
With rapture greet the sacred sound;
And, for a Saviour's precious name,
Throw his mean idols to the ground.]

4 O see, on Otaheite's isle,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The unlearn'd savage press to hear;
And hearing, wonder and adore.

[5 See, while the joyful truth is told,
That Jesus left his throne in heav'n,
And suffer'd, dy'd, and rose again,
That all his sins might be forgiv'n.

6 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fixt, attentive eye;
And hear him ask,—" For wretched me,
" Did this divine Redeemer die?"

7 " Ah! why have ye so long forborne
" To tell such welcome news as this?
" Go now, let ev'ry sinner hear,
" And share in such exalted bliss!"]

8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
Thy curst foundation shall give way;
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the cross display!

430. L. M. *Voke.*

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

1 GO, favour'd Britons, and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found;
And speak his ever precious name,
To all the wond'ring nations round,

2 Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring a pardon bought with blood,
The blood of an incarnate God.

3 Go, tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come with a refreshing stream,
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.

4 Go, tell the distant isles afar,
Of Otaheite and Pelew,
That in the covenant of grace,
Their unknown names are written too.

5 Go tell on India's golden shores,
Of a rich treasure, more refin'd;
And tell them, tho' they'll scarce believe,
You come, the friend of human kind.

6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love;
And by its own divine effects,
Its heav'nly origin will prove.

431. L. M. *Missionary Col.*

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

1 INDULGENT God, to thee we pray,
Be with us on this solemn day;
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let party prejudice be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are, combine
To aid this glorious work of thine.

[3 Point us to men of upright mind,
Devoted, diligent, and kind;
With grace be all their hearts endow'd,
And light to guide them in the road.

4 With cheerful steps may they proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead;
Let heav'n and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.]

5 Great let the bands of those be found
Who shall attend the gospel sound;
And let Barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs resort to thee.

6 Where Pagan altars now are built,
And brutal blood, or human spilt,
There be the bleeding cross high rear'd,
And God, our God, alone rever'd.

7 Where captives groan beneath their chain,
Let grace, and love, and concord reign;
The aged and the infant tongue,
Unite in one harmonious song.

432. L. M. *Dobell.*

Prayer on the Scarcity of Gospel Missionaries, Luke x. 2.

1 LORD, when we cast our eyes abroad,
And see on heathen altars slain,
Poor helpless babes for sacrifice,
To purge their parent's dismal stain;

2 We can't behold such horrid deeds
Without a groan of ardent pray'r;
And while each heart in anguish bleeds,
We cry, Lord, send thy gospel there.

3 For them we pray, for them we wait,
To them thy great salvation shew;
Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great,
But faithful labourers are few.

4 O send out preachers, gracious Lord,
Among that dark bewilder'd race;
Open their eyes, and bless thy word,
And call them by thy sov'reign grace.

5 Then shall they shout thy honour'd name,
And sound thy matchless praise abroad;
And we will join them in the theme,
Salvation to our risen Lord.

433. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Zion's Increase promised and pleaded, Ps. ii. 8.

1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the nations of the earth,
Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands,
"For thine inheritance;
"And to the world's remotest shores,
"Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

[4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception giv'n?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord!

6 Asia and Africa resound
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim!

434. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Missionaries, Psalm ii. 8.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth,
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
'Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heav'nly word;
And vassals long-enslav'd become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Convert the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

435. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Missionaries, Psalm lxxii. 7, 8.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens, and fruits array'd,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regen'rate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heav'nly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crown'd shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murd'rous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait, those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold!

6 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heav'n's
Unnumber'd choirs reply!

436. S. M. *Voke.*

Address to Missionaries.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promis'd aid
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you in his name,
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth,
Will your endeavours bless.

[6 'When you from us depart,
To cross the boist'rous main;
We then will bear you on our hearts,
And hope to meet again.']

437. 8.7.4. *Kirkham's Col.*

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel, Isa. xlix. 22. Isaiah lx. 4, 5.

1 O'E'R those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

[4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel,
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.]

5 Mighty Saviour, spread thy gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

438. L. M. *Unwin.*

Morning Song.

[1 BEHOLD the sun adorns the sky,
And darts his cheering rays on high!
From east to west, in glorious march,
He gilds the wide expansive arch.

2 The warbling larks in triumph mount,
And all the scenes of morn recount;
While sounding groves and vallies ring
With praise to heav'n's eternal King.]

3 Begin, my soul, thy morning song;
Let thankfulness inspire thy tongue:
The kindness of thy God proclaim,
And tell the wonders of his name.

4 Sing how his hand thy life defends,
And for thy guard his angel sends:
In grateful praise his name adore,
When fleeting days shall be no more.

5 Yes, O my God! thy glorious name,
My soul shall thro' the day proclaim;
I'll bear thy kindness on my heart,
While ev'ry pow'r performs its part.

439. C. M. *Steele, altered.*

Morning Song.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same almighty care
Thro' all this day attend:
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

440. S. M. *Scott.*

Morning Song.

1 SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly parent sing;
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame:
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
So worthless as I am?

5 O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
By thee perfum'd, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy presence I would spend
Along eternity.

441. 8. 8. 6. *Knight.*

Morning Song.

1 ONCE more my eyes behold the day,
And to my God my soul would pay
Its tributary lays:
O may the life preserv'd by thee,
With all its pow'rs and blessings be
Devoted to thy praise.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Israel's great keeper, King of kings,
My weary head found rest:
No dire alarms or racking pains,
Devouring flames or galling chains,
Disturb'd my peaceful breast.

3 How many since I laid me down
Have launch'd into a world unknown,
To meet a dreadful doom:
While some on wat'ry billows tost,
Or wand'ring on an unknown coast,
Have sigh'd in vain for home.

4 But I am spar'd to see thy face,
A monument of saving grace,
And live to praise thy name;

Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,
To keep and guide, and by thy word,
Peace to my soul proclaim.

5 Let me enjoy thy presence here,
In ev'ry storm my heart to cheer,
'Till thou shalt bid me rise,
Where sin and sorrow never come,
'Till at my blest eternal home,
I wake in sweet surprise.

442. L. M. *Dobell.*

Blessed are they that mourn, Matt. v. 4.

1 WHY, mourning soul, why flow these tears?
Why thus indulge thy doubts and fears?
Look to thy Saviour on the tree
Who bore the load of guilt for thee.

2 Then cease thy sorrows, banish grief,
Tho' thou of sinners art the chief;
The wounds that make poor sinners grieve
Are heal'd when they in Christ believe.

3 Whom Jesus wounds, he wounds to heal,—
O tis a mercy thus to feel;
There's none can mourn while dead in sin;
Thine are the marks of life within.

4 Be of good cheer, on him rely;
He'll pass thy great transgressions by;
And guide thee safely by his hand,
'Till thou shalt reach fair Canaan's land.

5 There shalt thou sing his dying love
With all the ransom'd throng above;
And in exalted joyful lays,
The Father, Son, and Spirit praise.

443. S. M. *Fellows.*

Naaman healed, 2 Kings v. 1—14.

1 WHEN Syria's leprous chief
From fair Damascus came;

Fir'd with the hopes of sure relief,
By great Elisha's fame.

2 The holy prophet stood
Attentive to his strain;
And bid him wash in Jordan's flood,
And instantly be clean.

[3 The means of cure appear'd
So humbling to his pride;
With high disdain the warrior heard,
And sternly thus reply'd.

4 "To wash in Jordan's streams,
"I can't approve as meet
"When Pharpar's streams are known to lave
"My own Damascus feet.

5 "What business have I here,
"Far from my native place?
"Could not I wash in water there,
"And there receive the grace?"]

6 Thus men neglect the use
Of means which God makes known;
And in their room would introduce
Inventions of their own.

7 O give me wisdom, Lord,
Thy holy ways to prize:
And follow thy commanding word,
However men despise.

444. 7s. *Brackenbury's Col.*

Naomi's Address to her two Daughters in Law; or, a View of sovereign Grace, Ruth i. 11—17.

1 TURN again, my daughters, turn,
Wherefore would you go with me?
O forbear, forbear to mourn,
Jesus wills it so to be:
"Why," when God would have us part,
"Weep ye thus, and break my heart?"

2 See—thy sister is gone back
To her gods and people dear;
Weeping soul! a wretch forsake,
Why shouldst thou my sorrows bear?
Turn, and let thy troubles cease,
Go, return, my child, in peace.

3 O intreat me not to leave
Thee, my faithful guide and friend:
Let me always to thee cleave,
Let me hold thee to the end;
Thy own child in Christ I am,
Follow thee, as thou the Lamb.

[4 Never will I cease to mourn,
'Till my Lord thy tears shall dry;
Never back from thee return,
Never from my mother fly;
Do not ask me to depart,
Do not break my bleeding heart.]

5 Where thou goest, I will go,
Thine shall be my soul's abode;
Thine shall be my weal or wo,
Thine my people and my God;
Where thou diest, there will I
Lay my weary head and die.

6 There will I my burial have,
(If it be the Saviour's will:)
Sleeping in a common grave,
'Till the quick'ning trump I feel:
Call'd with thee to leave the tomb,
Summon'd to our happy home.

[7 God do so to me and more,
If from thee my guide I part;
'Till the mortal pang is o'er,
Will I hold thee in my heart:
And when I from earth remove,
Meet thee in the realms above.]

445. L. M. *Beddome.*

Prayer for Peace, Lev. xxvi. 6.

1 ON Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now o'erwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;
The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same.

2 Let peace return with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secur'd,
And commerce lift its fainting head:

3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The cruel sword, the glitt'ring spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissenting voice be there.

4 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land,
Millions of tongues shall then adore;
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

446. L. M. *Steele.*

Prayer for Peace.

1 WHILE justice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful pow'r
With fear and trembling we adore.

2 Where shall we fly but to thy feet!
Our only refuge is thy seat;
Thy seat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

3 While peace and plenty blest our days,
Where was the tribute of our praise?
Ungrateful race! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent!

[4 Pale famine now and wasting war,
With threat'ning frown, thy wrath declare;
But war and famine are thy slaves,
Nor can destroy when mercy saves.]

5 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
Tho' loud our crimes for vengeance cry;
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long-suffering patience fail.

6 Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
May we not plead thy promise, Lord;
That when an humble nation mourns,
Thy rising wrath to pity turns?

7 O let thy sov'reign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart;
And bid sincere repentance flow,
In general undissembled woe.

[8 Fair smiling peace again restore;
With plenty bless the pining poor:
And may a happy, thankful land,
Obedient own thy guardian hand.]

447. L. M. *Davies.*

Prayer for Peace, Amos iii. 1—6.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
O whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On thee, our guardian God, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church, which thou hast planted here.

5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down;
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

448. L. M. *Steele.*

Prayer for Victory in War, Ps. cviii. 10—12.

1 LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect pray'r,
Before a just, a holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face!
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 O may our souls thy grace adore,
May Jesus plead our humble claim;
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name!

[4 With all the boasted pomp of war,
In vain we dare the hostile field;
In vain, unless the Lord be there;
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.

5 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite!
Again attend our humble pray'r,
Again be mercy thy delight!

6 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
'Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.]

7 O when shall time the period bring,
When raging war shall waste no more;
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
Round the wide earth from shore to shore.

[8 When shall the gospel's healing ray,
(Kind source of amity divine!)
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?]

449. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Praise for Victory in War, 2 Kings iii. 21—24. 2 Kings vii. 6, 7.

1 TO thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below;
Thou God of wisdom, pow'r, and love,
We our successes owe.

2 The thund'ring horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain;
And vict'ry flies at thy command,
To crown the bright campaign.

3 Thy mighty arm unseen was nigh,
When we our foes assail'd;
'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty tow'rs,
Into our hands are giv'n;
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But thro' the grace of heav'n.

5 What tho' no columns lifted high
Stand deep inscrib'd with praise;
Yet sounding honours to the sky
Our grateful tongues shall raise.

[6 We to our children will proclaim,
The mercies God has shown;
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.

7 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threat'ning dangers come,
Their father's God shall be their trust,
Their refuge and their home.]

450. C. M. *Steele.*

National Fast, Joel i. 14.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display:
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear."

4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Throughout this sinful isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile?

5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name!

6 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

7 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never failing aid,
When God, our God, is near.

451. C. M. *Scott.*

National Fast, Gen. xviii. 23—32.

1 WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood;
And, with a humble fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom sued:

2 With what success, what wond'rous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in that place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation pray,
And plead with thee in vain?

[4 Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast;
And now their fervent pray'rs ascend,
And can those pray'rs be lost?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?

6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blest our land,
Forsake us not, O God!

[7 O may the people, priest, and king,
Thy choicest favours share;
And know thee by that glorious name,
The God that heareth pray'r !]

452. 112th. *Steele.*

Praise for national Peace, Ps. xlvi. 9.

1 GREAT God, inspire each heart and tongue,
Thy wond'rous goodness to proclaim;
And bid the animating song
Glow with devotion's lively flame:
To God, ye favour'd Britons, raise
Your grateful notes of thankful praise.

2 Beneath the hostile dreadful sword,
Has many a worthy patriot bled:
And many a mourning heart deplor'd
A friend, a son, a brother dead:
The sword is sheath'd, ye Britons, raise
To God, your grateful notes of praise.

3 The horrors of the bloody field
Which sadden'd vict'ry's fairest plume,
To scenes of pleasure now shall yield,
And peace her gentle reign resume:
To God, O favour'd Britain, raise
Thy grateful notes of thankful praise.

4 Kind peace! from thy propitious smiles,
What num'rous, various blessings flow!
Great God! to thee these happy isles
Unnumber'd obligations owe:
To God, ye favour'd Britons, raise,
Your grateful notes of thankful praise.

5 Crown, gracious God, thy gifts of peace,
With gifts more noble, more divine!
O let thy all-prevailing grace,
Make Britain more entirely thine:

The sword is sheath'd, ye Britons, raise
To God, your grateful notes of praise.

453. L. M. *Doddridge.*

A Song for the 5th of November; or, national Deliverances, 2 Cor. i. 10.

1. From the Spanish Armada, 1588.
2. From the Gun-Powder Plot, Nov. 5, 1605.
3. From Popery and Slavery, by King WILLIAM, of glorious Memory, who landed at Torbay, Nov. 5, 1688.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, whose mighty hand,
So oft reveal'd, hath sav'd our land;
And, when united nations rose,
Hath sham'd and scourg'd our haughtiest foes.

2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath dispers'd them all with ease,
And sunk their terrors in the seas.

3 While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning snare;
He shot from heav'n a piercing ray,
And the dark treachery brought to day.

4 Princes and priests again combine
New chains to forge, new snares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains, and cuts their snares.

5 Obedient winds, at his command,
Convey his hero to our land;
The sons of Rome with terror view,
And speed their flight when none pursue.

6 Such great deliv'rance God hath wrought,
And down to us salvation brought;
And still the care of guardian heav'n,
Secures the bliss itself hath giv'n.

454. L. M. *Davies.*

One Thing needful, Luke x. 42.

1 O WERE my heart but form'd for woe,
What streams of pitying tears should flow,
To see the thoughtless sons of men
Labour, and toil, and live in vain!

2 One thing is needful, one alone;
If this be ours, all is our own:
'Tis needful now, 'twill needful be
In death, and thro' eternity.

3 Without it we are all undone,
Tho' we could call the world our own;
Not all the joys of time and sense
Can countervail the loss immense.

4 Great God! that pow'ful grace of thine,
Which rous'd a soul so dead as mine,
Can rouse these thoughtless sinners too
The one thing needful to pursue.

455. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear:
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn:
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls and dear to thee!

456. L. M. *Doddridge.*

At the Settlement of a Minister Jerm. iii. 15.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep:
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Resembling thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread!

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

457. C. M. *Williams.*

Praise to God for a Gospel Minister after the the Decease of another.

1 TO thy great name, O Prince of peace,
Our grateful songs we raise:
Accept, thou Sun of righteousness,
The tribute of our praise.

2 In widow'd state these walls no more
Their mourning weeds shall wear;
Thy messenger shall joy restore,
And ev'ry loss repair.

3 Thy providence our souls admire,
With joy its windings trace;
And shout in one united choir
The triumphs of thy grace.

4 Our happy union, Lord, maintain,
Here let thy presence dwell;
And thousands, loos'd from satan's chain,
Raise from the brink of hell.

[5 Distressed churches pity, Lord,
Their dismal breaches close,
Their sons unite in sweet accord,
And troubled minds compose.

6 In all be purity maintain'd,
Peace like a river flow;
And pious zeal, and love unfeign'd,
In ev'ry bosom glow.]

458. L. M. *Radford's Col.*

People's Prayer for their Minister.

1 WITH heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace:
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send,
O love him, save him to the end:
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty pow'r exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

459. C. M. *Doddridge.*

After the Charge, Heb. xiii. 17.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands,

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

460. 7s. *Hammond.*

After the Charge, Prov. xi. 30.

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of the Saviour's blood:
Say, how Jesu's bowels move;
Tell him of redeeming love.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head, with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd.

3 Tell him how he suffer'd death,
Freely yielded up his breath,
Dy'd, and rose to intercede,
As our advocate and head.

4 Tell him it was sov'reign grace
Wrought on you to seek his face;
Made you choose the better part,
Brought salvation to your heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty,
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiv'n,
Earnest of the joys of heav'n.

461. L. M. *B——.*

Out Door Worship, Mark xvi. 15.

1 'TWAS Jesu's last and great command—
"Go, preach my word in ev'ry land;
"To all be my salvation shewn,
"To ev'ry creature make it known.

2 "While thus employ'd, expect my grace
"Attending you from place to place;
"Where'er you meet, expect me there,
"In church, or house, or open air."

3 Commission'd thus, we come abroad,
To preach the gospel of our God:
The love of God in Christ to tell!
The love that saves from sin and hell.

4 Jesus, our Lord! thy word fulfil,
Thy Spirit's pow'r be with us still:
May all our souls thy blessing share,
Accept our praise, and hear our pray'r.

462. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Forgiveness, Luke vii. 47.

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound,
To rebel sinners doom'd to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;—
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine:
'Tis full, out-measuring ev'ry crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins, unbounded as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sov'reign grace expand:
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heav'n,
What grateful honours shall we show
Where much trangression is forgiv'n,
Love will in equal ardours glow.

[5 'Cheer'd by the hopes of pard'ning grace,
I come thy mercy, Lord, to prove:
Like weeping Mary, let me taste
A pledge of thy forgiving love."]

463. L. M. *Cennick.*

Seeking Pardon, Psalm xxvii. 8.

1 LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Oppress with fears to thee I call:
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face;"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face, and live.

3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come,
If back I turn, hell is my doom;
And begging in his way, I'll lie,
'Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

4 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent pray'rs;
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

[6 Then venture, O my soul, in pray'r,
For none can perish pleading here:
The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,
Shall wash my load of guilt away.]

464. C. M. *Jones.*

Successful Resolve, Esther iv. 16.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess;
"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
"Without his sov'reign grace.

4 "But should the Lord reject my plea,
"And disregard my pray'r;
"Yet still, like Esther, I will stay,
"And perish only there.

[5 "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolv'd to try;
"For if I stay away, I know
"I must for ever die."]

6 "But should I die with mercy sought,
"When I the king have tried:
"I there should die, (delightful thought!)
"Where never a sinner dy'd.

465. C. M. *Green.*

Parents' Prayer for their Children. O that Ishmael might live before thee, Gen. xvii. 18.

1 THUS did the pious Abrah'm pray
For his beloved son:
Let parents in the present day
His language make their own.

2 Tho' they with God in cov'nant be,
And have their heav'n in view:
They are unhappy 'till they see
Their children happy too.

3 Their hearts with inward anguish bleed,
When all attempts prove vain:
And they pursue those paths, that lead
To everlasting pain.

4 They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,
While tears in torrents flow:
And 'tis beyond the pow'r of speech,
To tell the griefs they know.

5 'Till they can see victorious grace
Their children's souls possess:
The sparkling wit, the smiling face
But adds to their distress.

6 See the fond father clasp his child;
Hark! how his bowels move:
"Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd
"From God my Father's love?

7 "Shall cruel spirits drag thee down
"To darkness and despair;
"Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,
"To dwell for ever there?

8 "Kind heav'n, the dreadful scene forbid!
"Look down, dear Lord, and bless;
"I'll wrestle hard, as Jacob did,
"May I obtain success!"

466. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Patience, Luke xxi. 19.

1 PATIENCE! O 'tis a grace divine,
Sent from the God of pow'r and love;
That leans upon its father's hand,
As thro' the wilderness we move.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Tho' we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
We smile amidst our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O for this grace to aid our souls!
And arm with fortitude the breast;
'Till life's tumult'ous voyage is o'er,
We reach the shores of endless rest!

5 Faith into vision shall resign,
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

467. 7s. *Hammond.*

Penitent seeking Christ, Cant. ii. 5.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear:
Sore distrest with guilt am I,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

[2 Wealth and honour I disdain;
Earthly comforts all are vain;
These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.]

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt;
Mourning at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.]

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
I to thee for mercy fly,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust;
With my earnest suit comply,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 O, my God, what shall I say?
Take, O take my sins away:
Jesu's blood to me apply,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

7 Does the Father seem to frown?
I take shelter in the Son:
Jesus, to thine arms I fly,
Save me, Lord, or else I die.

468. 8. 7. *Aldridge's Col.*

Penitent suing for Pardon, Job xiii. 15.

1 SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?
Canst thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deserving creature,
Be the purchase of thy death?

2 Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my sin?

3 Sin on ev'ry side surrounds me;
No acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Help me, Lord, my grief to bear.

4 Here then is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall;
Here I'll meet my condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

[5 Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canst, to wretched me;
Lay aside thy love and pity,
If thou canst, and let me die!]

6 If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

469. L. M. *Dobell.*

Persecution profitable to Saints, Matt. x. 21.

1 FEAR not, ye little chosen flock,
You 're safe in Christ, th' eternal rock:
You are the purchase of his blood,
Lov'd and redeem'd and call'd of God.

2 Tho' earth and hell against you rage,
He for your souls will still engage;
To prove the work is all divine,
He'll make your graces brighter shine.

3 When devils roar it oft does prove
A time of sov'reign special love;
And sinners at thy footstool fall,
To crown the Saviour Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen flock, go on to pray,
Grace shall be equal to your day;
He will his glorious truths defend,
And prove your everlasting friend.

470. L. M. *Peacock.*

Stephen's Death, Acts vi. 15, ch. vii. 56—59.

1 WHAT tender pity, love and care,
For suff'ring saints doth Jesus bear;

While they his glorious name confess,
'Midst persecution and distress.

2 Tho' by th' oppressor's rod they smart,
See the Redeemer still impart
His consolations all divine,
With cheerful beams their faces shine.

3 Thus Stephen, the first martyr, dies,
To truth a joyful sacrifice;
To vindicate the cause of God,
He seals the gospel with his blood.

4 Lo! on his countenance appears
Such radiance as an angel wears;
Reflected rays of glory bright,
Meet the spectators wond'rous sight.

5 Not death, with all its dread array,
His heav'n-born soul could e'er dismay;
Jesus, the saint expiring, cheers,
And to his raptur'd sight appears.

6 "Behold," he cries, "heav'n's gates expand;
"Exalted see, at God's right hand,
"The Son of man, with glory crown'd,
"And the bright seraphim around."

7 Thus would the view of Jesu's face,
Each fear disarm, each terror chase;
Thus blest with joy, we yield our breath,
Triumphing o'er the monster, death.

471. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Final Perseverance, 1. Peter. i. 5.

1 THE intercessions of our Lord
His people's safety prove,
And to the end he loves the souls
Whom first he deign'd to love!

2 "Father," he cries, in his last hours,
"My brethren I commend

" To thy protection, from the snares
" Of death and hell defend.

[3 " O sanctify them by thy word,
" Unite them all to thee;
" 'Till gather'd home by death, at length
" They thy salvation see.]

4 " Father, 'tis my desire that all
" Whom thou to me hast giv'n,
" Behold my glory, and enjoy
" With me an endless heav'n."

5 Thus Jesus pray'd, nor shall his pray'rs
Be blown away, and lost:
Christians, rejoice, your landing's sure
On the celestial coast.

472. L. M. *Steele.*

Poor in Spirit, Matt. v. 3.

1 YE humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest!

2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.

3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores,
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

[4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And ev'ry wish hath full supplies.

5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away.

The state which pow'r and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.

6 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious friend that dy'd for you:
That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise,
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.]

7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my pray'r!
Reveal, confirm my int'rest there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know!

8 O let me hear that voice divine,
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine;
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

473. L. M. *Elliot.*

Power of God, Jer. xxxii. 27. Rom. viii. 32.

1 IS any thing too hard for God?
What wont he for his children do?
Dear in his sight is Jesu's blood,
And dear the purchase of it too.

2 Believe, and ask what e'er thou wilt,
Believing ask, thou shalt obtain;
For, lo! Immanuel's blood was spilt,
Because thou shouldst not ask in vain.

474. L. M. *Dobell.*

Praise.

1 WHILE here on earth I'm call'd to stay,
I'll praise my God from day to day;
Jesus hath wash'd away my sin,
And made my soul complete in him.

2 When I am brought before his throne,
I'll sing the wonders he hath done;
And join with all the ransom'd race,
To praise the riches of his grace.

3 Thro' all eternity I'll view
My Jesus, and admire him too;
Praise shall attune my warbling tongue,
And grace, free grace be all my song.

475. L. M. *Godwin, altered.*

Lord's Prayer, Matt. vi. 9—13.

1 OUR Father, thron'd in heav'n, divine,
To thy great name be praises paid;
Thy kindom come,—let splendour shine,
And thy bright will be still obey'd.

2 Give us our bread from day to day,
And all our wants do thou supply;
With gospel truth feed us, we pray,
That we may never faint or die.

3 Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,
Our each offence in love forgive,
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
And freed from evil let us live.

4 For thine's the kindom, and the pow'r,
And all the glory waits thy name;
Let ev'ry saint thy grace adore,
And sound in songs their loud Amen.

476. L. M. *Hart.*

Pray without ceasing, 1 Thes. v. 17.

1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The christian's heart his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

[3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high;
Arise, and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee!—pray.]

5 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesu's name,

6 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

477. L. M. *Cowper.*

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat?
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright;
And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

[4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd
That moment Amalek prevail'd.]

5 Have you no words? ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent;
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

478. L. M. *Dobell.*

Benefit of public, private, and Family Devotion.
Cant. iii. 1—3.

1 IN the dark night when much distrest,
I sought my God, my Lord, my rest:
Amidst the searches of my thought,
I sought my Lord but found him not.

2 Thence in the street I sought my Lord,
Where oft I've feasted on his word:
But ah! how low my soul was brought,
I sought the Lord, but found him not.

3 'I ask'd the watchmen of the night,
Where did you see my soul's delight?'
With anxious care my Lord I sought,
But ah! alas, I found him not.

4 In my distress the Lord drew nigh,
And to my soul did thus reply;
"Thou never wast by me forgot,
"Tho' thou didst seek, but found me not.

5 "When in the closet, I was there,
"I was with thee in fam'ly pray'r:
"And in my house I saw thy tears,
"Whilst struggling with thy doubts and fears.

6 "I hid my face to prove thy zeal,
"When thou didst plead, but not prevail:
"In all the paths of holiness,
"My bowels mov'd to see thy face.

7 "All was to prove thy faith sincere,
"That I to thee did not appear;
"Thy name is graven on my heart,
"From thee I never will depart.

8 "I drew thy soul with cords of love,
"I drew thy heart to things above;
"I still will draw thee on to heav'n,
"Thy debts are paid, thy sins forgiv'n."

9 If Jesus Christ is precious here,
In heav'n more precious he'll appear:
And still more precious he'll be found,
As endless years are rolling round.

479. C. M. *Beddome, altered.*

Prayer for past Enjoyments, Psalm cxix. 32.

1 AGAIN, indulgent Lord, return
With thy sweet quick'ning grace;
To animate my sluggish soul,
And speed me in my race.

2 O may I feel, as once I felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart;
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd my ev'ry smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise,
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial pow'r,
In exercise remain.

4 Awake, my love, my faith, my hope,
My fortitude and joy;
Vain world, be gone, let things above
My happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst thee, my Saviour, and my God,
I would for ever own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne,

6 Instruct my mind, my will subdue,
To heav'n my passions raise;
And let my life for ever be
Devoted to thy praise.

480. C. M. *Haweis.*

Remember me, Neh. xiii. 31.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Whene'er on my poor burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
To shake my faith in thee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.

4 When in desertion's dismal night,
Thy face I cannot see;
Then, Lord, arise, with glorious light,
And still remember me.

5 If on my face for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

6 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own thy just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me."

[7 'When heav'n's celestial gates give way,
My soul shall fly to thee;
To tell in realms of endless day
Thou hast remember'd me.']

481. C. M. *Medley.*

My God will hear me, Mic. vii. 7.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my heav'nly King,
Now will my soul draw near;
Thankful of this sweet truth to sing,
That thou, my God, wilt hear.

2 Tho' I am poor and needy too,
And scarce know what to say;
And tho' my words are faint and few,
My God will hear me pray.

3 Thro' Christ, I come, and mercy claim,
Who lives to intercede;
For in his dear, adored name,
My God will hear me plead.

4 Tho' oft with sins, and doubts, and fears,
My soul is much cast down;
And tho' o'erwhelm'd with sighs and tears,
My God will hear me groan.

5 Then whilst my life and breath remain,
I'll humbly persevere;
And when to glory I attain,
My God will hear me there.

482. C. M. *Newton.*

Prayer.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

483. S. M. *Newton.*

Importunate Prayer prevalent with God.
Luke. xviii. 1—7.

1 THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of ev'ry saint,

Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait 'till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Tho' unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen, when they cry?
Yes, tho' he may awhile forbear.
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r:
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

484. 148th. *Newton.*

Hannah's Prayer, 1 Sam. i. 18.

1 WHEN Hannah, prest with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r,
She quickly found relief,
And left her burthen there:
Like her, in ev'ry trying case,
May we approach a throne of grace.

2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad:

In trouble, what a resting place
Have they, who know the throne of grace!

3 Tho' men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r.
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

4 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true;
Nor has one been deny'd,
Then why should I or you?
Let us, by faith, their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace!

485. 8. 7. *Newton.*

Ruler's Daughter, Mark v. 39—42.

1 COULD the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of pray'r;
Few, if any, come to Jesus,
'Till reduc'd to self-despair.

2 Long we either slight or doubt him,
But when all the means we try
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at last to him we cry.

3 Thus the Ruler, when his daughter
Suffer'd much, tho' Christ was nigh;
Still deferr'd it, 'till he thought her
At the very point to die.

4 Fear not then, distrest believer,
Venture on his mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And his love is still the same.

5 Can his pity or his power,
Suffer thee to pray in vain?
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

486. S. M. *Elliot & Harrison.*

Prepare to meet thy God, Amos iv. 12. Matt. xxiv. 44

1 PREPARE me, O my God,
To stand before thy face:
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

[2 I can't prepare my heart,
Eternal life to gain;
'Tis thou must all the strength impart,
Or all I do is vain.

3 I cant't one sin atone,
I swell with pride no more;
All the best duties I have done,
I've reason to deplore.]

4 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So ~~How~~ shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.

5 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

6 Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove;
'Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

487. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Prodigal, Luke xv. 11—32.

1 SEE how the disobedient son
His father and his house forsakes,
And, bent on luxury and lust,
To foreign lands his journey takes.

2 His substance spent, his health decay'd,
Without a friend to help his woe:
In hope, in fear, he now resolves
Back to his father's house to go!

3 Far off the father spies his son,
His bowels with compassion move;
He runs and clasps him round his neck,
And welcomes with a kiss of love.

4 "Father, I own," the suppliant said,
"My sins against both heav'n and thee;
"Unworthy to be call'd thy son,
"Now like a servant deal with me."

5 "Bring the best robe, and clothe my son,"
The father graciously commands;
"Provide with shoes his tott'ring feet,
"With rings of beauty deck his hands:

6 "A feast, a sumptuous feast prepare,
"Pleasure thro' all my house shall reign;
"My son was lost, but now is found,
"My son was dead, now lives again."

488. C. M. *Kent.*

Prodigal's Return, Luke xv. 20—30.

1 WHEN to his father's fond embrace
The Prodigal return'd,
The tears bedew'd his aged face;
With love his bosom burn'd.

2 He kiss'd him with a fathers love,
Tho' he such crimes had done;
Reprov'd the sin that made him rove,
Yet own'd him for his son.

3 For him the fatted calf they slew,
The father's grace to prove;
While on the rebel's hand we view
The tokens of his love.

4 With a bright robe my son array,
For 'tis my royal will;
Make no excuse, without delay,
For he's a fav'rite still.

5 His shame, his folly, and his sin,
The father saw no more;
His thoughts, his ways, his acts unclean,
This garment cover'd o'er.

6 Thus shall Jehovah's sov'reign grace,
Thro' Jesu's blood alone,
Bring all th' apostate ransom'd race,
With weeping to his throne.

489. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Promises, Deut. xxxiii. 25.

1 AFFLICTED soul, to Christ draw near,
The Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fi'ry trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss;
Or deep distress or poverty,
Still as thy days thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

490. S. M. *Salisbury Col.*

The Promise is unto you and to your Children, &c.
Acts ii. 39.

1 HOW great thy mercies, Lord,
How plenteous is thy grace;
Which in the cov'nant of thy love,
Includes each rising race.

2 Thy promise how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed,
I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

3 Our Offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To latest time thy blessing share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

[4 Thy love we will adore,
And ~~sound~~ sing thy matchless grace;
Thy covenant is firm and sure.
To all thy chosen race.]

491. 11s. K——.

Precious Promises, Isaiah xli. 10. 2 Peter i. 4.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said?
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, so thy succour shall be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
"I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
"I'll strengthen thee, help thee, & cause thee to stand,
"Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 "When thro' the deep waters I cause thee to go,
"The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
"For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
"And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When thro' fi'ry trials thy pathway shall lie,
"My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
"The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
"Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
"My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
"And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
"Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
"I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
"That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
"I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

492. L. M. *Davies.*

Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King, 1 Peter ii. 7.

1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's Darling, thou!
O let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!

Thee above all this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above!

2 My Prophet thou, my heav'nly Guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!

3 My great High-Priest, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause.

4 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet:
All other Lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit.

5 Transcendent Prince! for ever dear,
Dearer than thousand worlds to me,
Shall bold presumptuous rivals dare
Pretend to share my love with thee?

493. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Elijah fed by Ravens, 1 Kings xvii. 6.

1 WHEN God's own people stand in need,
His goodness will provide supplies:
Thus when Elijah faints for bread,
A raven to his succour flies.

2 At God's command, with speedy wings,
The hungry bird resigns its prey;
And to the rev'rend prophet brings
The needful portion day by day.

[3 This method may be counted strange;
But happy was Elijah's lot;
For nature's course shall sooner change,
Than God's dear children be forgot.]

4 This wonder oft has been renew'd,
And saints by sweet sxperience find
Their evils over-rul'd for good,
Their foes to friendly deeds inclin'd.

5 Who can distrust that mighty hand,
Which rules with universal sway;
Which nature's laws can countermand,
Or feed us by a bird of prey!

494. L. M. *Holloway's Col.*

Dark Providences, Eph. i. 11.

1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And ev'ry dark and bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Tho' now they seem to roam uney'd,
Are led, or driven only where
They best, and safest may abide.

4 They neither know, nor trace the way,
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 Our favour'd souls shall meekly learn
To lay their reason at thy throne:
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
We'll trust thee for our guide alone.

495. C. M. *Fawcett.*

Dark Providence, 1 Cor. xiii. 9, 12.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace:
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense,
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wand'ring thoughts confound.

[3 'But who those depths can e'er unfold,
Or those dark mazes shew?
Too long the chain, the link too fine,
For mortal eyes to view:']

4 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above?

5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

496. C. M. *Cowper.*

Mysteries of Providence, John xiii. 7.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

497. C. M. *Addison.*

Providence, Psalm ciii. 1—5.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys:
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd:
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And after death in distant worlds,
Thy mercy still explore.

7 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

498. S. M. *Gibbons.*

National Evils the Punishments of God, Amos iii. 6.

1 THERE'S not an evil flies,
And pours its woes abroad,
Thro' country, kingdom, city, town,
But what is sent of God!

2 Should plagues, should fevers shoot
Swift poison thro' my veins,
They take their orders from the skies,
With all their burning pains.

3 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
And own thy righteous rod,
And beg that ev'ry stroke I feel
May bring me near to God!

4 O may thy providence
Promote the life divine,
And brighter thro' the midnight-shade
May all my graces shine!

499. S. M. *Morton's Col.*

Resignation to Providence, Job xxxviii. 41.

1 MY God knows what I want,
He sees my helplessness;
And always readier is to grant,
Than I to ask his grace.

2 My fearful heart he reads,
Secures my soul from harms;
And underneath his mercy spreads
Its everlasting arms.

[3 The fictious pow'rs of *chance*
And *fortune*, I defy;
My life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to his eye.]

4 He hears the ravens call,
Nor will his children grieve;
Nor can a worthless sparrow fall,
Without my Father's leave.

5 O may I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Built on his love, his truth, and pow'r,
My soul is truly blest.

6 T' accomplish his design,
All dark events agree;
And ev'ry attribute divine
Is now at work for me.

500. 104th. *Newton.*

The Lord will see, or provide, Gen. xxii. 14.

1 THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, & foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

[2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide,

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;
Tho' satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.]

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old.
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold.
For tho' we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

[5 When satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.]

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide,
The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us thro':
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

BEFORE SERMON.*

501. L. M. *Newton.*

Prayer to God the Spirit, Ex. xvii. 6.

1 O THOU, at whose almighty word,
The glorious light from darkness sprung!
Thy quick'ning influence afford,
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.

2 'Tis thine to teach him how to speak,
'Tis thine to give the hearing ear;
'Tis thine the stubborn heart to break,
And make the careless sinner fear.

3 'Tis also thine, almighty Lord,
To cheer the poor desponding heart;
O speak the soul-reviving word,
And bid the mourners fears depart.

* The best remedy to prevent sleeping is explained in Sion's Songs, Hymn 186, by the Rev. John Berridge.

4 Thus while we in the means are found,
We still on thee alone depend;
To make the gospel's joyful sound,
Effectual to the promis'd end.

502. L. M. *Watts.*

Praise to our Creator, Psalm c.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men,
And when like wandring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

[3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty maker, to thy name?]

4 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

503. L. M. *Steele.*

Delight in God's House, Psalm xxvii.

1 THE Lord, my Saviour, is my light;
What terrors can my soul affright?
While God my strength, my life is near,
What potent arm shall make me fear?

2 Should num'rous foes besiege me round,
My stedfast heart no fear shall wound:
Tho' war should rise in dread array,
God is my strength, my hope, my stay.

[3 This only gift my heart desires,
For this my ardent wish aspires;
This will I seek with restless care,
'Till God attend my humble pray'r.

4 In his own house to spend my days,
My life devoted to his praise:
There would my soul his beauties trace,
And learn the wonders of his grace.]

5 Should ev'ry earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble souls, in ev'ry strait
On God with sacred courage wait,
His hand shall life and strength afford,
Ye trembling saints, wait on the Lord.

504. L. M. *Newton.*

Casting the Gospel-Net, Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

1 NOW while the gospel-net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own:
From num'rous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much favour'd hour,
To souls in satan's bondage led:
O clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r,
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

[4 O hear our pray'r, and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up
To love and praise thee in our room.]

505. L. M. *Fellows.*

Delight in Public Worship.

1 THE food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give:
And we for grace receiv'd would raise
A sacred song of love and praise.

2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
Dear Jesus, thy rich treasures be:
To the full fountain of our joys,
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

3 For this we wait upon thee, Lord,
For this we listen to thy word:
Descend like gentle show'rs of rain,
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

506. C. M. *Needham, altered.*

Short Devotions the Revival of Religion.
Matt. vi. 7, 8.

1 LORD, in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne:
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.

2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble pray'r,
And bring thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words and short our pray'rs
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

507. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt;
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

[6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal;
Thy glorious righteousness.]

508. C. M. *Radford's Col.*

Before Sermon, 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 IN vain Apollo's pleasing tongue,
And Paul's with strains profound,
Diffuse among the list'ning throng,
The gospel's glad'ning sound.

2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine,
To form the heart anew;
Now let thy sov'reign grace divine,
Each stubborn soul subdue.

509. 7s. *Hoskins.*

Before Sermon, Rev. ii. 29.

1 GRACIOUS Father, gracious Lord,
Give us ears to hear thy word,
Give us hearts to love and fear,
Give us now to find thee near.

2 Let us know and praise thee more;
Let us live on mercy's store;
Let us sing our Saviour's love,
'Till we join the saints above.

3 Then we'll praise thee and adore,
On the happy blissful shore:
Praise, with all the heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

510. 7s. *Hammond.*

Humble Request, Jer. xxix. 13.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we cannot let thee go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

[4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.]

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

511. 148th. *Beck's Col.*

This is the House of God and the Gate of Heaven,
Gen. xxviii. 17. Matt. xviii. 20.

1 WHAT dreadful spot is this,
And yet what pleasing place,
Sure here Jehovah is
In majesty and grace;
Here let our souls devoutly wait,
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

2 'Tis here the saints abide,
On richest dainties fed;
And Christ doth here reside,
Their Master and their Head;
His life and love he here conveys,
And owns their pray'rs, and hears their praise.

PART SECOND.

3 Wherever two or three,
Are met in Jesu's name,
God in the midst will be,
Nor let them meet in vain;
In stately courts, or open air,
They still shall find him present there.

4 When in the open field,
As Jacob sleeping laid,
The Lord to him reveal'd
His presence and his aid:

Thro' Christ the way, the angels trod,
From God to men, and men to God.

5 The Lord is never bound
To any time or place;
But always may be found
Among his chosen race;
Then tread his courts with holy fear,
For God himself is present here.

512. 8. 7. 4. *Jay's Col.*

Sower and the Seed, Matt. xiii. 3—23.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy thy blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give!
Let us all thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive:
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

513. 8. 7. *Hart.*

Before Sermon.

1 BLESSED Lord, be thou our teacher,
Helper, counsellor, and guide:
Speak the promise thro' the preacher,
And the hearing ear provide.

2 May each state, howe'er distressing,
Yield us profit in the end:
Ev'ry ordinance a blessing,
Ev'ry providence a friend.

AFTER SERMON.

514. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Felix trembling, Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

1 SEE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and pow'r,
See his resplendent bride,
Attend to hear a pris'ner preach
The Saviour crucify'd.

2 He well describ'd who Jesus was,
His glories and his love;
How he obey'd, and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

[3 On righteousness and temperance,
The preacher reason'd well;
And full conviction, sov'reign force,
Sunk terror in his soul.

4 To strengthen the great truths he spoke,
He set the world to come
Full in their view, and boldly told,
The sinners dreadful doom.]

5 Felix sprang up, and trembling cry'd,
"Go for this time away:
"I'll hear thee on these points again
"On some convenient day."

6 Attention to the words of life,
Tho' Felix thus adjourn:
Lord, let me make those solemn truths
My first and last concern.

515. C. M. *Needham.*

After Sermon, Matt. xiii. 3—23.

1 NOW, Lord, the heav'nly seed is sown,
Be it thy servant's care,

Thy heav'nly blessing to bring down
By humble fervent pray'r.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain:
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heav'nly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine;
Thou, Lord, hast giv'n the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.

516. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Christian's Duties and Privileges, Jude 20. 21.

1 WHILE sinners, who presume to bear
The christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reigns to ev'ry lust,
And glory in their shame;

2 May ye, redeemed heirs of grace,
Detest their impious ways;
And on the basis of your faith,
An heav'nly temple raise:

3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
Depend from day to day;
And while he breathes his quick'ning gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.

517. 8.7.4. *Allen's Col.*

After Sermon.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Ev'ry sentence, O how tender!
Ev'ry line is full of love!
Listen to it,
Ev'ry line is full of love!

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner,—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour,
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds,
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word!
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford:
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believ'd?
Who receiv'd the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

6 O, ye angels, hov'ring round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

518. 148th. *Newton.*

Ministers' Complaint, Gal. iv. 19.

1 WHAT contradictions meet,
In ministers' employ!

It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy;
No other post affords a place
For equal honour or disgrace!

2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to preach in vain
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

3 The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth:
They pray and strive, their rest departs,
'Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

4 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd!

5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest-joy, can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

PAUSE.

6 On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow,
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

519. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Race, 1 Cor. ix. 24.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heav'nly prize demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun:
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet,
I'll lay my honours down.

520. L. M. *Dobell.*

As Reason is depraved by Sin, it can never know God aright till renewed by divine Grace.

1 CAN reason comprehend a God?
Or learn the need of Jesu's blood?
Or can it tell the reason why
That thousand infants daily die?

2 If reason then must be our guide,
Can it unfold the ebbing tide?
Or tell us how the plants produce,
From the same earth their various juice?

3 Where reason fails, may I adore
God's boundless wisdom more and more;
Since nature round his pow'r reveals,
And God in Christ my pardon seals.

521. C. M. *Cruden.*

It is finished, John xix. 30.

1 NOW, now the arduous work is o'er,
Redemption's price is paid:
Jesus has borne the mighty load,
On him our guilt was laid.

[2 'What boundless wrath did he endure,
When for imputed sin,
His people's debts were all transfer'd,
And centred all in him.']

3 "Let now Omnipotence itself
"Say, if ought more is due;
"And I, the direful conflict past,
"Will yet for them renew.

4 "Let heav'n produce its equal scales,
"To weigh my people's wrong,
"And if my payment yet prove short,
"My dying pangs prolong.

5 "Father, I lie beneath thy stroke,
"The blow I will not shun,
"'Till thou proclaim to choirs on high,
"Redemption's work is done.

6 "I yield not up my final breath,
"Nor bow my sinking head,
"'Till to the bright angelic hosts,
"The cancell'd bond be spread.

7 "That mixture of almighty wrath,
"My lips did patient drain;
"'Tis finish'd," nor of its sad dregs,
"Does one small drop remain.

8 "Father, the awful deed discharge,
"And nail it to the tree;
"That to the closing hour of time,
"The ransom'd may go free."

522. 8s. *Swain.*

Redeeming Love, Zech. xii. 10. John xix. 37.

1 WHEN on my beloved I gaze,
So dazzling his beauties appear;
His charms so transcendently blaze,
The sight is too melting to bear!

2 When from my own vileness I turn
To Jesus, expos'd on the tree,
With shame and with wonder I burn,
To think what he suffer'd for me.

3 My sins, O how black they appear,
When in that dear bosom they meet!
Those sins were the nails and the spear,
That wounded his hands and his feet.

4 'Twas justice that wreath'd for his head
The thorns that encircled it round;
Thy temples, Immanuel, bled,
That mine might with glory be crown'd!

5 The wonderful love of his heart,
Where he has recorded my name,
On earth can be known but in part,
Heav'n only can bear the full flame.

6 In rivers of sorrow it flow'd,
And flow'd in those rivers for me;
My sins are all drown'd in his blood;
My soul is both happy and free.

523. 7s. *Longford's Col.*

Redeeming Love, Psalm cxi. 9.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name:
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

[2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.]

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

[4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.]

5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

[8 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his kingdom come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.]

524. 148th. *Toplady's Col.*

Jubilee, Lev. xxv. 9—17.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb,
Redemption by his blood,
Thro' all the world proclaim;

3 Ye, who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love;

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;

6 Jesus, our great high-priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

525. 8. 4. *Medley.*

Redemption.

1 HAIL, mighty and victorious Lord,
Worthy art thou to be ador'd,
Who, long before time's round began,
Laid the vast, wise, and wond'rous plan,
To ransom ev'ry chosen man
To endless day.

2 Ye heav'nly soldiers, still press on,
In Jesus see the conquest won!

Bright palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
And in his kingdom have a share
To endless day.

3 There shall we in sweet chorus join,
Where saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
To endless day.

526. 8.7.4. *Burder's Col.*

Redemption, John xix. 30.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
It is finish'd!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow tc us from Christ the Lord:
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows,
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd,
Death and hell no more shall awe;
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

[4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food!
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd!
Christ has borne the heavy load.]

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

527. C. M. *Steele.*

Refuge in God, Psalm ix. 9.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

[3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Tho' prostrate in the dust.]

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace,
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No—still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat:
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

528. 7s. *Cennick.*

Rejoicing in Hope, Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

[3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.]

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

529. 7s. *Masters.*

True Religion, James i. 27.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
If the Saviour is my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

530. L. M. *Elliot.*

Request, 1 John v. 13.

1 THOU, who for sinners once wast slain,
Once dead, but now alive again;
Give me to know, to taste, and prove,
The pow'r and sweetness of thy love.

2 Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n,
And know myself an heir of heav'n;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

531. L. M. *Newton.*

What shall I give thee? 1 Kings iii. 5.

[1 LORD, dost thou say, "ask what thou wilt?"
I gladly seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and satan's pow'r.]

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thy image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests,—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

532. C. M. *Hervey.*

Resignation to God's unerring Wisdom.

1 THRO' all the downward tracks of time,
God's watchful eye surveys;
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or regulate our ways?

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his unerring gracious will,
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
Ev'n crosses from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

[4 'In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb.']

533. C. M. *Beddome.*

Resignation, Psalm xxxi. 15.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thine hand;
My choicest comforts come form thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet I would not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its joys?
'Tis but a bitter-sweet;
When I attempt a rose to pluck,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found;
The honey's mix'd with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

534. C. M. *Green.*

Resignation; It is the Lord, &c. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 IT is the Lord, enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right,
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, should I distrust,
Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.

4 It is the Lord, who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord, whose matchless skill,
Can from afflictions raise
Matter, eternity to fill
With ever growing praise.

6 It is the Lord, my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name,
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire;
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.

8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen or repine?
No,—let the Lord take what he please,
To him I all resign!

535. 8. 7. *Lee.*

Resurrection of the Body, 1 Thes. iv. 16. 17.

1 SEE the Captain of salvation,
Leads his armies up the sky:
Rise above the conflagration,
Leave the world to burn and die.

2 Lo! I see the fair immortals
Enter to the blissful seats;
Glory opens wide her portals,
And the Saviour's train admits.

3 All the chosen of the Father,
All for whom the Lamb was slain,
All the church appear together,
Wash'd from ev'ry sinful stain.

[4 There is found no vacant station,
Nor a single throne unfill'd;
All enjoy the same salvation,
Whom he lov'd, and bought, and seal'd.]

5 His dear smiles the place enlighten,
More than thousand suns could do;
All around his presence brighten,
Changeless, yet for ever new.

6 Countless millions, sons of heaven,
Praise the Triune Deity:
Hymns of worship and thanksgiving,
Echo thro' immensity.

7 Blessed state! beyond conception,
Who its vast delights can tell?
May it be my blissful portion,
With my Saviour there to dwell!

536. S. M. *Kent.*

It shall be well with the Righteous, Isa. iii. 10.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

[4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.]

5 'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away,

6 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
From earth and sin, arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise.

537. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Rising to God, Eccl. xii. 7.

1 NOW let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;

Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying, is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above:
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

538. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Inquiring the Road to Zion, Psalm lxxxiv. 5.

1 IF I have, Lord, ne'er yet begun
To tread the heav'nly road,
O teach my wand'ring feet the way
To Zion's blest abode!

2 Or, if I'm trav'lling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heav'n at length!

3 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy saints have trod,
And then partake their bliss.

539. C. M. *Dobell.*

Road to Heaven and Hell, Matt. vii. 13. 14.

1 SINNERS, behold that downward road,
Which leads to endless woe;
What multitudes of thoughtless souls,
Down to perdition go!

2 But yonder see that narrow way,
Which leads to endless bliss;
There see a happy chosen few,
Redeem'd by sov'reign grace.

3 They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend;
The bible is their precious map,
And God himself their friend.

4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be,
Guide thou my feet aright;
I would not for ten-thousand worlds,
Be banish'd from thy sight.

5 'Tis happiness to see thy face,
I long to dwell above;
To feast on thy unbounded stores,
And sing, and praise, and love.

540. L. M. *Dobell.*

Sabbath Morning.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come bear our thoughts from earth away.
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.

2 Come, holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A sabbath which shall never end.

541. C. M. *De Courcy's Col.*

Sabbath Morning.

1 COME, let us join in sweet accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the sev'n;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heav'n.

542. C. M. *De Courcy's Col. altered.*

Sabbath Morning.

1 THE Lord of sabbaths let us praise
In concert with the blest;
And in most sweet harmonious lays,
Employ this day of rest.

2 O may we still remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow;
And may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.

3 On this sweet day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who our souls hath bought
With blood, and grief, and pain;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

543. C. M. *Berridge.*

Sabbath Morning, Psalm cxviii. 24.

1 ON this sweet morn my Lord arose,
Triumphant o'er the grave!
He dies to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.

[2 I bless the Lord, and hail the morn,
It is my Lord's own day;
And faithful souls will surely scorn
To doze the hours away.]

3 This is the day for holy rest,
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.

4 No heav'nly fire my heart can raise
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.

5 On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;
A sweet refreshing sunday show'r
Will make 'em sing and pray.

6 Direct thy shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice;
Give savour to the heav'nly bread,
And bid the folds rejoice.

544. C. M. *Mason, altered.*

Sabbath Morning.

[1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
O bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy an heav'nly rest.]

2 Welcome, and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

3 It come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace,
Here, in thine own appointed way
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 O if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found:
I'd clasp my Saviour in mine arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 I long for that delightful hour,
When from this clay undrest,
I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,
And made for ever blest.

545. C. M. *Dobell.*

Sabbath Morning, Psalm xvi. 11.

1 O HAPPY souls, who dwell above,
In God's immediate sight;
They glow with everlasting love,
And shine divinely bright.

2 O what a sabbath they enjoy,
Now freed from ev'ry sin;
While Jesu's love is their employ,
And endless praise their theme.

3 O may I breathe that heav'nly air,
And feast on joys divine;
And sing, and praise my Saviour there,
And in his glories shine.

4 'Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?'

546. S. M. *Hoskins, altered.*

Sabbath Morning, Luke xxiv. 34.

1 TO-day the Saviour rose;
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquer'd our tremendous foes,
And satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us his life he paid;
For us the law fulfill'd:
On him our loads of guilt were laid:
We by his stripes are heal'd.

4 Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

547. 148th. *Scott.*

Sabbath Morning, Luke xxvi. 34.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band:
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand;
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd

The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confin'd:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts the God ascends,

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conqu'ring car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war;
Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

[5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart;
Then dying souls for life shall see,
Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

6 Then shall the spacious earth
Beneath thy sceptre bend;
And peace, her olive-branch,
And balmy wings extend;
The dews of heav'n enrich the ground,
And paradise shall bloom around.]

548. 148th. *Hayward.*

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest;

From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be indulg'd in vain.

549. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Sabbath, Heb. iv. 9.

1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place,
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long—expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin,
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

550. C. M. *Brown.*

Sabbath Evening.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams:
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept my faint attempts to love,
My frailties, Lord, forgive;
I would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while I live.

3 Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope,
And fit me to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And sabbaths never end.

[4 Where I shall breath in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine:
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

5 There shall I sing and never tire,
But sound immortal lays:
And with the bright seraphic choir
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.]

551. 7s. *Godwin.*

Sabbatic Year, Lev. xxv. 1—17.

1 GOD of sabbath, Israel's Lord,
Thee we'll praise with one accord:
Hear our humble, earnest pray'r,
Haste the great sabbatic year.

2 Now thy glory to us shew,
Give a taste of heav'n below:
Lord, to thee we bow in pray'r,
Haste the great sabbatic year.

3 Now the captive sinners free,
Now declare thy jubilee:
Now accomplish this our pray'r,
Haste the great sabbatic year.

4 Now the senseless sinner wound,
Let the strong-man-arm'd be bound:
Spread thy gospel, hear our pray'r,
Haste the great sabbatic year.

5 Now thy word with pow'r endue,
Let it wound and quicken too;
Make them fly to thee in pray'r,
Haste the great sabbatic year.

6 Now let the thoughtless souls awake.
All their follies now forake;
Answer, Lord, our daily pray'r,
Haste the great sabbatic year.

7 Bring the joyful sabbath on,
Let the gospel tidings run;
Then in ceaseless praise we'll sing,
Hallelujah to our King.

552. S. M. *Fellows.*

Minister's Address to new Members.

1 DEAR *friends*, as you have own'd
The Saviour for your Lord;
And to his people join'd *yourselves*,
According to his word;

2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
And all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your increasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your pray'r.

[4 With humbleness of mind
Amongst her sons rejoice;
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God, of highest price.]

5 Never offend or grieve
Your brethren in the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

6 Highly in love esteem
Your pastor in the Lord;
He breaks the bread of life to you,
And labours in the word.

553. L. M. *Davies.*

On the first Approach at the Lord's Table.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine:
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,
I yield to thee beyond recall;
Accept thine own so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield!

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

4 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine thro' all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

5 Be thou the witness of my vow,
Angels and men attest it too:
That to thy board I now repair,
And seal the sacred contract there.

6 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

7 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

554. L. M. *Hart.*

The helpless Sinner, Luke xiv. 22.

1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word;
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.

2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room,
And vent'ring hard, behold I come;
But can there,—tell me,—can there be
Among thy children room for me?

3 I eat the bread, I drink the wine,
But O, my soul wants more than sign:
I faint, unless I feed on thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for me.

4 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed!
Lord, I believe thy grace is free,
O magnify that grace in me!

555. L. M. *Dobell.*

Association Hymn. All Belivers are bidden by Christ to his Table, Num. ix. 14. Acts xv. 10.

1 HOW pleasing is the sight, to see
Each sect and party so agree,
As to sit round the Saviour's board,
As members of one common Lord!

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss,
Here we behold the Saviour's grace;
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

[3 Hear our request while we implore
That love may spread from shore to shore;
'Till all the saints, like us, combine,
To praise the Lamb in songs divine.]

4 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in ev'ry land:
For all are one in Christ our Head,
To whom be endless honours paid.

5 Here, by the bread and wine, we view
What boundless curses were our due:
But thro' th' atonement of our Lord,
More than was lost is now restor'd.

[6 Let party names, those seeds of hell,
No more in christian bosoms dwell;
But love and union, by his blood,
Prove them the chosen heirs of God.]

556. L. M. *Fellows.*

An Address to Spectators, Gen. xxiv. 31.

[1 DAUGHTERS of Sion, ye who sing
The lofty praises of your King:
Who in his solemn temple dwell,
And of his boundless glory tell:

2 Call to the converts at your gate,
Why should they longer ling'ring wait?
Why should they longer fear or doubt?
Why should they longer stay without?

3 Gently reprove them for delay:
In softest language chide their stay;
Strive with your songs their hearts to win;
Ye blessed of the Lord, come in!]

4 Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word;
Come, and receive his heav'nly bread,
The food with which his saints are fed.

5 Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love;
Come, all ye happy souls, that thirst,
The last is welcome as the first.

6 Come to his table, and receive
Whate'er a pard'ning God can give!
His love thro' ev'ry age endures;
His promise and himself are yours.

557. C. M. *Stennett, altered.*

My Flesh is Meat indeed, John vi. 53—56.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 'Here peace and pardon sweetly flow,
O what delightful food;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.'

4 The bitter torments he endur'd,
Upon th' accursed tree,
For me, each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all procur'd for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine:
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine!

558. C. M. *Cole, altered.*

My Flesh is Meat indeed, John vi. 55.

1 GREAT God, we now surround thy board,
To banquet and to feed;
Thy flesh and blood, dear dying Lord,
Is meat and drink, indeed!

2 Thy sacred flesh and saving blood,
Do ev'ry type exceed:
And we can say this heav'nly food
Is meat and drink indeed!

3 The Paschal supper serv'd to shew
How Jacob's tribes were freed:
And in a figure pointed to
This meat and drink indeed!

4 The manna and the cheering stream
For Israel's daily need;
Did in the wilderness proclaim
This meat and drink indeed!

5 This is the Lord's appointed feast,
Enjoin'd on all his seed;
His flesh and blood, O happy guest,
Is meat and drink indeed!

6 These sacred signs assist our sense;
But faith on Christ can feed;
He is the bread of excellence,
And meat and drink indeed!

559. C. M. *Stennett.*

Eat, O Friends, &c. Cant. v. 1.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucify'd his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
And rose, and triumph'd too.

[5 With humble faith, and thankful hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above!]

6 Had I ten-thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten-thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

560. 8. 8. 6. *Godwin, altered.*

Christ crucified, John xix. 30.

1 IS this my Jesus, this my God,
Whose body all o'er stain'd with blood,
Hangs on th' accursed tree?
Who bows his head, opprest with pain;
But midst it all doth not complain?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

2 Is this my Saviour, this my Lord,
Whose feet and hands with nails are bor'd,
And fasten'd to the tree;
Whose sacred head with thorns is crown'd,
Whose pierced side receives the wound?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

3 Is this my bleeding sacrifice,
Who bows his head, and calmly dies,
High lifted on the tree;
Unknown by Gentiles, scoff'd by Jews,
Whom almost all mankind refuse?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

4 And shall my soul again forget
His love so free, immensely great?
Oh!—never let it be!
But let me always see the Lamb,
And truly praise his gracious name
To all eternity!

561. 5. 6. 11. *Wesley.*

Sufferings and Death of Jesus, Lam. i. 12.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away;
He dy'd to atone
For sins not his own,
The Father hath publish'd for us his dear Son.

3 For sinners, like me,
He dy'd on the tree;
His death is accepted, the sinner is free,
My pardon I obtain,
An answer I am,
A witness believing in Jesus's name.

4 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
A witness to all both before and above!

When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

562. 8. 7. *Lee.*

Surrender to Infinite Love.

1 WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding
For my sins upon the tree;
O how wond'rous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!

2 Floods of deep distress and anguish
To impede his labours came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal burning flame.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procur'd:
Death and satan are defeated
By the suff'rings he endur'd.

4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace.

[5 Sure such infinite affection,
Lays the highest claim to mine:
All my pow'rs without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

6 Jesus, fit me for thy service,
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,
Take possession of thy own.]

563. C. M. *Newton.*

Will ye also go away. John vi. 67—69.

1 WHEN any turn from Sion's way,
(Alas what numbers do!)

Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast;
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

[3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me:
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.]

5 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stir'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer,—no!

564. L. M. *Steele.*

To whom shall we go? John vi. 67, 68.

1 THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend,—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?

Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, out-weighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee;—'tis death,—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin! deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine!

565. L. M. *Humphry's Col.*

Free Salvation, 2 Tim. i. 9.

1 LONG ere the sun began his days,
Or moon shot forth her silver rays,
Salvation's scheme was fixt, 'twas done
In cov'nant by the Three in One.

2 The Father spake, the Son reply'd,
The Spirit with them both comply'd:
Grace mov'd the cause for saving man,
And wisdom drew the noble plan.

3 The Father chose his only Son
To die for sins that man had done;
Immanuel to the choice agreed,
And thus secur'd a num'rous seed.

4 He sends his Spirit from above
To call the objects of his love;
Not one shall perish or be lost,
His blood has bought them, dear they cost.

5 What high displays of sov'reign grace!
What love to save a ruin'd race!
My soul, adore his lovely name,
By whom thy free salvation came.

566. C. M. *Humphry's Col.*

Complete Salvation, Psalm xxxv. 3.

1 SALVATION thro' my dying God
Is finish'd and complete;
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.

2 Salvation from the depths of hell;
From seas of quenchless fire;
To yon sweet fields where angels dwell,
And strike the golden lyre.

[3 'Salvation, O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceed,
And leads to God again.']

4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
"A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay
For better joys on high.

5 Salvation to sweet harps of gold,
My raptur'd soul shall sing,
And strike, while endless ages roll,
The ever tuneful string.

6 Salvation, let the tidings fly,
Thro' earth's remotest bound;
'Till all the chosen heirs of grace,
Shall tread celestial ground.

567. 7s. *Wilks.*

Wells of Salvation, Isaiah xii. 3.

1 JESU'S precious name excels
Jordan's streams, and Salem's wells,
Thirsty sinners, come and draw,
Quench the flames of Sinai's law.

2 Fearful sinners, come and try,
Draw and drink with inward joy;
Christ is fresh, and full, and free,
Sinners, come, who e'er you be.

3 See the waters springing up,
To revive your languid hope;
Fill your vessels, as it rolls,
And refresh your weary souls.

4 Lo! the Spirit now invites!
Lo! the happy Bride unites!
Jesus calls, be not afraid,
Lo! for you the well was made!

5 Justice made it in the Lamb,
Mercy grants it thro' his name;
Faith receives a full supply;
Those who drink it cannot die.

[6 Careless sinner, let me tell,
Not a drop is found in hell;
Not a drop to ease your smart,
Not a drop to cool your heart.

7 Haste you to the Lamb of God,
Seek salvation in his blood;
In it there is boundless store,
For ten-thousand thousands more.]

8 Constant tributes let us bring,
For this soul-refreshing spring;
Constant let our praises rise,
'Till we drink above the skies.

568. 8s. *Truro Friend.*

God is my Salvation, Jonah ii. 9.

1 SALVATION, how precious the sound,
To sinners who see themselves lost;
To Jesus their praises redound,
In Jesus they triumph and boast,

2 Salvation is finish'd and done,
Salvation is sov'reign and free;
Salvation by God's equal Son,
My joy and rejoicing shall be.

3 Salvation is only of God,
To him all the praises are due;
Ye saints, spread his honours abroad,
Who finish'd salvation for you.

4 Soon shall we behold him above,
For ever to sound his dear name;
To sing the sweet song of his love,
Salvation to God and the Lamb.

569. 8. 7. 4. *Radford's Col.*

Free Salvation, 2 Tim. i. 9.

1 JESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem!
He has sav'd his fav'rite nation,
Join to sing aloud to him:
He has sav'd us,
Christ alone could us redeem.

2 When involv'd in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found;
Jesus, our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound:
He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.

3 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling,
All the glory, Lord, be thine;
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

570. 10s. *Pope.*

Saviour, Isaiah xi. 10.

1 FROM Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.

2 The Saviour comes! by prophecies foretold,
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind behold!
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry eye he wipes off ev'ry tear.

3 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desart cheers,
"Prepare a way, a God, a God appears:"
"A God, a God," the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

4 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Unerring justice lifts aloft her scale:
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends,
And white rob'd innocence from heav'n descends.

5 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise,
Exalt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes:
See heav'n its dazzling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

571. 8. 3. *Kelly.*

My Saviour, 2 Sam. xxii. 3.

1 IN form I long had bow'd the knee;
But nought attractive then could see,
To win my wayward heart to thee,
My Saviour.

2 Yet oft I trembled when I thought,
How I had sold myself for nought;
But still against thy love I fought,
My Saviour.

3 When self-accus'd, I trembling stood,
I promis'd fair, as any could;
But never valu'd thy dear blood,
My Saviour.

[4 Too soon the promise vain I prov'd,
That sinners make, while sin is lov'd,
But still to thee this heart ne'er mov'd,
My Saviour.]

5 Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
Thou, didst redeem my soul with blood,
And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
My Saviour.

6 Thro' storms and waves of conflict past,
Thy potent arm has held me fast;
And thou wilt save me to the last,
My Saviour.

7 And when the voy'ge of life is o'er,
And I have gain'd the heav'nly shore;
I then shall sing for evermore,
My Saviour.

572. C. M. *Addison.*

Preservation by Sea, Psalm cxxi. 8.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence;
Eternal Widom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence,

[2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care;
Thro' burning climes, I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.]

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave;
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storms were laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 My life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

573. L. M. *H*——.

On the Four Seasons, Gen. viii. 22.

1 THY providence, great God, we praise;
How good and great are all thy ways!
Thy bounty crowns our passing years,
And dissipates our anxious fears.

2 Thy promise stands for ever fast,
While sun, and moon, and earth shall last;
The laws of seasons shall endure,
'Till time and stars are known no more.

3 Summer, and winter, cold, and heat,
And night and day in order meet;
Seed-time and harvest, each succeed,
To prove thy love,—supply our need.

[4 'When years are past, and seasons o'er,
We still shall prove thy cov'nant sure;
And in the shining realms of bliss,
Adore thy goodness and thy grace.']

574. L. M. *Steele.*

On the four Seasons of the Year, Psalm cxlvii.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord,—O blissful theme,
To sing the honours of his name!
'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
And praise is lovely in his sight.

2 He veils the sky with treasur'd show'rs,
On earth the plent'ous blessing pours;
The mountains smile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flow'ry scene.

[3 He speaks! and swiftly from the skies,
To earth the sov'reign mandate flies;
Observant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her Lord.

4 Now thick descending flakes of snow,
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
Now glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains,
Extends its universal chains.]

5 At his fierce storms of icy hail,
The shiv'ring pow'rs of nature fail;
Before his cold, what life can stand,
Unshelter'd by his guardian hand!

6 He speaks! the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
And murm'ring waters gently flow.

7 But nobler works his grace record,
To Israel's sons he sends his word;
Ye favour'd tribes, your voices raise,
And bless your God in songs of praise.

575. C. M. *Dobell.*

Prayer for warmth after nipping Winds and much Rain, Job xxxvi. 32.

1 THOU, who didst form the rolling spheres,
And stretch the boundless skies;
O dissipate our gloomy fears,
When doubts and darkness rise.

2 Tho' thou hast seal'd the wat'ry clouds,
Which pour'd their torrents down;
And stay'd those proud imperious floods,
Which overflow'd the ground;

3 Yet those dark clouds still veil the sky,
And hide the sun from sight;
The northen winds blast as they fly,
And strike the buds with blight.

4 Lord, hear our humble earnest pray'r,
And chase the clouds away;
O let the cheering sun appear,
With warmth, from day to day.

5 Then will the face of nature wear
A pleasing beaut'ous scene;
And fields with ranks of corn appear,
And meadows dress'd with green.

576. C. M. *Newton.*

Spring.

1 NOW, the long-wish'd for spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 Where're we tread, beneath our feet
The clust'ring flowers spring;

The artless birds, in concert sweet,
Invite our hearts to sing.

3 But oh! in vain I strive to join,
Opprest with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still, within,
Tho'all is spring without.

4 O would my Saviour from on high,
Break thro' these clouds and shine;
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine!

5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.

577. S. M. *Gibbons.*

Spring.

1 GREAT God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise:
Thy pow'r and love in concert reign
Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.

2 How balmy is the air,
How warm the solar beams!
And to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herb and corn,
For men enrich the land.

4 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son:
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Thro' endless ages run.

578. L. M. *Davies.*

Prayer for Rain just before Harvest, 2 Chron. vi. 26

1 GREAT God, we view thy chast'ning hand,
The earth's like brass thro' all our land;
The heav'n its fruitful show'rs denies,
And nature round us fades and dies.

2 Revive our with'ring fields with rain,
Let fruitful show'rs descend again;
On thee alone our hopes rely,
Lord, hear our humble earnest cry.

3 O let the fruits in clusters bend,
Thro' all our land from end to end;
And let the saints and sinners see,
Our all depends, O Lord, on thee!

579. C. M. *Dobell.*

Praise for Rain, Psalm lxviii. 9.

1 THE Lord hath heard his people's cries,
Their pray'rs have reach'd his throne;
The rain has fall'n in rich supplies;
See what the Lord hath done!

2 Thy promise ever will hold good,
While time and years remain;
When thine Elijahs thee have su'd,
Thou send'st a plent'ous rain.

3 'See how the kind refreshing show'rs
Supply the thirsty ground;
The springing grass and painted flow'rs,
O'er all the meads abound!'

4 Now nature blooms, and wears a smile,
And birds their Maker praise;
Ye saints around this favour'd isle,
Your songs of praises raise.

580. L. M. T——.

Prayer for dry Weather in Harvest.

1 LORD of the earth, and seas, and skies,
Thou sov'reign source of all supplies;
Now thy preparing hand employ,
Our hearts to fill with food and joy.

2 Let not deserved wrath destroy
Our high rais'd hopes of harvest-joy;
Thy care o'er ev'ry crop extend,
And all our fruits of earth defend.

3 May rip'ning suns, and fertile dews,
Their genial influence diffuse;
And each kind element combine,
Our hearts to cheer with corn and wine.

4 Lord of the harvest, thee we own:
Pour an abundant blessing down;
Say, as in ancient days, "I'll give
"More than your garners can receive."

5 Ye sons of need, with fervour pray,
To see a blest ingathering day;
Then shall our joy-inspiring lays,
Shout, harvest home, in songs of praise.

6 And while we plead for earthly bread,
That ev'ry creature may be fed;
O let eternal thanks be giv'n,
For Christ, th' immortal bread of heav'n.

581. C. M. *Dobell.*

Praise for dry Weather in Harvest.

1 GREAT God, to thee with cheerful songs
Our humble thanks we bring;

Accept the praises of our lips,
O thou most bount'ous King.

2 Thou hast dispers'd the wat'ry clouds,
And clear'd the darken'd sky;
To thee we raise our grateful notes,
Who brought salvation nigh.

3 O may the sons of Adam know,
That God will lend an ear
To souls who at his footstool bow
To him in humble pray'r.

582. C. M. *Needham.*

Summer.—Harvest Song.

1 TO praise the ever bount'ous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
(My tongue his goodness sing);
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well-pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

[4 Thus, teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,
The rip'ning harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.]

583. C. M. *Needham.*

Summer; or, the Sluggard reproved, Prov. vi. 6. chap. x. 5.

1 SEE, how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours;
While summer lasts, thro' all her cells,
The choicest stores she pours.

2 Sagacious she, without a guide,
By instinct only led;
Fearful of want, in harvest hours,
Provides her winter bread.

3 Ne'er be it said, that toiling ants,
Lay up their stock of grain;
And man neglects his great concern,
Eternal life to gain.

4 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
But youth of life's the prime;
Best is this season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.

5 "To day attend," is wisdom's voice,—
"To morrow"— folly cries —;
And still to morrow 'tis,—when O!
To-day the sinner dies!

6 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the present hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the pow'r.

584. L. M. *B——.*

Autumn, Jer. viii. 20.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;
As time, with rapid pinions flies,
May ev'ry season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favour crown'd our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,
No blasting winds our path assail'd.

3 The harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
And fill'd our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stor'd!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace;
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempest low'r!

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heav'n to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above,
Reap the full harvest of thy love!

585. L. M. *Newton.*

Winter.

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand
Has stript the trees, and seal'd the ground!
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop 'till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble pray'r and patient faith;
'Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding word
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

586. C. M. *Steele.*

Winter, Job xxxviii. 29, 30.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, when mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad;
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
The soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.]

6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore:
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter chills no more.

587. C. M. *Newton.*

O that I were as in Months past! Job xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

[3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glories shine:
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.]

5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

[7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.]

8 Now satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey:
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay!

588. C. M. *Kirkham.*

Self Denial; or, taking up the Cross, Mark viii. 38.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

3 'Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glorify thy name,
And count their slander, gain.'

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

589. C. M. *Needham.*

Lost Sheep found, Luke xv. 3, 4.

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold,
Has lost a straying sheep;
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountains steep.

2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wand'rer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

4 Yet, how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns:
When the poor wretch with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ:
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

6 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.

7 Nor angles can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"A wand'ring sheep's return'd," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

590. 7s. *Ryland.*

Prayer for strayed Sheep, Psalm cxix. 176.

1 PITY, Lord, thy straying sheep,
Prone to wander from the fold:
Bring them back, and safely keep:
In thine arms the stragglers hold.

Heal their wand'rings, Son of God,
Bless the purchase of thy blood.

2 Fond to stray, but ign'rant quite,
When once lost to find their home;
Wand'ring on by day and night,
Farther, farther, still they'd roam.

3 Lord, thy wand'ring sheep restore,
To thy pastures, ever fair;
Keep them, lest they wander more,
Let thy love confine them there.

591. 8. 8. 7. *Peckwell's Col.*

Shiloh, Gen. xlix. 10. Isaiah liii. 1—5.

1 WHO hath our report believed!
Shiloh come, is not received,
Not received by his own;
Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,
David's offspring, sent to bless ye,
Comes too meekly to be known!

2 Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,
What is thy fond expectation?
Some fair spreading lofty tree?—
Let not worldly pride confound thee,
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the lowest,—that is he!

3 Like a tender plant that's growing,
Where no waters, friendly flowing,
No kind rains, refresh the ground:
Drooping, dying, we shall view him,
See no charm to draw us to him,
And no beauty will be found.

4 Glory be to him, who gave us;
Freely gave his Son to save us;
Glory to the Son, who came;
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to God, and to the Lamb!

592. L. M. K—. *Evans's Col.*

Prayer for a sick Minister, John xi. 3.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only can'st assuage our grief,
And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.

3 With pow'r benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's pray'r;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

4 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

5 Bound to each soul by tend'rest ties,
In ev'ry breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

6 Yet if our supplications fail,
And pray'rs and tears can naught prevail;
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

593. L. M. *Brown.*

Sickness and Death.

1 MY soul, the minutes haste away,
Apace comes on th' important day,
When in the icy arms of death
I must give up my vital breath.

2 Look forward to the moving scene,
How wilt thou be affected then?
When from on high some sharp disease
Resistless shall my vitals seize.

3 When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses slow;
The eyes grow dim, and short the breath,
Presages of approaching death.

4 When clammy sweats thro' ev'ry part,
Shew life's retreating to the heart;
Its last resistance there to make,
And then the breathless frame forsake.

5 When all eternity's in sight,
The brightest day, or blackest night;
One shock will break the building down,
And let thee into worlds unknown.

6 O come, my soul, the matter weigh!
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay!
And how the unknown regions try,
And launch into eternity!

594. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Sickness and Recovery.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain;
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

[3 Thou; when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell;
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.]

4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

5 Into thy hands, my Saviour-God,
Did I my soul resign:
In firm dependance on that truth,
Which made salvation mine.]

6 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come:
Nor will I urge a speedier flight,
To my celestial home.

7 Where thou determin'st mine abode,
There would I chuse to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heav'n with thee.

595. L. M. *Boyce.*

Deceitfulness of Sin.

1 SIN, in ten-thousand treach'rous ways,
Dazzles and blinds both young and old;
Around the pit the sinner plays,
And they that trembled once, grow bold.

2 Saviour divine, stretch out thy hand,
And fill their souls with deep amaze;
Pluck from the fire the flaming brand,
And form new trophies of thy grace.

596. L. M. *Harrison.*

Hating Sin.

1 O COULD I find some peaceful bow'r,
Where sin has neither place nor pow'r:
This traitor vile, I fain would shun,
But cannot from his presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
He stands between my God and me,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel him working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesu's love;
This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veils his glory to mine eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
I long to dwell in heav'n my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

597. 7s. *Toplady.*

Imputed Sin, Isaiah liii. 5.

1 ALL my sins imputed were
To my dear incarnate God:
Bury'd in his grave they are,
Drown'd in his atoning blood:
Lord, thou canst not me condemn,
Righteous and complete in him.

2 In the Saviour's right, I claim
All the blessing he hath bought:
For my soul the dying Lamb
Hath a full redemption wrought;
I in glory soon shall shine,
I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

598. 8s. *Kent.*

Indwelling Sin; or, the Canaanite still in the Land, Numb. xxxiii. 51—55.

1 THE Canaanite still in the land,
To harass, perplex, and dismay,
Brought Israel of old at a stand,
For Anak was stronger than they.

2 What God had design'd, they possest,
Supported and kept by his hand;
Yet lest on their lees they should rest,
The Canaanite dwelt in the land.

3 'Tis thus with thine Israel on earth,
Who groan with a body of sin,
Partake of a spiritual birth,
The work of the Spirit within.

4 To-day with the taste of his love,
Jehovah their souls shall expand;
To-morrow he'll give them to prove,
The Canaanite still in the land.]

5 Yet all things shall work for their good,
Afflictions, temptations, or pain;
And still thro' the Lamb and his blood,
Their cause they shall ever maintain.

[6 A thorn in the flesh they shall have,
Their roving affections to win;
To teach them how Jesus can save,
And show them the depth of their sin.]

7 Yes, down to the Jordan of death,
His foes shall the christian withstand;
And feel, when resigning his breath,
The Canaanite still in the land.

8 Their place of repose is on high,
(No Canaanite enters therein);
To drink of the rivers of joy,
Remote from the regions of sin.

599. L.M. *James's Sel.*

Address to Sinners, Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate?
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams;
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold, the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold!

600. 7s. *Wesley.*

A Sinner out of Hell.

1 LORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit strive!
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it, unto sinners tell
I am, I am out of hell.

2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair:
Still, in spite of sin, I rise,
Still I bow to thee in pray'r.

3 O the length, and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me.

4 See a bush that burns with fire
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside the sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am!

5 See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give:
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

601. C. M. *Haweis.*

Sodom's Destruction, Gen. xix. 14, 22—25.
1 Pet. iv. 18.

1 WITH radiant beams the sun arose
On Sodom's fated tow'rs;
In pleasures round, and false repose,
They spend the cheerful hours.

3 Lot's warning voice they mocking heard,
Their hearts, elate with pride,
No joy withheld, no danger fear'd,
The prophet they deride.

3 In vain he pleads, "fly, sinner, fly,
"Behold destruction near!"
"Empty enthusiast,"—they reply,
And ridicule his fear.

4 But sudden o'er the trembling ground
The heav'ns tremendous low'r;
And streams of fire and brimstone round,
In torrents downward pour.

5 They scream,—they fly,—no hope remains,—
Blaspheme,—in flames expire;
Lot, safe in Zoar a refuge gains,
"A brand pluct from the fire."

6 Sinner,—behold,—the warning take,
This moment hear and fear;
For if the righteous scarce escape,
O where wilt thou appear?

602. L. M. *Cowper.*

Safety in a Storm, Psalm lxix. 15.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Controul the waves, say "peace, be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb;
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Tho' tempest-tost, and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

603. C. M. *Wood's Col.*

Submission.

1 SUBM SSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign;
And bow before thy chast'ning rod,
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my suff'rings here,
How needful ev'ry cross;
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
My Jesus, yesterday, to day,
For ever is the same!

604. C. M. *Cowper.*

Submission, Heb. xii. 7.

1 DEAR Lord, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth?

6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

605. C. M. *Merrick, altered.*

Submission.

1 LORD, hast thou call'd me by thy grace,
And form'd my heart anew?
And are these joys which now I taste
The pledge of glory too?

2 I leave inferior cares with thee,
Since thou hast won my heart;
Whatever, Lord, is good for me,
Do thou that good impart.

3 Not to my wish, but to my want
All needful good apply;
Unask'd-for good, Lord, to me grant,
What's ill, tho' ak'd, deny.

606. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Submission. It is well, 2 Kings iv. 26.

1 IT shall be well, let sinners know,
With those who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so,
By resting on his word.

2 Peace then, ye chasten'd sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs your Father's rod,
His word says, it is well.

3 Tho' like the Shunamite of old,
Whose creature-comforts fell;
Like her, let faith be strong and bold,
And answer, it is well.

4 Tho' you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell;
Your heav'nly Father's love is sure,
And therefore, it is well.

5 Soon will your sorows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

607. L. M. *Addison.*

Sun, Moon, & Stars, display the Being of God, Psalm xix.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue æthereal sky.
The spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

608. L. M *Budden.*

Sunday School.

Cong. 1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise,
Which we would to thy honour raise;
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour God.

Chil. 2 Next to our God, our thanks are due
To those who did compassion shew,
In kindly pointing out the road,
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

Cong. 3 We claim no merit of our own,
Great God, the work is thine alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline,
To carry on this great design.

Chil. 4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
To hear God's word, to keep his day;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring,
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing,

Cong. 5 With those dear children, we'll unite,
Their songs inspire us with delight;
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join the notes above.

Chil. 6 Great God, our benefactors bless,
Cong. And crown thy work with great success;
Both. O may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c. Hal.

609. L. M. *Cheater, altered.*

Sunday School.

Cong. 1 O WHAT a pleasure 'tis to see,
Christians in harmony agree,
To teach the rising race to know
They 're born in sin, expos'd to woe!

Chil. 2 O what a privilege is this,
That we obtain so rich a grace!
We 're taught the path to endless day,
We 're taught to read, to sing, and pray.

Chorus. To God, let highest praise be giv'n;
Hark! how the echo sounds from heav'n:
Come, let us with the angels join,
Glory to God, good will to men.

Cong. 3 Lord, thou hast said in sacred page,
That children are thy heritage;
Accept them, bless them with thy grace,
'Till they above behold thy face.

Chil. 4 Let blessings in abundance flow
On all around us here below;
May we our benefactors meet,
Around Jehovah's blissful seat.

Chorus. To God, let highest praise be giv'n,
Hark! how &c.

610. C. M. J——.

Sunday School.

Boys. 1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day,
That saw the Saviour rise;
Once more we tune our infant song
To him that rules the skies.

Girls. 2 What numbers vainly spend these hours,
That are to Jesus due;
Children and parents, how they live!
And how they perish too!

Boys. 3 But we, a happier few, are taught
The ways of heav'nly truth;
We hail once more the plan of love,
That pities wand'ring youth.

Girls. 4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err;
Too oft we find it so;
O may the God of grace forgive,
And better hearts bestow.

Boys. 5 Teach us the way, while here we learn
To read thy holy word;
Bless all the kind instructions giv'n,
And make us thine, O Lord.

Both. 6 Praise to our God, and thanks to those
Who thus the poor befriend;
While the rich benefit we reap,
On them thy blessing send.

611. C. M. *Dobell.*

Collection, Prov. xix. 17.

Boys. 1 CHRISTIANS, behold our deep distress,
And drop a pitying tear:
'Tis thro' our parents' helplessness,
Before you we appear.

Girls. 2 Had not the Lord made us his care,
And ye our friends had been;
We still had run our wild career,
In wickedness and sin.

Cong. 3 Children, we bless our God who gave
Us hearts this cause to raise;
May ye from him true wisdom have,
To spend your days in praise.

4 We cast our mite with pleasure in,
From love to thee, O God;
Do thou, dear Lord, each youth redeem,
With thy most precious blood.

Chil. 5 May Jesus bless our christian friends,
Of high and low degree;
And may they, when life's journey ends,
A friend in Jesus see.

612. S. M. *W*——.

Sunday School.

Boys. 1 LORD, in the days of youth
May we in grace improve;
And learn the sacred word of truth,
The Saviour's dying love!

Girls. 2 Our moments haste away,
With ev'ry heaving breath;
And swiftly hastens on the day,
When we must sink in death.

Boys. 3 While some are never taught
The way of God with care;
We bless the Lord that we are brought
To this thine house of pray'r.

Girls. 4 Lord, give us ears to hear,
And hearts to understand;
In trouble may we find thee near,
A Saviour close at hand!

Boys 5 Thro' life's dark rugged road,
Thus far we 're kept by thee;
May heav'n at last be our abode,
Thy glory there to see.

Girls. 6 Blest be our God, who lives
And reigns with boundless sway;
Richly our benefactor gives:
We'll praise him all the day.

Both. 7 Beyond the azure sky,
We'll praise thee more and more;
And thro' a long eternity,
A God in Christ adore. Hal. Amen.

613. 5. 5. 11. *Phippard.*

Sunday School.

Boys. 1 THEE, Father, we praise,
In harmonious lays,
For all thy rich grace;
O give us the knowledge of pardon and peace:
On thee we rely,
All our wants to supply;
O keep us each hour,
From snares and temptations, by thy mighty pow'r.

Girls. 2 O may we improve,
In knowledge and love,
Of Jesus our king:
'Till to glory we're brought his praises to sing;
While below, if we stray,
From the source of true joy;
Let thy merciful hand
Return and incline us t'obey thy command.

Both. 3 Our friends, may they share
Thy blessings while here,
And crown them above;
Where joys will increase, from the fountain of love:

May we shortly there meet,
Around thy blest seat;
Thy love to adore,
Where pleasure and praise will abound evermore.
Hal.

614. 148th. *Budden.*

After Sermon.

Chil. 1 COME, let our voices join
To sing a song of praise:
For favours so divine,
Our grateful notes we'll raise:
Cong. To God alone the praise belongs,
His love demands your noblest songs.

Chil. 2 When wand'ring far astray,
In paths of vice and sin,
You kindly pointed out
The danger we were in:
Cong. To God alone be all the praise,
Who turns your feet from sinful ways.

Chil. 3 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine:
Cong. To God alone the praise is due,
Whose sacred book is sent to you.

Chil. 4 Within this sacred house
Our youthful feet are brought,
Where pray'r and praise abound,
And heav'nly truths are taught:
Cong To God alone your praises bring,
And in the church his glories sing.

Chil. 5 For favours such as these,
Our grateful thanks receive:
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

Cong. Great God, accept their infant songs,
To thee alone the praise belongs.

Chorus. 6 Lord, let this glorious work
Be own'd with large success!
May thousands yet unborn,
This institution bless!
Then shall thy praise be sounded high,
Throughout a vast eternity.

615. 148th. *Doddridge.*

Spiritual Temple, Zech. iv. 7.

1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:
Ye saints around, thro' all its frame,
Harmonious sound the Builder's name.

[2 He form'd the glorious plan,
And its foundation laid,
That God might dwell with man,
And mercy be display'd:
Who great and good, his Son he sent,
Made his own blood the sweet cement.]

3 Beneath his eye and care
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies:
There shall he place the polish'd stone
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

616. 8.7.7. *Kessell.*

Thankfulness.

1 RANSOM'D sinners, sing the praises,
Of your dear redeeming God:
Hymn, with joy the holy Jesus,
Who hath purchas'd you with blood:

Dwell on this delightful theme,
Shout the dear Immanuel's name.

2 He the pow'rful word hath spoken,
"I redeem'd them, mine they are;"
With that word the snare is broken,
Satan struck with panic fear!
This is glorious liberty;
Christ the Son hath made us free;

3 For this wonderful compassion,
(Far surpassing human thought,)
Let us praise with exultation
Him who our salvation wrought!
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Worthy thou of all our praise.

4 O that worldlings knew our pleasure!
While we walk in Christ the way:
We possess an heav'nly treasure,
In an earthly house of clay!
But, what bliss before us lies!
Tho' 'tis veil'd beyond the skies.

5 Hark! while angel-choirs are bringing
Rapt'rous praises round the throne!
Let us come to Zion singing:—
Their, and our, delights are one!
Grateful songs, our mutual mirth,
They in heav'n, and we on earth.

617. C. M. *Wright.*

Best Things, 1 Cor. xii. 31.

(Written in the 17th Century.)

1 THE best of wisdom is to know
The Father in the Son;
The best of power is to bow
To what the Lord has done.

2 The best of prayer, is to pray
That we may still believe;
The best of patience, is to stay
'Till we a crown receive.

[3 The best of watching, is to watch
Against the world and sin:
The best of preaching, it to preach
Jesus, and nought but him.]

4 The best of striving, is to strive
Who shall in grace excel;
The best of thriving, is to thrive,
By that which feedeth well.

5 Then, let my soul enjoy the best,
For that is best for me;
And let me find no lasting rest,
But when I rest in thee.

618. C M. *Anon, altered.*

Thunder Storm. Job xxxvii. 5.

1 JEHOVAH sits upon the clouds,
And blackens all the sky;
He rolls the thunders round the globe,
And bids the lightnings fly.

2 Th' impending clouds asunder part,
And burst in sable frame;
And from the quick expansion, dart
A momentary flame.

3 Around the vaults of heav'n on high,
Thick peals of thunder roll;
And loudly rumbling o'er the sky,
They shake the solid pole.

4 But ah! how will the nations quake,
When in that dreadful day,
'Midst nature's universal wreck,
The heav'ns shall pass away.

5 The sun and moon, and stars on high,
Shall lose their wonted rays;
The earth beneath, and all the sky,
Will then be in a blaze.

6 O may I stand in Jesu's robes,
When mountains down are hurl'd;
When earth and sea shall be no more,
And flames shall end the world.

619. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Time is short, 1 Cor. vii. 29.

1 THE time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove;
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short! sinners, beware;
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is call'd to-day.

3 The time is short! ye rebels now
To Christ the Lord submit:
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesu's feet.

4 The time is short! ye saints, rejoice,
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

5 The time is short! it swiftly flies,
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wish'd-for land.

6 The time is short! the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

620. 8. 8. 6. *Wesley.*

Time and Eternity, Psalm. xxxix. 4, 5.

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!—
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or,—shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late,
By free and sov'reign grace.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
O tell me, Lord,—shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With holy joy, and holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
Then shall I all thy will perform,
And to the end endure!

621. C. M. *Doddridge, altered.*

Treasure in Heaven, Luke xii. 33.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store!
Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
With infinite delight:
O for the Spirit's quick'ning pow'rs,
To speed me in the flight.

622. L. M. *Scott.*

Barren Fig Tree, Luke xiii. 6—9.

1 GOD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great deliv'rer's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand thus kindly rear
A useless cumb'rer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?

4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath,
Thro' life, and in the arms of death,
My soul, the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

623. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Trials the Christian's Lot, Deut. viii. 2.

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known:
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.

3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
Sore conflicts interrupt my rest,
And daily wound my anxious breast.

4 Afflictions press my spirit down,
Under their weight I sigh and groan:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

5 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd;
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

6 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

7 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove:
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

624. L. M. *Newton.*

Prayer answered by Trials.

1 I ASK'D the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, ha answer'd pray'r.
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And, by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
"I answer pray'r for grace and faith:

7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free;
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

625. 7s. *Cowper.*

Trials, Heb. xii. 8.

1 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil:
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

[5 Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way—;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should be a cast-away?

6 Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not,—would not, if he might.]

626. 7. 6. *Cennick.*

Trials, Psalm lv. 22.

1 CAST thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;
He, (whose hands for thee were bor'd),
Can and will deliver.

2 Why should sorrows bow thee down,
Trials or temptation!
Is not Christ upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation.

3 Roll thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;
He, (whose hands for thee were bor'd),
Can and will deliver.

627. 104th. *Kent.*

Trials, Zech. xiii. 9.

JEHOVAH hath said, 'tis left on record,
"The righteous are one with Jesus the Lord;"
At all times he loves them, 'twas for them he dy'd,
Yet oft times he proves them, for grace must be try'd

2 Temptations and sins in legions shall rise,
As goads in thy side or thorns in thine eyes;
And oft to thy sorrow his face he will hide,
For God hath determin'd thy grace shall be try'd.

3 With him on the mount, to day thou shalt be
Indulg'd by thy Lord, his glory to see;
There he may caress thee, and call thee his bride;
Yet grace, tho' he bless thee, shall surely be try'd.

4 As gold from the flame, he'll bring thee at last,
To praise him for all thro' which thou hast past;
Then love everlasting thy griefs shall repay,
And God, from thine eyes, wipe all sorrows away.

628. C. M. *Peacock & Watts.*

Christ coming from Edom, Isaiah lxiii. 1—6.

1 BEHOLD! the mighty Saviour comes
From Edom's hostile plains!
A crimson vesture he assumes;
And blood his raiment stains.

2 From Bozrah, glorious he appears,
His robes with vict'ry shine;
Complete salvation, lo! he wears,
With Majesty divine!

[3 Why thus aray'd, almighty God,
In vests of purple glow;
With garments dy'd in streams of blood,
That from the wine-press flow?

4 "The wine-press I myself have trod;
"And with me there was none;
"Your strength and your salvation stood
"Complete in me alone."]

5 When not an angel's strength could bear
The veng'ance of a God;
Then did the Son of man appear
In garments roll'd in blood.

6 Alone he stood, alone he fell,
Alone the Conqu'or rose;
Alone he burst the bars of hell,
And trampled on his foes.

629. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Support in God's Covenant under domestic Troubles.
2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What tho' my house be not with thee
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servant doth aspire.

3 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

630. 104th *Newton.*

I will trust, Isaiah xii. 2.

1 BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief, will surely appear;
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to bring me quite thro

4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqu'ror's song!

631. 104th *Wingrove.*

Trust in the Lord.

1 YE tempted and try'd, to Jesus draw nigh,
He suffer'd and dy'd your wants to supply;
Trust him for salvation, you need not to grieve,
There's no condemnation to them that believe.

2 By day and by night his love is made known,
It is his delight to succour his own; [grieve:
He will have compassion, then why should you
There's no condemnation to them that believe.

3 Tho' satan will seek the sheep to annoy;
The helpless and weak he ne'er shall destroy;
Christ is their salvation, & strength he will give,
There's no condemnation to them that believe.

632. 148th. *Cowper.*

Types of Christ, Heb. iv. 2.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led
Was to be seen no more:
In him our surety seem'd to say,
"Behold I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Exprest the sinner's plea:
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

633. 8.7. *Braithwaite's Col.*

Types of Christ. Paschal Lamb, Heb. ix. 12.

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

2 All thy people are forgiven,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood!
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

4 There for sinners, thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
'Till in glory we appear.

5 Glory, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

6 When we join th' angelic spirits,
In their sweetest noblest lays:
We will sing our Saviour's merits,
Gladly chaunt Immanuel's praise.

634 8. 7. 4. *R.—Col.*

Superabounding Grace.

1 SOV'REIGN grace o'er sin abounding,
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell,
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its breadth or length can tell:
'Tis an ocean
Without bottom, or a shore.

2 Once in Christ, in Christ for ever;
This the gospel scheme declares;
Death, nor hell, nor sin shall sever
Jesus, from his chosen heirs;
Blest in Jesus,
Members of his mystic frame.

3 Saints above in full communion,
Shine unspotted with their head;
We can sing eternal union,
Tho' in thorny paths we tread:

One with Jesus
His dear saints have ever been.

4 Here Manasseh joins with Mary,
Full salvation tunes their tongues;
Here the blind, the halt, the weary,
Join to sing the song of songs;
Shouting free grace
Thro' the vast expanse of heaven.

635. L. M. *Dobell.*

Faith's View of Heaven.

1 WHEN faith beholds the saints above,
And hears their strains of Jesu's love;
I fain would fly to join their lays,
And sing with them my Saviour's praise.

2 But can my soul such bliss obtain,
Whose guilt deserves eternal pain?
Can I expect his face to see
Throughout a vast eternity?

3 If heav'n be mine, 'tis all of grace,
I'll praise him for the lowest place;
May I but reach within the door,
My anxious soul desires no more.

4 'There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I with you would fain have place,
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might see his lovely face.'

636. L. M. *S——.*

Still to the little Cottages repair;
For most thy presence, O my God, is there. *Walsh.*

Village Worship.

1 ACCEPT, O Lord, our songs of praise,
Thou source of love, thou sinner's friend;
We bless thee for these means of grace,
O may thy grace these means attend.

2 Thou wilt not, gracious God, despise
The humble dwelling where we meet;
Accept our grateful sacrifice,
And make our meditation sweet.

3 Spirit divine, without thine aid,
A Gabriel here might preach in vain;
Now be thine energies display'd,
May ev'ry soul instruction gain.

4 Dear Saviour, we would make thee room,
To thee, our ardent spirits pant;
Come, O Lord Jesus, quickly come,
For thou alone art all we want.

637. L. M. *Stennett.*

Village Worship. Penitent Sinner, Luke xv. 10, 32.

1 WHENE'ER a sinner turns to God
With contrite heart and flowing eyes;
The happy news makes angels smile,
And tell the joys above the skies.

2 Well may the church below rejoice,
And echo back the heav'nly sound:
This soul was dead, but now's alive,
This sheep was lost but now is found.

3 Glory to God on high be giv'n,
For his unbounded love to men:
Let saints below and saints above,
In concert join their loud, amen.

638. 8s. *S——.*

Village Worship.

1 DEAR Saviour, remember the word
On which thou hast caus'd us to rest:
Thy promised kindness afford,
To make our society blest.

[2 Tho' poor is the place where we meet,
This will not thy presence exclude;
In the barn, the workshop, or street,
Thou 'rt pleas'd to communicate good.]

3 Now let thy rich grace be display'd,
To rescue some brand from the fire;
Speak spiritual life to the dead,
And grant the poor suppliant's desire.

4 O help us in hearing thy word,
O teach us to praise and to pray;
All needful assistance afford,
And send us rejoicing away.

639. 8. 7. *Madan's Col.*

Village Worship, 2 Cor. iii. 17, 18.

[1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down:
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.]

2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart!

[3 Come, thou holy loving Spirit,
Enter ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit
Peace, and joy, and holy rest.

4 Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our souls at liberty.]

5 Carry on thy new creation,
Happy, holy may we be!
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secur'd by thee.

6 Chang'd from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place;
'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

640. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Vission of dry Bones, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mould'ring corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known!
That wond'rous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
'Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
They move,—they waken,—they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound,
Shall shake the heav'ns, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

641. C. M. *Cowper.*

Walking with God, Gen. v. 24.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view,
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void.
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins, that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

642. L. M. *Cennick.*

Believer's Wants.

1 I WANT, dear Lord, my wants to know,
I want in faith and hope to grow:
I want thyself, this favour grant,
And thou hast granted all I want.

643. 8s. *Beck's Col. altered.*

My God shall supply all your need, Phil. iv. 19.

1 THO' boundless your wants may appear,
Tho' sorrow and pain you may feel:
Yet do not, ah! do not despair,
But rest on the Lord and be still.

2 The Lord, thro' the desert shall lead
And hold up your steps as you go:
My God shall supply all your need,
And riches of glory bestow.

3 No more let impatience then move
Your murmuring lips to complain;
For he, who is wisdom and love,
Will not send a trial in vain.

4 From him ev'ry good doth proceed,
And still he hath blessings in store;
My God shall supply all your need,
And you shall his goodness adore.

644. C. M. *Needham.*

Warfare, Eph. vi. 11—17.

1 STAND up, ye saints, and boldly march
Against your mighty foes;
Your Jesus fought the hosts of hell,
And conquer'd when he rose.

2 Put on the armour of the Lord,
With truth gird up your loins;
No earthly armou e'er so bright,
With such a lustre shines.

3 In vain the prince of darkness strives
To give a mortal wound;
Quench'd by the shield of faith, his darts
Fall harmless to the ground.

4 Stand fast in ev'ry evil day,
Stand, and your foes defy;
Victorious faith shall gain the field,
And all your foes shall fly.

5 Fear not, your Leader has subdu'd
The pow'rs of death and hell;
Dying, he conquer'd all his foes,
And triumph'd when he fell.

6 From heav'n see Jesus holds to view
A bright immortal crown;
Fight on, for this shall grace your brow,
When e'er your warfare's done.

645. C. M. *T*——.

He shall overcome at the last, Gen. xlix. 19.

1 GREAT God, thy holy name we praise,
For all thy mercies past;
Tho' foes impede us in thy ways,
We shall o'ercome at last.

2 Should all th' envenom'd troops of hell
Unite, our hope to blast;
In Christ 'tis fix'd, this truth we tell,
We shall o'ercome at last.

3 Tho' gloomy death alarm our fears,
And us in darkness cast;
Yet still Jehovah's word declares,
We shall o'ercome at last.

4 Tho' unbelief, that cursed foe,
Attempt to bind us fast;
Christ will not let his purchase go,
We shall o'ercome at last.

5 Jesus, our captain leads us on,
'Till Jordan's streams are past;
And when we reach our heav'nly home,
We'll sing—o'ercome at last.

646. S. M. *Heath.*

Watch and pray, Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done,
'Till thou hast got thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, 'till death;
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

647. L. M. *Scott.*

On the Loss of Friends.

1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend;
And on thy cov'nant-love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

648. C. M. *Hegingbothom, altered.*

Jesus weeping over Jerusalem, Luke xix. 41.

1 AS Christ approach'd Jerusalem,
And near that city stood,
His eyes beheld her guilty walls,
And wept a sacred flood.

2 And can my eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groan'd and dy'd for me?

3 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

[4 But vain will all my sorrows prove
To wash away my sin;
Thy blood, dear Lord, and thine alone,
Can make my conscience clean.]

649. C. M. *Beddome & Medley.*

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13, 15.

1 WHY, O my soul, why weepest thou?
Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears which often flow,
Those groans which pierce the skies.

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint?
Or the chastising rod?
Dost thou an evil heart lament?
And mourn an absent God?

3 Dear Lord, it is for thee alone,
I weep, and seek, and pray;
O take from me this heart of stone,
And chase my fears away.

4 Fain would I weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee:
O let me from this time begin,
And such a weeper be.

650. L. M. *Swain.*

Confidence of Heaven, Titus iii. 7.

1 AND may I hope, that when no more
My pulse shall beat with life below,
I shall the God of grace adore,
And all the bliss of glory know?

2 I, who deserve no place but hell,
No portion but devouring fire,
Shall I with Christ my Saviour dwell,
Possess'd of all I now desire?

3 Will Jesus own a wretch like me?
And tell to saints and angels round,
That, when he suffer'd on the tree,
My sins augmented ev'ry wound?

4 He will!—I read it in his word,
And in my heart the witness feel;
I shall be with, and like my Lord,
Tho' sin oppose, in league with hell.

5 I shall be with him, when he comes
Triumphant down the pathless skies;
And when his voice breaks up the tombs,
Among his children I shall rise.

651. C. M. *Brown.*

Works vain, as to merit, Mic. vi. 6—8.

1 HOW shall I come before the Lord,
Or bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard?
Or for my guilt atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend?

3 Should thousand rams in flames expire,
Would these his favour buy?
Or oil, that should for holy fire,
Ten thousand streams supply?

4 With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,
Should I my offspring slay;
Would this a cheerful hope impart,
Or purge my guilt away?

5 Ah! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all;
Such victims bleed in vain;
No fatlings, from the field or stall,
Such favour can obtain!

6 None, but a dying Saviour's blood,
Can all thy guilt remove;
This plead, my soul, before thy God,
And sing redeeming love.

652. C. M. *Steele.*

Vanities of the World, Psalm iv. 6, 7.

1 BEGONE, ye gilded vanities,
I seek substantial good:
To real bliss my wishes rise,—
The favour of my God.

2 Thy smiles immortal joys impart,
Heav'n dawns in ev'ry ray:
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.

3 Not all the good which earth bestows,
Can fill the craving mind:
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

4 Should boundless wealth increase my store,
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I should be wretched still, and poor,
Without thy blissful smile.

[5 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.]

6 Grant, O my Father, and my God,
This sweet, this one request,
Be thou my guide to thine abode,
And mine eternal rest.

653. C. M. *Needham.*

Man wants but little, nor that little long. *Young.*

The rich Fool surprised, Luke xii. 16—22.

1 DELUDED souls, who think to grasp
A solid bliss below!
Bliss! the fair flow'r of paradise,
On earth can never grow.

2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd,
T' increase his worldly store;
Too narrow now he find his barns,
And covets room for more.

3 "What shall I do?" distrest he cries;
"This scheme will I pursue;
"My scanty barns shall now come down,
"I'll build them large and new.

4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
"My soul enjoy her ease;
"Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store
"Shall yield what joys I please."

5 Scarce had he spoke, when lo, from heav'n
Th' Almighty made reply;
"Thou fool, for whom dost thou provide,
"Since thou this night shalt die!"

6 Teach me, my God, that earthly joys
Are but an empty dream;
And let me find my all of bliss
In thee, the good Supreme.

654. C. M. *Brown.*

Worth of a Soul, Mark viii. 36.

1 VAIN world, thy cheating arts give o'er,
Thine offers I despise:
In vain thou spread'st thy tempting store,
To catch my wand'ring eyes.

2 Bribe me no more with glitt'ring toys,
To catch my soul away;
Nor seek, by such delusive joys,
To tempt my feet astray.

3 I cannot part with gold for dross,
Nor solid good for show!
Nor drink your bliss, to mourn my loss
In everlasting woe!

4 Vain world, thy weak attemps forbear,
I all thy charms defy;
And rate my precious soul too dear,
For all thy wealth to buy.

655. S. M. *Shoveller.*

What shall a Man profit, &c. Mark viii. 36, 37.

1 WHAT does the worldling gain
By all his vain pursuits?
His very pleasure gives him pain,
And mis'ry are its fruits.

2 What anxious cares corrode
The mind intent on wealth;
His mammon oft becomes a load,
Which robs him of his health.

3 Does he his end attain,
And in full affluence roll?
What does the sordid creature gain,
When God demands his soul?

4 His spirit still must live,
Which justice will demand!
What would the impious wretch now give,
To wrest it from his hand?

5 My soul, to heav'n aspire,
And seek thine all in God:
Nor ere pollute thy pure desire,
By trifles on the road.

6 He does my soul now bless,
With his enriching grace;
But O what wealth shall I possess,
When I behold his face!

7 These riches of his grace
Will then to glory rise,
When I have run my earthly race,
And gain'd th' immortal prize.

656. 10s. *Brainard.*

World's Farewel, Job vii. 16.

1 FAREWEL, vain world, your charms I bid adieu
My Saviour taught me to abandon you;
Your smiles may gratify a carnal mind,
But not a soul for heav'nly joys design'd.

2 Forbear t' entice, cease now my soul to call,
'Tis fixt thro' grace, my God shall be my all;
While thus my soul does heav'nly glories view,
Your beauties fade, my heart's no room for you.

[3 Earth can no comfort to my soul afford,
While I possess my Saviour and my Lord;
He, my dear God, shall freely have my heart,
Nor shall he evermore from thence depart.]

657. 8. 8. 6. *Harrison.*

We often see contentment dwell,
In a mean cot or meaner cell.

Private Retirement. World renounced.

1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
(The things I lov'd before:)
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares:
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
And see my name enroll'd in heav'n,
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things:
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of gaudy dress, and sumptuous feasts,
Extravagance and waste:
My little table only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me a bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
This sure unerring word;
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
And converse with the Lord.

658. L. M. *Shoveller.*

New Year.

1 BLEST be th' Eternal Infinite!
Whose skill conducts this rolling sphere,
Who rules our day, who guards our night,
And guides the swift revolving year!

2 Our race are falling ev'ry hour,
While we distinguish'd yet appear;
'Tis of thy matchless love and pow'r
That we are spar'd another year.

3 Oh! for a sweet refreshing time;
Father! thy children wish thee near:
Come, and our joys shall be sublime,
While we begin another year.

[4 Now may thy Spirit's love reveal,
And make our heav'nly prospects clear;
Our int'rest in them may we feel,
While we pass on from year to year.

5 May that good Spirit be our guide,
During our stay as pilgrims here;
Nor let us from our God backslide,
As we have done the former year.]

6 Strengthen our faith, increase our love,
Fill us with godly filial fear;
And to thy waiting children prove
Thy grace thro' ev'ry fleeting year.

7 This truth impress on ev'ry soul,
That vast eternity is near;
That time's swift moments onward roll
To bring the last—the closing year.

8 When nature in a blaze shall die,
Or death conclude our being here,
Then to our Jesus may we fly,
To spend a never-ending year!

659. 7s. *Newton.*

New Year, Jer. xxviii. 16.

1 LO! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons pass'd!
This we enter now upon,
Will to many prove their last.

2 Some, we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run;
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.

3 Some, (but who, God only knows),
That are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

3 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace;
Welcome, then, the call will be,
To depart and see thy face.

4 To thy saints, while here below,
With new years new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

660. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Youth invited to love Christ, Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds, draw near;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul, that longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those that early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

661. C. M. *Steele.*

Funeral of a young Person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh! may this truth, impress
With awful pow'r,—"I too must die!"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey:
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God! thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

662. L. M. *Wesley.*

Old Age.

1 IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
'Tis only Jesus by his blood,
Can raise a sinking soul to God.'

2 Jesus! my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity.

663. C. M. *B. William's Col.*

Old Age, Isaiah xlvi. 4.

1 MY flying years, time urges on,
What's mortal must decay;
My friends,—my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

2 Can I exemption plead? when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cine then prolong my breath?
Or virtue shield my heart?

3 Oh! no—then smooth, O Lord, the hour,
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

4 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!
(While angels guard the way),
With rapture haste to thine abode,
To dwell in endless day.

5 Thro' heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy love I'll then proclaim:
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

664. 148th. *Newton.*

Zaccheus, Luke xix. 1—6.

1 ZACCHEUS climb'd the tree,
And thought himself unknown;
But how surpris'd was he,
When Jesus call'd him down!
The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd,
And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.

2 Wonder and joy at once
Were painted on his face;
"Does he my name pronounce,
"And does he know my case?
"Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
"Lord, I, with all I have, are thine."

3 Thus when the gospel's preach'd,
And sinners come to hear,
The hearts of some are reach'd
Before they are aware;
The word directly speaks to them,
And seems to point them out by name.

4 'Tis curiosity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see,
And hear what he can say:
But how the sinner starts to find
The preacher knows his inmost mind.

5 His long-forgotten faults
Are brought again to view,
And all his secret thoughts
Reveal'd in public too:

Tho' compass'd with a crowd about,
The searching word has found him out.

6 While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fills his heart,
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart;
Then like Zaccheus he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

665. L. M. *Missionary Col.*

Zion's Increase prayed for, Isaiah li. 9.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake!
And let the world adoring see,
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesu's side.

4 Arm of the Lord, thy pow'r extend,
Let Mahomet's impostures end;
Break superstition's Papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain!

5 Let Zion's time of favour come,
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold.

6 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In ev'ry land of ev'ry name!
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

666. L. M. *Swain.*

Zion's Pilgrims.

1 PILGRIMS, we are to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road,
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.

2 A few more days, or weeks, or years;
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain!

667. L. M. *Newton.*

Zion's Traveller.

1 AS when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, cross the plains
He eyes his home, tho' distant still.

2 Thus, when the christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies;
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 'Tis there with Jesus he's to dwell,
To spend an everlasting day:
There shall he bid his cares farewel,
For he shall wipe his tears away.

668. 8. 7. 4. *Bristol Col.*

Zion's Increase prayed for, Psalm xlv. 3.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour!
Make the word of truth thy car!
Prosper in thy course triumphant,
All success attend thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combin'd with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite,
To ensure thy blessed conquests,
Take possession of thy right:
Ride, victorious,
Deck'd in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are all that touch thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants
Rescu'd from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee bless thy reign.

669. 148th. *Needham.*

Going to Church, Psalm cxxii.

1 WHAT joy possess'd my heart,
What transport did I feel,
To hear my pious friends
Express their holy zeal!
To Zion's hill let us repair,
To pay our vows and worship there!

2 With willing feet we'll go,
Within her gates we'll stand;
Zion, thy courts we love,
The glory of our land;
In our esteem thy buildings are
Divinely rich, divinely fair.

3 How pleasant 'tis to see
The thronging tribes ascend!
With holy longings there
The sacred hours to spend;
Where God records his gracious name,
His saints may lay their humble claim,

4 Here David's greater Son,
Maintains his royal throne;
The King of righteousness
Here makes his glories known;

To earth he came from realms above,
To rule the world with truth and love.

5 For Zion's peace, ye saints,
Your fervent pray'rs unite;
Be this your work by day,
Your pleasure this by night:
Zion, thy sons which love thee best,
Shall in thy peace be greatly blest.

6 For our dear brethren's sake,
Zion, we wish thee peace;
Prosper, O prosper long,
And may thy sons increase;
We seek thy good, we love the road,
Which leads us to God's blest abode!

670. 5. 8. 9. *Toplady.*

Zion's Praise.

1 'TIS pleasant to sing
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in the valley we move:
'Twill be pleasanter still,
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above.

DISMISSIONS.

671. L. M. *Barnard.*

At parting. Farewel, Acts xviii. 21.

1 O! HAPPY day when saints shall meet
To part no more,—the thought is sweet;
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below, when christians part.

2 O happy place I still must say,
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting there is past,
Their social feast will ever last.

3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there, in ev'ry heart will reign;
There separations can't compel
The saints to bid the sad farewel.

4 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet;
Time's rapid motions soon compel,
With grief to say, dear friends, farewel.

5 The shepherd feels the smarting shock,
Of parting from his weeping flock;
His feelings for them, none can tell,
When forc'd to say, my friends, farewel.

6 The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heav'n their home;
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound, farewel.

672. L. M. *Hart.*

Prayer at parting.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood:
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

673. L. M. *Newton.*

Peace of God, Phil. iv. 7.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct and keep, and cheer our hearts:

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter;
Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here.

674. C. M. *Gibbons.*

Prayer for Sanctification, Heb. xiii. 20. 21.

1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' impris'ning grave,
Restor'd the shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save;

2 Thro' the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built;

3 Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace,
T' accomplish all his will;
And all that's pleasing in his sight,
Inspire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We ev'ry blessing pray;
With glory let his name be crown'd,
Thro' heav'n's eternal day!

675. C. M. *Miller.*

Church Union, Col. ii. 2.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixt in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have burn'd, while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

Chorus L. M.

"A Saviour!" let creation sing!
"A Saviour!" let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness on our souls he pours,
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them who 're gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth;
'Till all proclaim thee God.

Cho. "A Saviour," &c.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up.
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners, sav'd by grace;
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face!

676. C. M. *Cennick.*

Praise to the Lamb, Psalm cxv. 1.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb, be glory giv'n;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heav'n.

2 'Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy blissful throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

677. S. M. *Hammond.*

Praise to the Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ th' exalted King.

4 Soon shall your raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

678. S. M. *Griffin's Sel.*

Dismission.

1 ONCE more before we part,
Great God, attend our pray'r;
And seal the gospel on the heart
Of ev'ry person here.

2 And if we meet no more,
On Zion's holy ground;
O may we reach that blissful shore,
Where all thy saints are bound.

679. 6s. *Hawker's Col.*

New Dismission.

1 ONCE more before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;
Let ev'ry tongue and heart,
Praise and adore the same.

Chorus. Jesus, the sinner's friend,
Him whom our souls adore;
His praises have no end:
Praise him for evermore.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesu's name,
In Jesu's name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'd live, and feed, and grow,
Go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

4 Here, Lord, we came to live,
And in thy truth increase;
All that's amiss forgive,
And send us home in peace.

[5 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
May ev'ry tongue and heart,
Praise and adore the same.]

680. 7s. *Newton.*

At parting, Acts xx. 32.

1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

[4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.]

861. 8s. *Hart.*

God an unchangeable Friend, Psalm xlviii. 14.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

682. 104th. *Hammond.*

God an unchangeable Friend, Psalm xxx. 4, 5.

1 IF Jesus is ours, we have a true friend,
His goodness endures the same to the end;
Our comforts may vary, our frames may decline,
We cannot miscarry, our aid is divine.

2 Tho' God may delay to shew us his light,
And heaviness may endure for a night:
Yet joy in the morning shall surely abound,
No shadow of turning in Jesus is found.

683. 104th. *Madan's Col.*

Praise to the Saviour.

1 O WHAT shall I do, my Saviour to praise?
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer, that hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man, whose heart is set free!
The people who can be joyful in thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight will be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing & cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

684. 148th. *Newton.*

At parting.

TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our pow'rs:
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours;
Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

685. 8. 7. *Newton.*

At parting, 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love;
With the holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord:
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

686. 8. 7. *Deacon's Col.*

New Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our voices raise;
When we reach thy blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Chorus. And sing hallelujah
To God and the Lamb,
For ever, and ever,
Hallelujah, Amen.

687. 8.7.4. *Taylor's Col.*

At parting.

1 LORD, vouchsafe to us thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us now thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us!
Trav'lling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey:
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

DOXOLOGIES.

688. L. M. *Kenn.*

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and holy Ghost.

689. L. M. *Dorrington.*

GREAT, everlasting God, to thee,
In essence One, in persons Three;
May all thy works their tributes bring,
And ev'ry age thy glory sing.

690. L. M. *Dixon's Psalmody.*

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God,
All things declare thy Majesty:
Angels and men aloud do cry,
Glory to thee, O Lord, most high.

691. L. M. *Anon.*

PRAISE God the Father and the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One:
Ye hosts above, his praise proclaim,
And ev'ry creature say, amen.

692. C. M. *Wallin.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise;
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Give an immortal praise.

693. C. M. *Hodson's Col.*

TO Father, Son, and holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be everlasting honours paid,
Henceforth, for ever more.

694. C. M. *Maxwell.*

1 ALL glory to th' Eternal Three,
And undivided one;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Coequal honours done.

695. S. M. *Humphry's Col.*

1 WE bless the Father's name,
Who chose us in his love;
To God the Son we give the same,
Our Advocate above.

2 The Spirit too we bless,
And raise his honours high:
Who conquers by his sov'reign grace,
And brings us strangers nigh.

696. S. M. *Maxwell.*

TO the Eternal Three,
In will and essence One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be,
Coequal honours done.

697. 7s. *Mead's Col.*

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and holy Ghost.

698. 8. 6. 8. *Boden's Col.*

1 TO God, who chose us in his Son,
Ere time its course began:
To Christ, who left his radiant throne,
And dy'd for wretched man;
To God the Spirit, who applies
The Lamb's atoning sacrifice.

2 To the Eternal, equal Three,
The undivided One;
Let saints and angels both agree
To give the praise alone;
In earth, in heav'n, by all ador'd,
The holy, holy, holy Lord.

699. 148th. *Hawker's Col.*

TO God the Father's throne,
Your highest honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

700. 8. 8. 6. *Hart.*

YE saints of God, your voices raise,
And sing th' eternal Father's praise,
And glorify the Son:
Give glory to the holy Ghost,
And join with all th' angelic host,
To bless the great Three-One.

701. 10s. *Brown.*

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addrest;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, 'till time shall be no more.

CHORUSSES.

1. L. M. *Fawcett.*

GREAT God, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

2. L. M. *Swain.*

YE saints, proclaim in joyful strains,
Jesus, the king of glory reigns.

3. L. M. *Swain.*

SHOUT, for the Lord the Saviour's come,
Let all the nations make him room.

4. L. M. *Swain.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, the Saviour praise,
Hosanna to the God of grace.

5. L. M. *Wesley.*

TH' immortal God for me hath dy'd,
My Lord, my Love was crucified.

6. L. M. *Swain.*

TO him that lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, pow'r, and praise, Amen.

7. L. M. *Anon.*

LET sects, and names, and parties fall,
And Jesus Christ be all in all.

8. L. M. *Whitfield's Col.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

9. C. M. *Stennett.*

TO Christ the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
A grateful off'ring bring:
When he's the subject of the song
Who can refuse to sing?

10. S. M. *Dobell.*

O PRAISE the Lord, ye saints,
And hymns of glory sing;
He will redress your long complaints,
And swift deliv'rance bring.

11. S. M. *Fawcett.*

O 'TIS a sweet employ,
To join in worship here;
But when in heav'n, how great the joy,
To see each other there!

12. 7s. *Barnard's Col.*

SAINTS, with joy lift up your eyes,
See, your Saviour mounts the skies;
Stop, ye seraphs, drop the wing,
Lend your harps, and help to sing.

13. 7s. *Sandiland's Col.*

GLORY be to God above, hal.
Praise him for his boundless love; hal.
Who on high his Son has rais'd, hal.
Let his name be ever prais'd. hal.

14. 8. 7. *Medley.*

GLOLY, honour, praise, and power,
To the Lamb be ever paid:
Let new blessings ev'ry hour
Rest on his adored head.

15. 8. 4. 7. *Symond's Col.*

GLORY, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

GOSPEL-SONNET.

The Work and Contention of Heaven,
By Erskine.

1 IN heav'nly choirs a question rose,
That stir'd up strife will never close;
What rank of all the ransom'd race
Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace?

2 Babes thither caught from womb and breast,
Claim'd right to sing above the rest:
Because they found the happy shore
They never saw nor sought before.

3 Those that arriv'd at riper age,
Before they left the dusky stage,
Thought grace deserv'd yet higher praise,
That wash'd the blots of num'rous days.

4 Anon the war more close began,
What praising harp should lead the van;
And which of grace's heav'nly peers,
Was deepest run in her arrears.

5 "'Tis I," said one, "'bove all my race,
"Am debtor chief to glorious grace;"
"No," said another, "hark I trow,
"I'm more oblig'd to grace than you."

6 "Stay," said a third, "I deepest share
"In owing praise beyond compare;
"The chief of sinners you'll allow,
"Must be the chief of singers now."

7 "Hold," said a fourth, "I here protest,
"My praises must outvie the best;
"For I'm of all the human race
"The highest miracle of grace."

8 "Stop," said a fifth, "these notes forbear,
"Lo! I'm the greatest wonder here;
"For I of all the race that fell
"Deserv'd the lowest place in hell.

9 A soul that higher yet aspir'd,
With equal love to Jesus fir'd,
" Tis mine to sing the highest notes,
" To love, that wash'd the foulest blots."

10 " Ho!" cry'd a mate, " tis mine I'll prove,
" Who sinn'd in spite of light and love,
" To sound his praise with loudest bell,
" That sav'd me from the lowest hell."

11 " Come, come," said one, " I'll hold thy plea,
" That highest praise is due by me;
" For mine, of all the sav'd by grace,
" Was the most dreadful, desp'rate case."

12 Another rising at his side,
As fond to praise, and free of pride,
Cry'd, " pray give place, for I defy
" That you should owe more praise than I:

13 " I'll yield to none in this debate;
" I'm run so deep in grace's debt;
" That sure I am, I boldly can
" Compare with all the heav'nly clan."

14 Quick o'er their head a trump awoke,
" Your songs my very heart have spoke;
" But ev'ry note you here propale,
" Belongs to me beyond you all."

15 The list'ning millions round about
With sweet resentment loudly shout:
" What voice is this, comparing notes,
" That to their song chief place allots?

16 " We can't allow of such a sound,
" That you alone have highest ground
" To sing the royalties of grace;
" We claim the same adoring place."

17 What! will no rival-singer yield
He has a match upon the field?

" Come then, and let us all agree,
" To praise upon the highest key."

18 Then jointly all the harpers round
In mind unite, with solemn sound,
And strokes upon the highest string,
Made all the heav'nly arches ring:

19 Ring loud with hallelujahs high,
To him that sent his Son to die;
And to the worthy Lamb of God,
That lov'd and wash'd them in his blood.

20 Free grace was sov'reign empress crown'd,
In pomp, with joyous shouts around;
Assisting angels clapp'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

21 The emulation round the throne
Made prostrate hosts, (who ev'ry one
The humblest place their right avow)
Strive who shall give the lowest bow.

22 The next contention without vice
Among the birds of paradise,
Made ev'ry glorious warbling throat
Strive who should raise the highest note.

23 Thus in sweet holy humble strife,
Along their endless, joyful life,
Of Jesus all the harpers rove,
And sing the wonders of his love.

24 Their discord makes them all unite
In raptures most divinely sweet;
So great the song, so grave the bass,
Melodious music fills the place.

☞ *The following Omissions were occasioned through Oversight, during the Time the Work was at the Press.*

28. Second Part. L. M. *H*—.

Birth of Christ, Matt. ii. 9.

1 BEHOLD the day! th' appointed day!
The prophecies are all fulfill'd!
The day which Abrah'm long'd to see,
Which ushers in the holy child.

2 Angelic legions catch the flame,
And down to earth they wing their way:
They hail the shepherds, and proclaim,
"Jesus, the God is born to-day!"

3 Behold, the Sun of Righteousness
Rises to shed his healing rays;
Ye sons of men, rejoice, and bless
The sacred morn, the day of grace.

4 A wond'rous star in heav'n appears,
The herald of the new-born King!
Who comes to banish all our fears,
And a complete salvation bring.

5 This type of Jacob's brilliant star,
Whose matchless glories shine abroad;
Guided the Sages from afar,
To worship the incarnate God.

6 The blazing met'or wav'd on high,
And led them thro' the unknown road;
To Judah's land it guides their way,
And hovers o'er his mean abode.

7 The infant Saviour, and their God,
Fill'd their whole souls with strange surprise;
They own'd his pow'r, confess'd him Lord,
And paid their off'rings and their praise.

8 Thus may we seek the Saviour's face,
And bow before his sacred throne!
O may we feel his saving grace,
And triumph in the Lord alone!

28. Third Part. L. M. *De Coetlogon's M—*

Birth of Christ, Isaiah ix. 6, 7.

1 TO us a child is born from heav'n;
To us the Son of God is giv'n:
[So Judah's ancient prophet sings,
And Gentiles hail the news he brings.

2 Gentiles in Jesu's name shall trust,
And of his glories make their boast;]
The Government of worlds be made
Upon his shoulders shall be laid.

3 *His name the Wonderful* shall be;
His wonders heav'n and earth shall see;
The *Counsellor* of truth and grace,
Who leads in paths of righteousness.

4 *The Mighty God*, that glorious name,
His works and word join to proclaim:
The Everlasting Father, He—
And the whole church his family.

5 *The Prince of Peace*, on David's throne,
And nations yet unborn shall own
His Sov'reign and his gracious sway;
Glad of the honour to obey.

6 *Justice and Judgment* he'll maintain,—
To *everlasting ages* reign:
And his blest empire shall increase,
'Till time, with all its movements, cease.

[7 Our faith in grateful triumph boasts
These wonders of the *Lord of Hosts*:
And trusts the zeal that form'd the plan
To perfect what that zeal began.]

464. Second Part. L. M. *Davies.*

Pardoning God, Micah vii. 18.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, Godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More Godlike and unrivall'd shine:

Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:

3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon seal'd with Jesu's blood:

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This Godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above!

546. Second Part. 7s. *Newton, altered.*

Sabbath Morning.

1 SAFELY thro' another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day.
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name;
Shew thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free;
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we're come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
'Till we join the church above.

644. Second Part. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Christian Warrior animated & crowned, Rev. ii. 10.

1 HARK! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How pow'rful and how sweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow;
"Who first in such a warfare dies,
"Shall speediest vict'ry know.

[3 "I have my days of combat known,
"And in the dust was laid;
"But thence I mounted to my throne,
"And glory crowns my head.

4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share;
"My hands the crown shall give:

" And you the sparkling honours wear,
" While God himself shall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.]

These Verses are to be added to the 299th Hymn.

4 Here may his secret breathings, fan
Devotion to a flame;
And faith, and love, and zeal inspire,
T' adorn the christian name.

5 Thus with thy visits, smiles, and grace,
May this abode be blest;
And here, O great Jehovah, fix
Thy pleasant lasting rest.

These Verses are to be added to the 363rd Hymn.

5 If by sin and sore temptation,
Heavy laden and opprest,
Behold the gracious invitation,
Come, and I will give you rest.

PART SECOND.

6 No longer let the tempter keep you
Fast in chains of unbelief;
Tho' late in life, the word assures you,
Christ could save the dying Thief,

7 Mary Magdalen too can witness,
To the mercy she receiv'd:

Then doubt no longer of your fitness,
Saul, of sinners chief, believ'd.]

8 Ho! all ye sinners, heavy laden,
Fly to Christ, the Saviour's breast;
Receive the pressing invitation,
Come, and I will give you rest!

End of the Hymns.

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